

CORONET

OCT 23 1943^{25c}



The Picture Story of the Year!

AMERICANS AT WAR—a full-color camera report

Photographed in action on the North African front—see page 95

CORONET

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1943



Publisher: DAVID A. SMART
Editors: OSCAR DYSTEL
 (ON LEAVE)
 BERNARD GEIS
 HARRIS SHEVELSON
Associate Editor:
 BARBARA BRANDT
Editorial Associates:
 DOROTHY SELBY
 SUZANNE SAMPSON
 YVONNE WESTRATE
 RUTH GOLDMAN
 LAURA BERGQUIST
 MILDRED BARISH
 MARTHA LUPTON
 OLGA ROBINSON
Managing Editor:
 ARNOLD GINGRICH

Articles

I Saw Japan's Wings Clipped	IRA WOLFERT	3
Consider the Lunch-Box	M. F. K. FISHER	8
Stalin: Dealer in Destiny	WALTER DURANTY	13
Careers Come High	CHARLOTTE PAUL	20
Rubber Cows vs. the Wolf Pack	SIGMUND SAMETH	23
The Infinite Guidance	MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK	31
How I Treat Infantile Paralysis	SISTER KENNY	32
Armchair Travel, Inc.	IRVING WALLACE	37
Dropping in on Diamond Alley	PRISCILLA JAQUITH	44
Zion City Comes Down to Earth	WM. F. MC DERMOTT	49
London Letter	MICHAEL EVANS	53
How To Live in Bed	MARSHALL SPRAGUE	71
Home Office of the Block-Busters	KEITH AYLING	76
Before You Leave for the Farm Front	ARTHUR C. PAGE	80
"You're Always Welcome"	EARL SELBY	86
Silent Squadrons in the Sky	WILLY LEY	92
Ambassador to Mr. Average	FRED D. BARTON	125
Yorkville Loses its Accent	HOWARD WHITMAN	132
Embattled Library Books	LAWRENCE STESSIN	136
Publicity-Seeker's Reward	JOHN NESBITT	139
Gravity Is a Gremlin	EDMOND S. FISH	140
On Behalf of Man's Best Friend	BOOTH TARKINGTON	143
Safety Valve for Shell Shock	EDITH STERN	144
Six for the Hangman	ALBERT Q. MAISEL	158

Features

Forgotten Mysteries	R. DE WITT MILLER	12
Healthy Is as Healthy Thinks. .	ARTHUR H. STEINHAUS	19
An Album of War Poster Stamps: <i>Special Gatefold</i> ..		27
The Best I Know		42
Your Other Life		48
Washington on the Spot: <i>Picture Story</i>		55
Not of Our Species		75
Carroll's Corner		85
Lost Opportunities		91
Americans at War: <i>Picture Story</i> ..	COL. D. F. ZANUCK	95
Gallery of Photographs		103
On the V-Shift	LAWRENCE GALTON	130
Dreams from <i>The Dream Department</i> ..	S. J. PERELMAN	149
Coronet Game Book Section		161
Darkness and the Deep: <i>Coronet Bookette</i> ..	VARDIS FISHER	167
Government-Subsidized Colleges? ..	MORTIMER ADLER	185



Cover Girl As brilliant a designer of sophisticated hats as she was a popular Powers model, Betty Ann Davis is a girl who can take fame or leave it alone, for lately she has retired from both fields. Her hat designs, concocted originally for her fellow models, were acclaimed so highly that she branched out, first with Lilly Daché, later on her own. André de Diènes shot this brilliant Kodachrome.

CORONET, JUNE, 1943; VOL. 14, NO. 2; WHOLE NO. 80

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, \$3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere \$4.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright, 1943, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U.S. Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Semi-annual index available on request.

A clash in the clouds over Guadalcanal
proves unalterably which way of life is
most effective—Fascism or Democracy



I Saw Japan's Wings Clipped

by IRA WOLFERT

THE IDEA of this war is simple. Our side is convinced that man can fulfill his potentialities better by extending his freedom while the other side believes that man can fulfill his potentialities better when he allows freedom to be denied him. Because of that idea, a world war is being fought, for we have at last learned that neither side will be able to realize its way of life unless the whole world goes one way or the other.

This reasoning is clear, but I never saw the idea here—not as I saw it on Guadalcanal. There it is given substance; it sits in the cockpits of our planes and of their planes, and lies in our foxholes with us and in theirs with them, deciding plainly and unalterably who dies and who lives, and which side must prevail in the end.

Japan has put into the arena a pure fascist man. It is making war against us with a well-nourished, athletic, re-

lentless fighting animal who seems to be controlled to an extent we find difficult to understand by his government and by the officers who exert his government's authority. But we do not oppose this extraordinary creation with a pure democratic man, despite the fact that democracy has played a big enough part in the making of Americans to give us the advantage.

That is something very heartening to know about democracy: even a little of it, and a botched-up little at that, is enough to make a man superior to a pure fascist.

The Jap is losing to our side in the air even though our fighter planes are not so good as the Jap Zero in one extremely vital factor: maneuverability. As a matter of fact, the fighter plane's share in our victory at the time I left Guadalcanal was accounted for by the same planes which had achieved our great fighter victories in

the past: Grummans, which take aching ages to climb to where the Zero gets in minutes; P-39s, P-40s and its British adaptation, the P-400.

I remember what an uproar a few better planes, P-38s, caused when they glided in at twilight of the day the Fifth Battle for the Solomons was reaching its awful climax. I was standing near Lunga Beach where more than 800 of our men, about 250 of them hurt, were being retrieved from the water into which they had been blown by their exploding ships.

Our artillery was working and Jap artillery was working, and the basin before Lunga Beach was crackling with small-arms fire as some thousands of Jap sailors, struggling in the water, were killing themselves or trying to kill our men. But above all this confusion, I could hear plainly the sound of cheering—an incredible sound.

In the midst of all that thunderstorm of explosions, there came the high, reedy voices of great crowds of male kids cheering into the sky. The walking wounded came hobbling on their crutches and when they saw the P-38s with their twin motors and long thin bodies they cheered, too. I saw boys with blood still on the stubble of their immature beards, with the shock of pain still in their eyes, lift their crutches and their bandaged hands to wave at those planes and cheer.

Yet even the P-38, I am told, is not greatly superior to the enemy's Zero. It is as fast, or perhaps even faster; it can climb as rapidly and carry more guns; but it is not nearly so maneuverable as the Zero. And as it turned out,

these ten P-38s got into only one action in the battle.

The significant thing, therefore, is that we won the fight, and won it with old type planes. The Jap seems to have bet his entire air power in this war on maneuverability. He has removed every weighty protective device from his Zero and has armed it lightly with 7.7 machine guns (about like our .30 calibre), believing that speed and turning power are a plane's most powerful weapon. A 7.7 burst that hits its target is more useful than a 20-millimeter that doesn't. Armor plate can't protect a pilot whose wings have been shot off and self-sealing gasoline tanks do not propel a plane whose motor has been blown apart.

Earlier in the war, the Jap appeared to have made a crafty bet. He killed many of our fellows because he could turn inside them. When chased he would make a sharp turn, and while our boy was still floundering after him, the Jap would be standing straight up in the air under him in a vertical stall, sawing our boy's belly

Traveling the well-known newspaper route, Ira Wolfert has expanded his field of writing into article and short story channels. For nine years he has served on the staff of the North American Newspaper Alliance, from which vantage point he has covered such stories as the seizure of St. Pierre Miquelon by the Free French (he saw it happen). And when the transport President Coolidge hit a mine and sank, this Johnny-on-the-spot of newsmen saw it all from a plane directly above the disaster. He has just published a book called "Battle for the Solomons," a subject he is competent to write about because (you guessed it) he was there!

wide open with his machine guns.

Then gradually the Zero lost its one claim to being a first-class fighting machine—its power to maneuver more quickly than could our planes. One tracer bullet can destroy a Zero, and our fighter planes began out-maneuvering theirs so that our tracers and cannon shells began going home.

IT BECAME PLAIN that the Jap, in betting his air power on maneuverability, had overlooked something which only a pure fascist could overlook, and which a democratic man with his belief in the qualities of mankind could never overlook—the simple fact that a machine has to be operated by a man. The Jap Zero cannot ever be more maneuverable in combat than the man maneuvering it.

The Jap went into the war with an air corps skimmed from the top of his population. They were good pilots, but they are now dead. Many of our best pilots died killing them.

Our best pilots, too, were taken off the top of our population. They were college boys of high intelligence and perfect physique.

Then both sides began to dig deeper into their populations for pilots. Our side found young fellows who could be thrown quickly into mechanized war because they have great mechanical aptitude. Once I rode a Flying Fortress in an action against the Japs with a pilot who had never been in an airplane even as a passenger nine months before.

The Japs, however, could not maintain their first standard. They came

up with young fellows who were so far inferior to ours that in one action I saw them knocked down at the rate of 32 to each of ours.

It can be seen, then, that the matter of having an aptitude for machines is not merely academic. It can be the difference between coming home all right—and not coming home at all. This aptitude is more than a familiarity with wheels and gadgets; it is more than having eyes that focus instinctively on the right instrument dial at the right time; it is more, even, than having in you, coordinated with your reflexes, what they call the “feel” of a machine.

It is, besides all this, a kind of subconscious mastery over the machine.

I owe my life to this subconscious faith, and nine of my friends owe their lives to it, while there are seven or nine Japs who owe their deaths to it. We were all in a duel together over Guadalcanal, the Japs in a 4-motored bomber and we in a 4-motored bomber. The Japs had a slightly slower plane than ours but they had greater maneuverability. They had fewer machine guns than we had, but they made up for that with three 20-millimeter cannon of which we had none. The fight lasted 44 minutes, and it is recorded as one of the most spectacular single combats of the war thus far.

Three of us were wounded but all the Japs and their plane burned to a cinder. We won largely because the pilot and co-pilot did what they had been told was impossible to do with a Flying Fortress.

Through 150 miles of crashing

storm, these two paid no attention to their instruments with the little red danger lines on them, but stunted their heavy bomber through standard *pursuit plane* tactics. They did perpendicular dives, half rolls, banks past the vertical and tight turns. They worked their superchargers far past the absolute limit allowed. They closed their eyes to their instruments and worked by feel or, as the pilots call it, by the seat of their pants.

The Japs, living their last minutes, couldn't do this. They had in them the feeling that if they did, their own machine would kill them. But their own machine did not kill them—we killed their machine and they died with it.

I don't believe this quality in Americans is an accident. Aptitude for machines is not an inherited characteristic. But it happens that the product of our civilization is the machine. Under our democracy, the product of our civilization is available to millions of us and is a part of our upbringing and life. The fascistic Jap does not believe that making all his civilization available to all his people would do either them or him any good, and now at last he is paying for it in a way the fascist can understand.

It is true that the Jap is a more tenacious fighter than any we have ever before faced in our history. He cannot be induced to surrender, however impossible from a military point of view his position may be. He gives our men no more choice than a wild animal gives its foe. The alternative is to kill him, or if he is hurt to let him

escape to come back some other time, or finally, to kill *him*.

And when the Jap sees there is no way for him to retreat and that his death is at hand unless he surrenders, he does one of two things. Those with frailer minds kill themselves in rage and despair. Those with stronger minds keep on stubbornly trying to kill us until they are finally dead.

THE CREATION OF a war-man is a preoccupation of a fascist state and Japan has created him better than any other fascist nation. Yet there is a flaw in the creation. Several times on Guadalcanal, Japs whose officers have been killed have surrendered, and other times (particularly in the air) they have refrained from fighting because no officer was present.

This is not at all general yet, of course. But according to Marine Intelligence officers who have lived in Japan, the Jap's tenacity in a fight depends upon two things: first, his knowledge that if he is disgraced in battle by failing to fight to the death, the ruling class from which his officers are drawn will never allow him to return home; secondly, his refusal to believe that anything can shake loose the power of his ruling class. So we may believe that the Jap, when he has lost a sense of victory, will not fight.

Against this best creation of a fascist state concentrated on the task of creating it, we oppose a man conditioned against war and conditioned to resist the pressures exerted by any such thing as a ruling class, meaning the officer in wartime on the field. Yet

our men at war on Guadalcanal have proved to be as good at the fascist's own game as the Jap—as resolute and tenacious, as incapable of surrender and as willing to die killing.

Our men are not war-men, but they are good at the war-man's game.

It took some time before I finally came to the conclusion that this quality of ours is also a product of the democratic process. It seems to spring from a kind of unconscious respect which a man has for himself when he has fought for and won and taken advantage of his right to develop his potentialities. One night down there I wrote something in a dispatch which I have just now found. It says what I

mean as distinctly as I can say it.

"There doesn't seem to be anything which has happened to Americans in the past that has convinced them that there is anything on earth to keep an American from trying to do what he wants to do."

This may sound like a flagful of words, but not if you had been on Guadalcanal—not if you had seen those manufacturers of the fascist state, the war-men, made dead by it.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

GUADALCANAL DIARY
by Richard Tregaskis \$2.50
Random House, New York

THEY CALL IT PACIFIC
by Clark Lee \$3.00
The Viking Press, New York



Volcanoes in Harness

¶RESIDENTS of Lardello, Italy, light their streets, heat their homes and do their cooking by means of volcanic steam-pressure, which generates enough heat to cook a meal in a short time. During this cooking process, the toughest meat is reduced to sizzling tenderness in 25 minutes or less.

¶ITALIAN ENGINEERS have successfully exploited volcanic energy to make electricity which is supplied to towns as much as 50 miles distant. The steam is conveyed through pipes where its heat converts water into still more steam to drive the dynamos. The future may well see Italy a vast power station perhaps supplying electricity to half of Europe, simply by harnessing her volcanoes.

¶LIGHTHOUSE FEES are collected by the republic of San Salvador for its volcanic beacon about eight miles inland from the port of Acajutia. Without the slightest cost of upkeep, the volcano bursts forth every seven minutes as accurately as any revolving light, and can be seen by mariners many miles out at sea.

¶JAPANESE ENGINEERS have exploited the use of volcanic ash in combination with Portland cement mortar to form a cement with far greater density and tensile strength than ordinary kinds. The lava, when softened under the influence of climatic conditions, has been made into a valuable fertilizer for the soil. —IVIE P. HOLDEN

Joe says bread's bread—but here are some new lunch-box ideas that will make him see that the filling's the thing!



Consider the Lunch-Box!

by M. F. K. FISHER

A good man's lunch, to have feeling, must needs be filling.

—Lord Beauchamp, 1643

HERE'S WHAT Uncle Sam says, via the sweet but firm voices of a thousand home economists: If you want Joe (and Josephine) to work well, put into every lunch-box at least one of each of the following foods: milk, bread, eggs or meat or cheese, fresh vegetables, fresh fruits.

And here's what Joe says: These little jars of fancy stuff are all right, but the main thing in a lunch-box is the sandwiches . . . and no matter how thin you slice it, bread's bread!

And here's what I say! Balance the whole day, rather than each meal. Give Joe all he wants of two or three of the food groups in his lunch, and ample amounts of the others at supper or breakfast. But if that seems too difficult, follow Uncle Sam's advice.

As for Joe's remark that bread's

bread, prove to him that there are at least plenty of kinds to slice! There are commercial brown and white enriched loaves, whole and cracked wheat, Graham, rye, soy, pumpernickel.

There are homemade breads, the old-fashioned "raised" kind, and others baked in pans, rich and odorous and enticing with ginger, nuts, orange, raisins. There are breads that don't need slicing—long rolls, crisp and brown on the outside, split and filled with chopped olives and chives and mayonnaise. Or maybe with sliced green sweet peppers and parsley fried limp in a little oil or bacon fat.

And crackers are good, too, for a change: Graham crackers made into sandwiches with cream cheese and peanut butter, or with left-over frosting for a sugary treat; rye-crisps buttered and toasted a minute before they are wrapped, with a handful of sharp clean radishes put in separately; plain

soda crackers to eat with a chunk of good local cheese. Yes, they're good.

As for that, so are left-over waffles, toasted crisp, to have with a jar of baked beans and celery salad, or a thermos of hot cream of tomato soup.

And what of those "jars and fancy stuff" that Joe is so tolerantly masculine about? They are old cosmetic jars, paper containers, anything that has a good tight lid and a wide mouth. Manufacturing towns in Connecticut and bomber plants in California have found that in spite of their first sissiness and their general nuisance-value they do help all the men do better work.

But they *are* nuisances. They must be filled with some crisp chopped salad just before Joe leaves; with fresh fruits or canned, prepared the night before with a little mint or jam or a dash of wine; with hearty puddings or light custards or lighter gelatines.

And after the lunch-boxes are filled, they must be carried to and from work! That's where some Joes rebel.

The only possible answers are to send food in ice-cream or cheese car-

tons that can be discarded, or to adhere to my Balance-the-Day program, and serve such a delicious and enormous salad or fruit-bowl at home that Joe won't miss his "fancystuff" at the plant.

There are lots of ways, though, to sneak vitamins and fresh vegetables into the lunch of a chap who would hurl a carrot at the nearest wall.

One way is to chop a handful of parsley, a small green onion or some chives, and some herbs like marjoram (all from the V-garden), and mix them with about a tablespoonful of natural wheat-germ and enough mayonnaise to make a moist firm filling. Add some grated cheese or a little crumbled bacon, and Joe will eat three or four sandwiches and be ready for more.

Wheat-germ, the uncooked kind that comes in a paper box for about 25 cents a pound, is a wonderful stretcher in sandwich fillings, or even sprinkled on buttered bread before the filling is put in. Two teaspoonsful a day goes far in warding off colds.

Then, too, there are lots of good recipes for loaves made from liver, heart and kidney. These should be made larger than necessary so that there will be plenty left for lunch-boxes, sliced thick to eat in the fingers with a watercress sandwich, or sliced thin to be used with mustard and mayonnaise between fine dark bread.

In the same way a thick slice of broiled liver or a good chop trimmed of excess fat should be tucked away for another day, sprinkled with some freshly-ground pepper.

And bacon—always cook an extra slice or two, when it can be had at

*"Since eating is a necessity, it might as well be fun." So says M. F. K. Fisher, the gastronomical publicist who has done for cookery what Poe did for poetry. Born in Michigan, she attended public schools and "private snob schools," as well as five universities in two years! She was graduated in Burgundy, France and she lived in France and Switzerland for ten years, where she tried her hand as a wine grower just before Munich. She likes good food, wine and company, and hates ration card complainers. Among other things, she has authored *Serve It Forth*, *How to Cook a Wolf*, and *Consider the Oyster*.*

Monday

Hot tomato bouillon
Toasted and salted waffles
Rye bread sandwiches with lettuce,
spread with chopped liver and onion
mixed with catsup and mayonnaise
Celery hearts
A fine apple
Raisins and nuts for later

Tuesday

Chilled juices from canned and cooked
vegetables, seasoned with lemon and
salt
Tongue sandwiches with butter,
watercress, horseradish
Nutbread and cream cheese sand-
wiches
Custard with nutmeg on top, in a jar
A peeled sweet grapefruit for later

Wednesday

Milk
Cold potatoes with a chunk of cheese
(salt and pepper, of course)
Sandwiches of peanut butter,
chopped raisins, cottage cheese
mixed with boiled dressing, on
brown bread
Jam tarts
A couple of nice fat tomatoes for
later, with salt or sugar

Thursday

Tea
Sandwiches of scrambled egg and
herbs (parsley, chives, basil,
marjoram), lettuce, mayonnaise
Homemade spice bread, thick with
raisins, spread with cream cheese
Jar of fresh or canned fruit (and
no extra juice—it dribbles!)
Celery and nut-meats for later

Friday

Milk
Crisp rolls filled with fried
sweet peppers
Baked bean, celery, onion salad
Rye-crisp
Cookies
An orange peeled for later

Saturday

Hot bouillon or coffee
Fish or meat pasties
A vegetable salad (celery, peas,
carrots, beans—whatever is avail-
able—enlivened with chopped herbs
and held together with a decent
dressing)
Lettuce sandwiches
Gingerbread spread with cream
cheese
An apple and some walnut meats for
later

all, so that it can be crumbled into
cream cheese and herbs, or into the
yolks of hard-boiled eggs for deviling.

Dozens of delicious things can be
made when there's time: pasties of
pie-crust or rich biscuit dough; jam
tarts and cookies; cup-cakes topped
with Joe's favorite icing, or a little
sherry poured on while they're hot.

There are stuffed eggs, flavored with
herbs one time and catsup or curry
the next. There are little treats, like
an occasional candy bar or a handful
of nuts or raisins, or dates stuffed

with soft cheese, walnuts or fondant.

There are things that any woman
knows without being told. A man
likes two good sandwiches filled well
to the edges rather than five skimpy
ones. He likes a little salt and pepper
shaker in his box. He likes his oranges
and sweet grapefruit peeled and partly
separated. He likes *two* paper napkins.

He likes most of all to have left-
overs a few days after they're left over!

Then the chop he eats on Wednes-
day noon is at best a faint memory of
the grilled cutlet from last Sunday

(when Jane bought an extra one), and the deviled egg of Friday has no connection in his trusting mind with "two soft-boiled on toast" of Wednesday morning (when she really cooked four).

And then of course there are little tricks, like making sandwiches always of the two neighboring slices of bread so that they match—and spreading plenty of cream cheese before the jelly's put on, so the sandwich won't look like pink sponge when it's unwrapped—and not filling the thermos with hot corn chowder in the middle of July.

One of Joe's friends says he wishes all wives would take a tip from his, and either number the packages in the lunch-box according to their place in the meal, or put a little menu on top. It doesn't take more than an extra minute, and it makes lunch a lot easier to eat—and much more fun.

Look at the chart for suggested lunches for a week, remembering always that they depend on what's been eaten at home, and what the weather is, and most of all what Joe likes.

Of course, it might be simpler to eat the way a man at the shipyards has been doing ever since he started to work the day after Pearl Harbor. He brings two thermos bottles to work every shift, summer or winter, snow or sun. One is full of coffee. The other is full—yes, winter or summer, snow or sun—of lukewarm canned spaghetti, the soft kind, with pink sauce on it.

"No spoons, no fuss, no paper, no sissy jar," the man says.

He up-ends the coffee . . . Glug. He up-ends the spaghetti . . . Glug-glug. Then coffee. Then spaghetti . . .

Joe says he has a right mean disposition, too—and getting meaner!



FRANCIS WELLMAN, attorney and author, vouches for this story about the lawyer who risked his life to acquit a client.

The defendant, a woman, was on trial for murdering her husband by feeding him poisoned cake. Her lawyer declared:

"Gentlemen, I stake not only my professional reputation but my very life on my firm belief that the cake is *not* poisoned at all."

And while the courtroom watched on in horror, he ate a piece.

Just then a messenger handed him a note, informing him of the sudden illness of his mother. He excused himself for a moment to dispatch a call to his home, and upon his return expounded for another half hour, while every juror awaited his quick demise.

Still hale and hearty, he wound up his summation. The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty!"

Years later, the lawyer confessed the note had been fake, permitting him to rid himself of the lethal cake. —RAYMOND H. SCHWARTZ

Forgotten Mysteries

• • • Buried among the staid, prosaic, generally inconsequential pamphlets written annually by eminent scientists is a little brochure published in 1936 by the renowned biologist, Dr. Otto Rahn of Cornell University.

In this forgotten report, Dr. Rahn stated that he had discovered unknown rays which emanated from the human fingertips, nose and eyes. These radiations, more powerful than ultra-violet, destroyed yeast cells and other micro-organisms. Dr. Rahn further discovered that the radiations ceased at the moment of death.

In fundamental, everyday terms, what that obscure little pamphlet said was that the human body is surrounded by an envelope of mysterious radiations—radiations which cease at death. Such radiations would be as science-shaking as those of radium. They might be the key to life itself.

• • • The following facts may be found in the *Monthly Weather Review* for March, 1904:

Lieutenant Frank H. Schofield, U.S.N., in command of the *U. S. S. Supply*, reported that he and several members of his crew had seen three peculiar objects in the sky on the night of February 24, 1904. The objects were luminous and varied in size, the largest having an apparent

area about six times that of the sun.

The objects were too large and moved too slowly to be meteors. They moved *in unison*. They were seen far out at sea. In 1904 no large luminous objects—at least not any originating on this earth—were prowling the night skies.

• • • On a night in 1888, the great pianist, Anton Rubinstein, dined with his pupil, Lillian Nichia. The weather was weird. Towards the end of the meal, Miss Nichia commented:

"The wind outside sounds like the moaning of lost souls."

From this remark there ensued a discussion of the chances of human immortality, which ended in a half-joking death pact, each promising, if possible, to appear to the other immediately after quitting this life.

Six years later, Miss Nichia was awakened from deep sleep by a terrifying cry of agony. She saw Rubinstein's face in the darkness above her, contorted with fear and despair. An instant later, the specter disappeared.

The next day she was informed that Rubinstein had died the night before in St. Petersburg—at approximately the moment of her vision—and that his death had been accompanied by a "cry of agony impossible of description."

—R. DEWITT MILLER

Who is the man who rules the earth's largest nation and wages magnificent war against the Nazis? A word picture of J. Stalin



Stalin: Dealer in Destiny

by WALTER DURANTY

IT WAS EARLY in '22 when someone came into my office in Moscow and asked, "Have you heard the news?"

"Such as what?" said I.

"That Stalin has been appointed General Secretary of the Communist Party?"

"Never heard of him," I said. "What does it mean anyway?"

"Only," replied my friend, "that he now ranks next to Lenin in importance because Lenin has given him the manipulation of the Communist Party, the most important body in Russia."

I checked the fact for reference but didn't realize how truly important it was until the following year, when I knew that Lenin could not long survive. Of six possible candidates to succeed him I picked Stalin, for the reason my informant had mentioned, and even talked about him irreverently

the way we talk about horses. I said, "I'm betting on Stalin," just the way you'd say "I'm betting on Whirlaway." And once when the Man of Steel said to me "You bet on the right horse," I knew that my wager had come to his notice. So I confessed: "Yes, I did, and I think it will go on winning."

He grinned quite humanly.

"How did you get the name Stalin?" I asked him. I knew that he had lived under many aliases, and thought that as Lenin took his name to commemorate a massacre of workers on the Lena River, so Stalin had chosen his because he perhaps had worked in a steel plant. The Lord of the Kremlin puckered his brows and smiled almost with embarrassment.

"I don't quite know," he replied. "It started with some of my friends. They seemed to think it suited me."

Today it can be said that J. Stalin,

as he always signs himself, has greater personal power than any man alive. Yet he would be the first to declare that his power resides in his position rather than in himself. In a sense this is true, because Stalin crowns a vast pyramid, the Communist Party and its junior affiliates, whose foundations are set solidly across the length and breadth of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Foreigners seem to believe that members of the Communist Party in Russia comprise only a small percentage of the total population. They note the figures—say three million Communists and “candidates” in a total of 193 million—but forget that in addition to these adult members, there are at least 10 million members of the Communist Youth Organization, youngsters between the ages of 15 and 22, and another 12 million “Young Pioneers,” Red Boy Scouts and Girl Guides from eight to fifteen, not to mention the many millions of younger children born to Communist parents. You thus reach a mighty host of 30 to 35 millions, or 20 per cent of the population, pledged to serve the Red Cause from birth. On that monolithic mass is based Stalin’s rule.

He is the supreme chief of a civilian army more disciplined than any soldiers, because interwoven in their militant training is a cord of almost religious fanaticism, so strong and real that close observers sometimes compare Party members to the followers of Mohammed. From this “religious” angle, Stalin is the symbol of the Communist Party faith, the

transmitter of a mystic Party Line, which from the outset has been the expression and inspiration of Bolshevik policy. The world has known no such combination of spiritual and temporal power in the hands of a single man since the days of the mightiest Popes, whose thunder of excommunication often was enforced by the lightning of war.

Josef Vissarionovich Djughashvili was born in 1880 in the little town of Gori in the uplands of Georgia, where his father was a cobbler. Among the Georgians, themselves a subject race conquered by the Russians, names ending in *-idze* or *-adze* were considered a mark of local nobility, whereas names ending in *-illi* betokened the lower classes. The boy Josef, known as “Soso” to his family and friends, was a bright and sturdy child and a model student. At the age of 11 he survived an attack of smallpox, the only serious illness of his life, which left pockmarks all over his face and neck, unnoticeable today save at the closest distance. The fol-



*In 1920 Walter Duranty arrived in Moscow to report history for the New York Times. From there he made frequent junkets into Russia, the Balkans and the Far East, and in the course of his travels became intimately acquainted with most of the architects of the Soviet Union. Including, of course, Joseph Stalin whom he interviewed twice and whose story he tells here. Duranty has since turned author of best sellers, among them, *I Write As I Please* and, most recently, *The Search for a Key*.*

lowing year young Soso won a scholarship at a religious seminary near Tiflis, the Georgian capital, to the delight of his mother, a most religious woman, who retained her faith until the day of her death a few years ago. In this connection a friend of mine tells a story that is not without pathos. He interviewed the old lady shortly after her first and only visit to Stalin in the Kremlin, and remarked that she must be proud to have a son sitting in the seat of Peter the Great. To which she replied, a trifle sadly, "Yes, but if he had not been naughty at school he might by now be a bishop."

At 17, when Soso became interested in *Das Kapital* of Karl Marx and the works of other revolutionaries, he was expelled from the seminary as a harmful and subversive influence. However, not until 1905 did he actually meet Lenin in Finland. Thenceforward he regarded his leader with a deep, almost dog-like devotion, and never on any occasion challenged Lenin's views. Raymond Robbins, who was in Petrograd during the "ten days that shook the world," once said, "Whenever I went to see Lenin, I always found Stalin sitting in his ante-room, like a sentry or faithful watchdog."

THE FIRST TIME I interviewed Stalin in 1929, I was required to submit to him a copy of the dispatch I was sending to the *New York Times*. In it I used the phrase that Stalin was the "inheritor of Lenin's mantle." He scratched out these words and replaced them with "Lenin's most faithful disciple, and the prolonger of his

work." Later he also told me that in critical moments he always tried to think what Lenin would have done under the same circumstances, and acted accordingly.

In the opening years of this century, prior to the Russo-Japanese War, the revolutionary movement in Russia made great headway, especially in the oil fields of Baku, where strikes and armed conflict were a common occurrence. The youthful Stalin flung himself into this struggle with great energy. In 1902 there occurred a split in the Social Democratic Party, as the Russian revolutionaries were then called, in which the majority voted for Lenin's policy of active armed revolution, wherever possible, against the minority, which preferred more devious methods of compromise and appeasement. The Russian word for majority is *Bolshevik*, and for minority *Menshevik*, so the two groups were henceforth known by these terms. Stalin of course supported the Bolshevik program. Although Lenin opposed the practice of individual assassination advocated by the anarchists and other revolutionary groups, he did countenance seizure by violence of Tsarist wealth. Thus Stalin first gained prominence as a revolutionary by engineering a coup against the treasure of the Bank of Tiflis which was being removed to Moscow for safer keeping. The heavy horse-drawn wagons were attacked by bombs and the assailants captured some 10 million dollars' worth of gold and securities.

Although Stalin planned the coup,



its actual leader was a remarkable young Georgian known as Kamu. Most of the participants escaped abroad—including Maxim Litvinov, who was arrested in Paris while trying to negotiate some of the securities, on a charge made by the Tsarist Government that he was disposing of stolen property. The French Government took the view that the "crime" was political, and Litvinov escaped extradition and made his way to England, where he lived unmolested. The less fortunate Kamu, arrested in Germany, to avoid being handed over to the Tsarist police, feigned madness with such success that he deceived the German doctors and lay low in a lunatic asylum for several years before returning to Russia.

Stalin, who also succeeded in evading the clutches of the police, in December, 1905 went as a delegate to the Bolshevik Conference at Tammerfors in Finland. There he first met Lenin. This conference was epochal because it decided to carry out the Bolshevik policy of violent revolution by trying to combine all strikes and labor outbreaks into a mass general strike, backed by the use of force.

The disastrous war with Japan had imposed terrific burdens on the Russian people, who were seething with revolt in town and country alike.

The Tsar's regime was terrified, but when the actual clash came in 1905-06, enough troops remained loyal to the Tsar to drown the uprising in blood. The army had been defeated, but not broken, by Japan, and it was on this account that Lenin, when he later drew up his *Blueprint for Revolution*, added a fourth condition—that the army must be shattered by defeat in war and have lost confidence in its leaders, to three other conditions which he claimed would lead to social revolution. The three were:

1. Widespread popular suffering and discontent.
2. Complete lack of confidence by the people in its government and ruling class.
3. Lack of confidence by the ruling class in itself.

During the years which followed, until 1917, Stalin's life was a tale of illegal "underground" work, imprisonment, exile, escape and re-arrest. He did manage to attend the Fifth Congress of the Bolshevik Party, in London in May 1907, his only trip abroad. An article which he wrote about that Congress, called *Notes of a Delegate*, set the seal upon his Bolshevik orthodoxy, as opposed to the compromise views of the Mensheviks. In it he stressed Lenin's belief that the urban workers, the true proletariat,

must be the leaders of any real revolutionary movement, even in a country like Russia which was more than three-quarters agricultural.

In 1907, the weak Tsar Nicholas II found a pillar of strength in his First Minister Peter Stolypin, who set out to liquidate all sedition in a most Russian manner. By his orders, rebellious workers and peasants were slaughtered by tens and hundreds of thousands, until the hangman's rope was known as "Stolypin's necktie."

THE "STOLYPIN REACTION" provided a distinction of great future importance between two sets of Bolshevik leaders, the "Western exiles" and those who, like Stalin, remained in Russia to bear literally "the burden and heat of the day." Lenin, it is true, belonged to the former group, but Lenin was somehow different, to all Bolshevik eyes a man of superlative character and transcendent ability. But no such charity was accorded other Western exiles by Stalin and his associates, Molotov, Voroshilov and the rest of Russia's present rulers, who had stayed on at home to be tracked by police, betrayed by spies, imprisoned, exiled and hanged. While Lenin lived the "Westerners" held power, but after his death conflict amongst his followers was inevitable. It's interesting that no Westerner holds power in Russia today.

In the ensuing clash of personalities, between Stalin and Trotsky, and between the Westerners and those who remained in Russia, Stalin won. Thenceforward he put into practice

his own policies, based always, as I have said, on his idea of what Lenin would have wanted. He forced, at great cost, the industrialization or collectivization of the farms, and carried out Lenin's policy of making Russia an industrial and mechanized rather than an agricultural country. To do this, Stalin found it necessary to abandon "communism," so called, which offered no incentive to the average man, and to revert to a system whose methods are not too far remote from those of capitalism. I should say that the economy of Russia today is state capitalism, much as the Bolsheviks dislike the term. Industry, commerce and new construction are financed by central banks and their branches, as in a capitalist country. Moreover, there is complete difference between the worker who gets the equivalent of 50 dollars a month and his boss who gets 1,000—in other words, the principle of greater reward for greater service prevails. There is extra payment for overtime, and if any enterprise has a successful year, its workers receive bonuses.

As a world statesman, Stalin perceived that Hitler's Nazi Germany would make a bid for world dominion long before Chamberlain, Bonnet of France, or even the United States paid any heed to Hitler's wild ambition. From then on, under the German threat, Stalin swung Russia towards what I might call national "preparedness," in the American sense. Deliberately he reduced the production of consumers' goods, which the Russian people so greatly needed,

in favor of factories to produce the matériel of war, and located those factories in areas east of Moscow, far from hostile attack.

Meanwhile, he used all the power of the Communist Party to stimulate patriotism among the Russian people—the idea that their country was their own, for which they must fight, perhaps die. There was a motion picture of a noble, Alexander Nevsky, who had defeated invaders, and Tolstoy's book, *War and Peace*, which described the victory of the Tsar Alexander I against the invader Napoleon, was reprinted by the millions. Simultaneously the Red Army became an object of popular veneration. Its soldiers were better fed, better clothed, better housed, than the mass of the civil population. And when their terms of service ended they were

taught trades and given good jobs.

Communiques from the Russian front today are daily testimonies to Joseph Stalin's success in building a powerful, united nation dedicated to beating back the Nazi invaders with every weapon at its disposal.

The Man of Steel, who tries always to think as Lenin would, had Hitler's number long before most of the rest of the world did. He may yet write the epitaphs of Der Fuehrer and his German hordes.

—Suggestions for further reading:

STALIN	
by Emil Ludwig	\$2.50
G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York	
ONE WORLD	
by Wendell L. Willkie	\$2.00
Simon and Schuster, Inc.	
THE KREMLIN AND THE PEOPLE	
by Walter Duranty	\$2.00
Reynal and Hitchcock	

The Real Vanishing American

RIGHTLY ENOUGH, the last haven for the discarded cigar-store Indian, once the tobacconists' trade-mark, is an Indiana town where a retired optometrist maintains a reservation, complete with hospital service, for some 30 or 40 wooden braves. Through the surgery of glue, plastic wood, and varnish, he has restored these retired red men to the perfection of their prime. In his search for more recruits, the doctor found that their span of life and glory began less than a century ago when a skillful New York ship carver did a bit of extra-curricular sculpture and produced the first grim-visaged Indian in wood. The demand soon grew so great that masterpieces of a famed Detroit sculptor brought as high a price as 700 dollars. One Seminole chief was in fact so life-like that he frightened women and children who happened on him unawares at his post before a Washington, D. C. tobacco shop. And Chicago still boasts of its "Big Chief Me-Smoke-Em," who escaped destruction in the historic fire of 1871, and still plays "host" to a tribe of flesh-and-blood redskins whenever they visit the Windy City.—GLENN YERK WILLIAMSON

Healthy Is as Healthy Thinks

by ARTHUR H. STEINHAUS



EACH ONE of us has his own private set of health rules that he swears by—and freely hands out as advice to his neighbors and relatives. Some of these, it seems, are nothing but old wives' tales that have been in circulation so long we regard them as medical truths. Others we would do well to follow to the letter. Below you will find 25 statements commonly believed. Check those you would question. Answers are on page 135.

1. Outdoor walks enliven because there is more oxygen in the open air.

2. Rye bread is more healthful than white bread.

3. Serious upset or fright of the pregnant mother may cause birth marks on the unborn child.

4. Eating at irregular times is a common cause of stomach trouble.

5. The marriage of close relatives tends to increase only the undesirable inherited characteristics.

6. Poor posture is one of the causes of tuberculosis.

7. Bowlegs result when babies are permitted to walk too early in life.

8. The human body renews all of its parts once every seven years.

9. Food left in a tin can after it is opened is likely to become spoiled by contact with the tin.

10. Regular exercise will increase resistance to most disease germs.

11. The chewing of hard foods will

strengthen and harden the enamel of the teeth.

12. Fried potatoes are harmful to the digestive tract.

13. An athlete should refrain from sweets and ice cream while in training.

14. An hour of sleep before midnight is more beneficial than an hour after midnight.

15. By the use of certain creams any portion of the body may be nourished and developed.

16. A leaky heart is a common reason for the loss of blood in anemia.

17. The over-consumption of sugar is the commonest cause of diabetes.

18. Exercise is one of the best ways of taking off fat.

19. Middle-aged people are more susceptible to contracting tuberculosis than are children.

20. Appendicitis is often caused by eating such indigestible particles as peanut skins and grape seeds.

21. When too many people are crowded into a room the air becomes unbearable because it is overloaded with carbon dioxide.

22. Loose-fitting clothing permits respiration through the skin.

23. A strong sun tan is good for one's health.

24. The use of tobacco causes stunting of growth in adolescents.

25. Never use a pin to remove a sliver—use a needle instead.

*Does your head or your heart have the upper hand?
Are you a woman or a mere machine? Read this frank
discussion of the price a girl pays for a career*



Careers Come High

by CHARLOTTE PAUL

N O LESS professional job of queen-
ing has ever jarred history than
that of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots.
Political crises found her pregnant.
Her closest advisers were poets rather
than statesmen. And when the throne
of Scotland was crumbling beneath
her, Mary was busy trying to persuade
a certain Lord Bothwell to fall in love.

She was executed by order of a
woman who never lost her head in
her life—Elizabeth, the most suc-
cessful queen on record. And the rea-
son Elizabeth made good was that she
was never really much of a woman.

Actually, being a queen demands
just what it takes to become a top
buyer or president of a girls' college.
Being a woman always comes in a poor
second. "Career woman" is a con-
tradiction in terms, for your success
as a careerist will be in direct pro-
portion to your failure as a woman.

I'm not talking about duration ca-

reers in war plants, nor about the
waves, WAACS, or SPARS. Women are
filling these jobs today because war
is a terrible national emergency—and
women know how to rise to it.

Nor am I speaking of teaching music
at home during the week, or those
few years when you were a promising
script writer in Cleveland before your
husband's job took you both to Dallas
—these are not careers. They are so
much velvet, slumming in a world of
shiny, blue serge.

For careerists there is no question
as to who snaps the whip. Each step
taken must be chosen, not according
to what you like, but to what will
advance your career farthest. Com-
promising with a career is like compro-
mising with your husband—the strug-
gle is short and the decision fixed.

Of course, women do well at many
things—and are well paid for them.
There are women in sawmills, garages

and police forces. Women are forest look-outs, milkmen, shipyard workers and farmers. There will be 18 million women in industry by the end of this year—ten times as many as in 1870.

In fact, every woman should get a job, just to see what makes the world—and men—tick. But a job isn't a career—not, at least, until it becomes more important to her than anything else. For to don the business suit permanently is to forswear the negligee.

Don't get me wrong. The spectre of the 1890 conception of women—cold grey ignorance decked out in the pink ruffles of sentimentality—is enough to frighten any of us today. Emancipation, long may she wave.

So I'm giving the old bromide, "Are women 'equal' to men?" a very wide berth. Say a career-bound woman receives no opposition—can she be a success? *Certainly*—but at this price:

First, loss of beauty.

Year after year of the nine-to-five routine hardens and toughens almost any woman. You may say that the spinach and diapers routine at home is just as strenuous, but you have only to compare any six housewives you know with six working girls of the same age to know the answer to that. There's nothing that takes the starch out of a career girl faster than the sight at the dinner table of a housewife whose face has been soaking up skin cream all day. Beauty is perpetuated by sleep and the careful use of cosmetics and the housewife has more time than the career girl for both.

Second, loss of health.

After a survey of women in war

plants in Bridgeport, Connecticut, Dr. Joseph H. Howard of the city's Civilian Defense Council predicted mass post-war physical breakdowns among women war workers. These women work under the same conditions as men, but they can't take the hours or lunch-box diets as well.

The Department of Labor rates a woman's strength at 57 per cent of a man's, her physical resistance at 67.9 per cent. Yet women arrive at the office just as early, more often earlier, than men, and they're still at it when their male counterparts are legging it for the 5:04. A woman will accept a job with long hours and little pay, because she believes it her only way to get her toe in the door. And even more damaging to her health is the slow wasting of her nervous energy, for she faces, besides normal competition, that hoary old ghost from 1890, prejudice against hiring women.

"Nervousness" is the common denominator of all career womanhood. Among my closest friends I can name one cracking good career girl who has had two nervous breakdowns in only three years of working; one who after nine years of the daily nine-to-five cannot get through the day without pills to calm her nerves and pills to pep her up; and one who is 26 and usually taken for an "attractive 33."

THE THIRD PRICE a woman must pay for her career is loss of Her Man.

When your job takes you to Seattle, and He works in St. Louis, what are you going to do about it? If you really want a career, you'll go to Seattle.

He will eat his heart out, of course—until he meets a strictly untailored little number who knows three dozen ways of saying "You're wonderful."

This is a neat, clear-cut case. But even if you both work in the same city, your career will eventually choke him out. Perhaps you will have to work while he is on vacation. And occasionally you will have to cancel dates to "work late at the office." After you're married, there will be many times when the house will look as if it had been stirred up with a spoon, when he'll have to eat dinner alone or with some of the "boys." No matter how sweetly he repeats that he is "very much interested in your career," one idea will corrode his devotion: the realization that anything, even for a moment, is more important to you than he is.

This war has fathered some queer notions about women, but most vacuous of all is the idea that the man-

power shortage is "emancipating" thousands whose taste of "independence" will make them unwilling, or unsuited, to return after the war to home and hearth. This idea, like so many other generalities about women, was thought up by men.

Women were "emancipated" thirty years ago. Today they can be as dependent or as independent as they wish to make themselves. Of course wartime emergency has opened up trades to women on which men formerly had a corner. It's nice to know that women can be engine wipers or street car conductors, but what makes you think they'll want to keep this up after the war? What's so independent about a woman punching a time clock? My prediction is that, the longer war lasts, the happier women will be to give up their jobs.

So you think you want a career? Then prepare to pay through a well-powdered nose.

Only the Resourceful

¶ FEW MEN HAVE the resourcefulness of the suitor who was out in a canoe with his fiancée and her mother.

"If this canoe should upset," said the mother, "which of us would you save?"

To which he responded without a moment's hesitation, "Ah, madame, I should save you and die with her!"

—PAUL POPENOE IN *Marriage Before and After* (Wilfred Funk)

¶ THERE IS A GRAY-HAIRED CONDUCTOR on the New Haven Railroad who invented a very efficient way of announcing the names of the stations to the garrulous commuters. He enters the club car, jammed with the stock brokers heatedly debating Roosevelt and the war, inflation and the Beveridge Plan, clears his throat and shouts, "Just a moment, folks. There will be a slight pause for station identification..."

—FREDERICK VAN RYN

In the grim game of hunting the hunter, the Navy's "rubber cows" are one of the worst enemies a sub can have. Read about one man's day in a blimp



Rubber Cows vs. the Wolf Pack

by SIGMUND SAMETH

HOW WOULD you like to go along as observer on an operational flight of one of the Navy's K-type blimps—those "rubber cows" we hold as a trump card against marauding subs?

While Washington is examining your credentials you have plenty of time to change your mind. When permission finally comes through, you present yourself at the Naval Air Station, LTA (Lighter Than Air), Lakehurst, New Jersey, and give an orderly your name and the name and address of nearest of kin. You wanted to ride a sub-sinker. Well, climb aboard.

The radioman is a lanky Texan. He takes you in hand, helps you buckle on your Mae West.

"Isn't this life jacket too loose?"

"Gotta be to allow room for expansion," he drawls. "If you hit the briny it'll be snug."

The blimp's gondola is the size of a Greyhound bus. You pick a corner

and try to keep out of the way. Then the pilots climb aboard with their flight instructions.

Outside the hangar, the flashlight of the undocking officer stabs the darkness. Sparks is hunched over his crackling radio set in two-way communication with the control tower. The fuel crew is topping off tanks and the ordnance men load the last rack of bombs into the bays.

Finally, it's *Up Ship!* The engines snarl into a full-throated roar. Handlers toss free the lines as you head seaward in the wind.

The ship feels logy. She's weighted with extra bombs and fuel—more than a ton of overload. The senior pilot "alters trim" so that the nose is pointing skyward and the gas bag itself now acts as a lift surface as you race the length of the field. You're doing 20 . . . 30 . . . 40 knots. The ship stands on her tail, dragged bodily by

two great engines. You're busy trying to find your sea legs. Below you there will soon be nothing but restless ocean.

The pre-dawn hour is the favorite attacking period of the undersea wolf pack. During the night they have crept inshore, and the murky light still hides them.

From your 5,000-foot vantage, however, you can spot a sub the moment it tries to surface. For every mile that it can run, you can fly three miles in pursuit. Detection devices permit you to track a U-boat to its lair in mid-Atlantic. If *Herr Submarine Kommander* crash-dives to the bottom and tries to outwit you by outwaiting you, the blimp can hover motionless for days without fuel. But just let a flash of periscope show and it won't be an even fight—or a long one.

In the dawn's eerie half-light your sub-sinker careens along like a vengeful Flying Dutchman. "All eyes" are on blimp patrol. You peer at the sea through wisps of fog, hoping for a glimpse of a sub having a breather. Bomb bays are open—for business.

Down below a tanker crosses your

The workings of a blimp are so super-secret that only a handful of accredited civilians have ever been up in them—and Sigmund Sameth is one of the fortunate few. He was the only man not wearing the Navy blue on this trip, but reports that by the time that grim day of sub-hunting was over, he had forgotten he was a mere civilian. "My eyes ached from squinting over sunlit water, and hours had lost their meaning in those cramped quarters." When they finally eased into the home port, Sameth could not praise enough the job the "boys in the blimps" are doing in patrolling our coasts.

bows and the pilot leaps through his recognition book. Out of Galveston four days ago, she's been passed along from one Naval Air Station to another, through the Florida Straits—and finally to you.

Sparks speaks her with the blinker and her Aldis lamp flashes back. By dusk, if she hasn't made port, another blimp from the South Weymouth base in Massachusetts will pick her up. Until then you make her the hub of your sub search.

Sunrise finds you 40 miles off Barnegat. Your tanker escort is still plodding below, changing course erratically. You have a warm feeling for her unseen crew which the ensign at the rudder puts into words.

"They're the real heroes," he says. "We have guns. All they have is guts."

Suddenly from the forward blister above the pilots' cabin you hear the chatter of machine gun fire. It sounds like the real thing, but this is only a trial burst. Maybe by nightfall the heavy calibre "stingers" which line the cabin will find a real target.

In the meantime every pair of eyes aboard is peeled for the signs of a sub—air bubbles . . . oil smears . . . eddies of mud brought to the surface by churning propellers . . . a foam "feather" in the wake of a periscope . . . the outline of the sub itself.

Sea gulls, the most curious of birds, are always worth a second glance. Anything unusual, for that matter, should be reported. In the last war a wooden crate floating against the tide concealed a U-boat's conning tower.

The blimp's main job is sub-sinking

but she spots and destroys enemy-sown mines as well. Lifeboat survivors are reported or even taken aboard via rope ladder. And in weather that grounds other military aircraft, the rubber cows can nose through overcast and feel their way down to landing fields. For them, pea soup is duck soup!

The pilot has just opened sealed orders which cite a convoy rendezvous, and the blimp swings along on its new mission. The senior pilot is busy handling elevator controls and a multitude of valves. One of the operations for which he is responsible is filling two smaller balloonets with air to compress the helium in the main bag and thus decrease buoyancy. This air can be released for greater lift. The co-pilot's job is keeping the ship on course and barging over targets on a bombing run.

The convoy lies ahead like ducklings spread out on a barnyard pool. They steam along at the speed of the slowest straggler. Around and among them weave destroyers and corvettes. You stay well beyond the outermost fringe of ships. It would be sheer suicide for a sub to approach for a kill.

A man at a time, you leave observation posts for a quick snack. Your eyes ache and you're worn out from continual bracing against the lurch of the ship.

A sudden cry from a lookout brings the blimp heeling about like a yacht.

"Periscope feather off the starboard beam, sir."

A corvette beneath you promptly breaks out of line but you're there first.

Beginning of a B-limp

When the British were first experimenting with lighter-than-air craft they differentiated between rigid and non-rigid construction. An unsuccessful non-rigid, the "Type A-limp" was succeeded by "Type B-limp" widely used during the first World War. The nickname "blimp" followed.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! The blimp shudders as you drop a rack of bombs timed for different depths. The corvette's "Y" gun is in action too, lobbing ashcans over a wide area. All ships in the convoy have broken course. An oil slick is widening over the sea. The periscope is gone. Sonic devices pick up no trace of subengines.

As the convoy re-forms you drop a buoy. Mortally crippled or not, a crash-diving sub always releases oil. Only by bombing the area again and searching for more oil or wreckage can you chalk off a definite score. In the meantime you redouble your vigil.

You're tailing an old Lend-Lease destroyer when darkness falls. It blinks a parting message.

"Cheerio. We can carry on. See you next time across."

The co-pilot puts his weight against the rudder wheel. Your navigator is plotting the homeward course. Fuel load is almost zero.

It's 17 hours since you've left Lakehurst. You've escorted a heavy-laden tanker through the pre-dawn zero hour, scored one "probable" on a Nazi U-boat, and seen a convoy out of the danger zone and well on its way to-

wards England. Just an average day for a blimp. Deadly monotony, nerve-racking tension, unending physical strain — and a flash of split-second action. Rubber cows over the sea lanes may be unglamorous, but their war-time job is a vital one.

Are blimps vulnerable to attack? Well, that's one of those things we can't talk about. It is common knowledge, however, that helium, found only in the United States, has practically the lift of hydrogen with none of its inflammability. Incendiary bullets fired into helium only go out!

Then don't bullets endanger subsinkers at all? The fact is that blimps don't pop like toy balloons. Far from it. They may come back looking like sieves, but the pilot will hardly know it. For one thing, helium goes up, so

holes in the underside don't count. Moreover, the gas pressure is negligible—only a pound or two per square foot. It would take 200 machine gun slugs to chew up as much as 10 or 12 square inches of surface, and with 400 thousand cubic feet to draw from, the loss would be imperceptible.

During the war's first year, unmolested Axis subs in the Western Atlantic sank Allied merchantmen at a deadly twelve-per-week average rate. Today the loss has been nearly halved and, to the embarrassment of the Reich Propaganda Ministry, it is still dropping. Admiral Doenitz, speaking for home consumption over the Nazi official radio, actually apologized for the U-boats' impaired effectiveness. In doing so he paid a compliment to Uncle Sam's wide-flung coastal patrol.

History Repeats Itself

GENERAL ALLENBY, commander of the British forces in Palestine during the last war, had ordered a village which was very difficult of access to be captured before continuing the march on Jerusalem.

Michmash, the name of the village, sounded familiar to a major who was going to participate in the attack, and he started to search for it in his Bible. Finally, in Samuel I, chapter 13, he discovered that the Philistines had encamped in Michmash and the armies of Saul above them. One night Jonathan, Saul's son, had gone with his armor-bearer through a pass with a sharp rock on either side and come out in a clearing which looked down on Michmash.

There they had stayed until the sun rose and when the Philistines woke and saw them, they thought they were surrounded. Saul attacked then and won an easy victory.

The major ran to the tent of the general and showed him the passage. Scouts sent out to find the pass reported it thinly guarded by the Turks. The plan of attack was immediately changed, and a company of soldiers sent to deal with the guards. At dawn, the soldiers stood overlooking Michmash. They began firing and the Turks fled in disorder, thinking they were surrounded. Thus were the tactics of Saul and Jonathan repeated and the day won by the British. —HENRY C. NICHOLAS

TRIUMPH OVER TYRANNY!



BUY WAR BONDS



We can't all go... but we can all help!
Put at least 10% of your pay in War Bonds.
Sign the card today.



I GAVE A MAN!

Will you give at least 10%
of your pay in War Bonds?



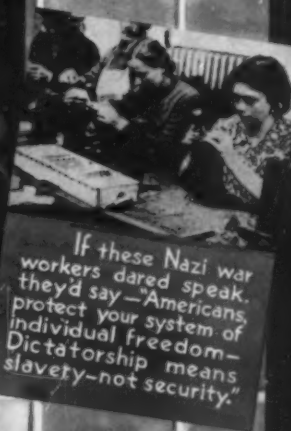
MORE PRODUCTION

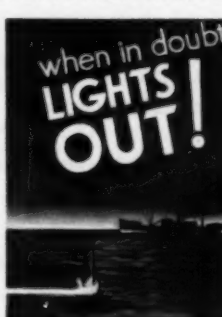
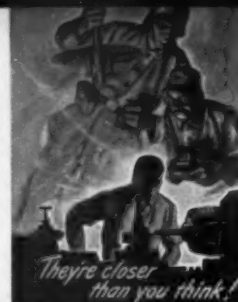
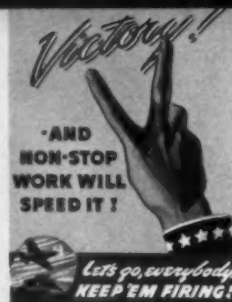
Posters Go To War

SOMEONE



TOP THAT 10%!





The Infinite Guidance

by MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK



I AM PRACTICAL minded. With me religion is a very simple thing. It means to try with all my heart and soul and strength to do the will of God.

To know God's will and do it calls for absolute sincerity, absolute honesty with one's self and it means using one's mind to the best of one's ability.

God speaks to me in prayer. Prayer is not self-hypnotism. It is more than meditation. In meditation the source of strength is in one's self. But when one prays he goes to a source of strength greater than his own.

In feudal times an old general named Ts'ao Ts'ao, on a long march, saw his soldiers weary, thirsty and discouraged. He said to them, "From my horse I can see a beautiful garden full of luscious plums." Their mouths

watered, new strength and courage came. But for how long? The plum garden did not materialize and the soldiers were more weary than before.

That to me is like meditation. There is buoyancy of spirit for a time. It may help when there is no oasis in sight. But when I am spiritually thirsty I do not think of plum gardens—I go to the Fountain of living waters.

Our finite minds beside His infinite mind seem to me like this: In walking I see the hills, range upon range, and cannot see where one ends and another begins. But from an airplane everything has a distinct contour. When I talk with Him He lifts me up where I can see clearly.

I do not think one can understand this who has not tried it. To explain to one who has no experience of getting guidance would be like trying to make a stone-deaf person understand the beauty of a Chopin sonata.

I want to make clear that whether we get guidance or not, it is there. It is like tuning in on the radio. There is music in the air whether we tune in or not. By learning to tune in one can understand.

Despondency and despair are not mine today. I look to Him who is able to do all things, even more than we ask or think.

—AS QUOTED IN THE U. S. NEWS
(from the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church)

V-Stamps

Reproduced on the facing gatefold are some of the striking war posters American artists have produced for the government and private industry. If you're interested in obtaining reprints of the gatefold, reproduced on gummed stock and perforated so that each poster can be used as a V-Stamp, turn to the Reader Dividend Coupon on page 134.

Credit is herewith extended to the following industries and government agencies for the use of the posters: General Cable Corp., Douglas Aircraft Corp., General Motors Corp., Army Ordnance Department, U.S. Treasury Department, General Electric Corp., Office of War Information, The National Process Co., U.S. Department of Labor, Seagram's Distillers Corp., Rogers-Kellogg-Stillman Inc., War Production Board, Kelly Read Co.

Four out of five polio victims regain complete health given the Kenny treatment in time, medicos now report. The "how" behind this modern miracle



How I Treat Infantile Paralysis

by SISTER ELIZABETH KENNY

OF ALL THE diseases that have puzzled medical men through the ages, none perhaps has remained more baffling than infantile paralysis. To the layman it has seemed one of the most tragic human afflictions, since it so obviously cripples the individual's right to health and happiness.

Today, when we are fighting for freedom the world over, such physical bondage seems doubly unnecessary and unfair. For this reason I felt it might be heartening to the public to learn of some of the miracles we are working daily in combatting the ravages of this most elusive virus. Perhaps also in relaying this good news to you, I may be able to dispel any misconceptions in your mind about the "Kenny method," as it has been so christened.

Some 30 years ago, the late Sir Robert Jones of England and Dr. Lovett of the United States, both or-

thopedic surgeons of great humanitarian sympathies, determined to wage open war on this mystery disease which left its victims with crooked, twisted bodies—so often with broken lives. They held the prevailing theory about paralysis—that gross deformities resulted when strong and healthy muscles pulled on weak and paralyzed ones, thus tugging them out of shape and place.

I was then a young woman working as a nurse in the bushland country of Australia and there I first came in contact with the disease. Without warning it came suddenly into our midst. Six little children, who had ridden by my side through the great forests of my homeland escorting me to the bedside of some sick relative or friend, chatting gaily while pointing out to me some rare wild flower or a scrub turkey's nest, all at once lay helpless on their beds. Fear and an-

guish were mirrored in their young faces. Pain gripped their apparently paralyzed limbs. I was alone at the other end of the earth, left to fight this strange, crippling disease unaided.

My only link to help was the telegraph and so I immediately wired a description of the children's symptoms to Dr. Aeneas McDonnell, chief surgeon of Toowoomba General Hospital in Queensland, Australia. Yes, he replied, the symptoms were those of the disease infantile paralysis. No, there was no known treatment for it in this acute stage. I was to do the best I could with the symptoms I perceived.

Upon my skill in detecting and treating these symptoms hung the lives and well-being of the six little children whom I had learned to love. I saw their small bodies pulled grotesquely

into deformity, but *not* by the action of strong muscles pulling on weak, paralyzed ones, as the great specialists said. In my vigils I saw that, in the acute stage of the disease, the afflicted muscles were not flaccid but were contracting in spasm. Thus *normal* muscles were pulled beyond their normal resting place and prevented from performing usefully and normally.

My views, of course, contradicted those of English and American observers. And so two treatments for the disease evolved—one by Sir Robert Jones and Dr. Lovett, in which the limbs or trunk of the patient was immobilized in a splint, plaster cast or frame. The purpose was to prevent the strong muscles from pulling on the weak ones, thus causing deformity.

However, I saw what they called "normal" muscles shortening with spasmodic contractions and pain. I also saw muscles that really were normal and free from pain pulled beyond their resting places and braked in their normal action by the shortened, painful muscle. My first thought was to carefully tend the sick muscle, free it from pain and spasm, allow it to relax and lengthen, and thus remove the brake that was hindering the normal action of the opposing group. Yet even after this was accomplished, I was aware that there was some disruption or block that prevented the child from moving muscles which had *not* been in spasm, and concluded that the youngster feared that such motion would increase the pain in the muscles that were. Thus to avoid pain, the child deliberately prevented motor im-

The story of Sister Elizabeth Kenny (a head nurse is called "sister" in the British Empire) and her 30-year one-woman war against infantile paralysis is one of the thrilling sagas of our time. Daughter of Scotch-Irish pioneers, she was born some 58 years ago in the "outback" country of Australia, remained there to become a bush nurse in an area serviced by few real doctors, and there first encountered the strange, new crippling disease known as infantile paralysis and developed her treatment for it. Interrupted only by service in the first World War, she has since devoted her life to spreading her gospel to physicians and nurses the world over. In America today graduate nurses and physiotherapists are being trained in the Kenny method at the University of Minnesota with financial help from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Australia supports eight clinics named after her. She tells her remarkable story here for the first time in an exclusive article for Coronet.

pulses from traveling their normal pathway. I noted also that these impulses ran riot, as it were, and that muscles not in any way related to the control of the movement attempted to come to the aid of the muscle that had been "cast out." Thus uncoordinated action resulted.

My first efforts consequently were bent on overcoming the symptoms of muscle spasm and pain, on restoring the motor pattern to the alienated muscles, correcting the disorganized pathway, and teaching the muscle once more how to function.

ALWAYS I FOUND the parents' assistance invaluable. Without their help, I venture to say, I would never have achieved the miraculous results that I did. Children are indeed dear to the hearts of all parents, but to the lonely, isolated dwellers of Australia's bushland, the companionship of their young ones is doubly precious. No sacrifice was too great to make to restore health and activity to them.

The mother of the house gladly tore asunder her best fleecy blankets to provide the relaxing damp heat packs that relieve muscle spasm and bring the sufferer such blessed relief from pain. First the blanket parts were immersed in boiling water. Then both father and mother wrung out the woolen fabric within a stout piece of cotton material, so that not a drop of hot water remained which might scald or blister the child. Quickly they applied this hot, moist "foment" to the afflicted part, before the heat escaped. These "foment" were renewed every

two hours or oftener. Thus pain and soreness were relieved and I was then able to go to work directly on the affected muscles with massage, manipulation and passive exercise before any lasting damage could be done.

My sure-footed horse carried me from house to house, through forests and across streams, through bush and bramble to the homes of these children. To these trusting parents of the outback country, the world indeed owes much. If it had not been for their faithful and scrupulous adherence to the instructions I gave, those children might not have lived to race the wind once more on their ponies or to swim in the shady pools of the country's creeks. It may be consoling to the parents of any child who may become afflicted with poliomyelitis to know that they can be of inestimable value in helping battle the disease. Under supervision of the family doctor, they can apply these soothing packs, providing they exercise the greatest care, of course. As soon as possible, the patient should be placed under the capable care of a doctor in an institution which utilizes this type of treatment.

The person stricken with paralysis usually lies in bed with flexed limbs. Since attempts to straighten the limbs create great distress and pain, parents are likely, through mistaken kindness, to let the patient remain in a flexed position.

As a consequence I have seen many tragic deformities and residual paralysis result from this kind neglect. While great care must be exercised to avoid

further contraction and pain in the afflicted part, my advice, in the case of a paralyzed forearm for instance, is to gently extend it a slight degree and apply hot soothing packs to the shortened muscles. The forearm then is supported on a pillow and lowered gradually as the contraction becomes relaxed until full extension without pain is possible. In a state of paralysis the knees are also likely to be bent and the muscles at the back of the thigh and the leg shortened. These parts of the body also demand immediate application of soothing and relaxing heat.

Since, however, the spine and the back of the neck are usually afflicted with the most pain, these parts should be treated first. In the early stages of the disease the child is usually very ill and great care must be taken not to disturb him too much. It is better therefore to wait until the sickness has subsided, say for a couple of days, before treating the rest of the body. Always, of course, under the supervision of a physician.

THE WARNING symptoms of infantile paralysis are misleading even to doctors, I might add.

To the eyes of everyone, the patient may be living happily and normally. Then over a period of weeks, perhaps months, his body may begin to bend, the head be pulled to one side, the spine begin to curve. Then ensues a weary, watchful waiting to see what course the disease may take. Perhaps the person is taken to an orthopedic clinic where heavy, cumbersome supports are applied to the ailing part of

the body and a succession of operations prepared for.

In other cases there may be no visible disability or deformity, only a brake on normal activity. Perhaps the child cannot run or walk for any length of time without tiring. The shortened muscles become exhausted. The mind and body tire quickly.

In speaking recently with a captain in the American Army Medical Corps who was interested in my work, I was informed that many soldiers are forced to drop out of the line of march because of just such fatigue. In certain instances some of them were even threatened with court martial for malingering. The Captain made it his business to inquire into the case histories of these persons.

There, together with an apparently A-1 medical history, he found early, supposedly mild cases of infantile paralysis with "full recovery" reported. Further examinations of these men proved that symptoms which had long gone untreated were causing the trouble.

Today we still do not know how to *prevent* infantile paralysis, though we have reason to believe that the disease is caused by a virus-borne infection of the spinal cord. But our concepts of the disease and our methods of treatment for it have undergone a revolution. The old concept called for the application of splints, plaster casts and frames to keep the tortured body straight. The new concept calls not for immobilization, but for help and attention in nursing the sick, painful muscles back to health.

The statistics tell the story better

than I can. According to figures which appeared in the *Journal of Bone and Joint Surgery* of October, 1941, later published also in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, the old treatment restored only 13 per cent of infantile paralysis cases to normalcy.

By contrast, I have just recently returned from a tour of inspection of eight centers which have adopted the

new concept and treatment of the disease. I am happy to say that the lowest percentage of recoveries in any one of those centers was 75 per cent! Those recoveries, moreover, were really complete recoveries—with no deformities, no disabilities, no shortened muscles to handicap the patient's future and stunt his life.

Upon such statistics, I rest my case.

This Dangerous World

¶TWO MEN WERE lunching together—one lean, one fat. The lean one told the fat one a funny story. The corpulent gentleman laughed so hard that he popped a button off his vest—which landed right in the thin man's eye.

¶A VERY CAUTIOUS MAN knocked politely on the door before entering a workshop. At that very instant, a laborer was hanging up a "Safety First" sign on the opposite side, and with the final pound of his hammer drove the nail through the door panel and into the visitor's fist.

¶WITH THE SAME CARE as though he were really injured, the "victim" in a first aid demonstration was carefully stretched out on the ground—in a comfortable little patch of poison ivy.

¶A MAN WAS HOLDING his wife in fond embrace, but when they emerged from the clinch hubby had a broken eardrum—punctured by a hairpin.

¶THEN THERE WAS the man who was holding his sweetheart on his lap. He held her so long that his leg fell asleep. When he arose, the leg crumpled and broke under his weight.

¶A PERFECTLY SOBER GENTLEMAN drove his car into a service station for a grease job. He was busying himself trying to locate something in the glove compartment when the machine was lifted. When he had found what he wanted, he stepped out—into mid-air.

¶A SHARE-THE-CAR RIDER in Detroit was squeezed in beside a hefty gentleman who bulked some 250 pounds. The car skidded into a ditch and the weighty passenger fell on him and mashed three ribs.

¶A SAFETY ENGINEER from New Haven was deftly demonstrating a safety guard before an interested audience. In his enthusiasm, he concentrated on his right hand and unintentionally demonstrated that the guard was not fool-proof by catching his left hand in the machine.

—*The Travelers Protection* (The Travelers)

*A million ordinary folk banded together
in National Geographic have created this
fabulous saga of adventure and exploration*



Armchair Travel, Inc.

by IRVING WALLACE

WHEN THE United States Army recently sent out an SOS for snapshots of Europe and the Far East, the greatest single response came from the National Geographic Society.

Thirty thousand enlarged photographs came from the Washington, D.C. files of this scientific and educational organization. This was only a pint-sized gift compared to other contributions made by the National Geographic to the government. Ever since Pearl Harbor, it has been turning every piece of its global machinery over to our government agencies.

For instance, it has handed 150 thousand maps over to the services. Six hundred of these maps were on their way to the *U.S.S. Lexington*—just as the carrier was sinking into the Coral Sea. Many of the maps, such as those for the Air Forces, were designed to aid navigators by making each inch the equivalent of 236.7 miles,

the hourly cruising range of the average 350 thousand-dollar bomber.

A short time ago, General Henry "Hap" Arnold, head of the Army Air Force, returned a heavily penciled and doodled Caribbean map to the National Geographic with the note, "I used it for two round trips to the Panama Canal. It's pretty badly messed up, and I thought I might trade it in to you for a new one!"

It was a deal.

Last year a United States destroyer commander, whose Navy charts were burned when the Japs bombed Cavite, escaped and navigated his boat safely to Australia. For direction, he depended solely on a map of the Pacific—which he had torn out of an old copy of National Geographic.

Some of the Geographic's other contributions include making available its 18 thousand volume library and all its back issues to the armed services.

*And in addition much research work has been done by the staff of the magazine to further government projects. Typical example was a writer who was the only American to accompany the Citroen-Haardt Expedition in 1932. He traveled some 7,370 miles by motor car across Central Asia and China, and learned much about air and auto routes from the Mediterranean to the Yellow Sea.

TODAY, placing all its vast facilities at the nation's disposal and presenting the public with both escape and education, the National Geographic is one of the most fabulous undertakings of its kind on earth.

It publishes the only magazine in the world with members instead of subscribers. It has its own tri-colored flag (blue for sky, brown for earth, green for ocean). United States presidents frequently present its awards.

And those are not all of the "firsts" of this Herculean project. Its "names" discovered the North and South Pole. Expeditions under its sponsorship established new records for distance in travel. For 55 years it has treated armchair adventurers to articles by explorers like Peary and Amundsen, by executives like Teddy Roosevelt and Coolidge, and by aviators like Lindbergh and General Arnold. Among other widely-known writers for the magazine have been Alexander Graham Bell, William Beebe, Joseph Conrad and Hendrik Van Loon.

Its members are distributed from

Malta (47 members) to the Solomons (12 members) to Russia (46 members) to Japan (750 members) to Buckingham Palace (1 member). And its circulation grew from 209 in 1888 to 1,250,000 in 1942.

The ancestry and evolution of this magazine is a saga in technicolor out of DeMille. In January, 1888, copies of a letter arrived in homes of several hundred prominent gentlemen.

Each letter read: "Dear Sir, You are invited to be present at a meeting to be held in the Assembly Hall of the Cosmos Club, Friday evening, January 13, for the purpose of considering the advisability of organizing a society for the increase and diffusion of geographic knowledge."

Each letter was signed Gardiner G. Hubbard. Fourteen days later the National Geographic Society was formed, with Gardiner G. Hubbard its first president and 165 Washingtonians of social, literary and political prominence as its members.

Early in the next year, a slim scientific brochure, bound between red covers, appeared at the price of 50 cents per copy. It was Volume I, Number 1, of the National Geographic Magazine—a dull item. Its liveliest article was "The Classification of Geographic Forms by Genesis."

The magazine appeared irregularly several years. It had only two hundred readers and was two thousand dollars in debt. The new president of the Society, Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, then decided to hire a full-time editor. He chose Gilbert Grosvenor, a 23-year-

* See *Embattled Library Books* by Lawrence Steffen p. 136 to see war contributions of other research institutions.

old New Jersey teacher, for the job.

In April, 1899, young Grosvenor, renting half of a room on the fifth floor of the Corcoran Building, took over. He also took over Alexander Graham Bell's daughter for a wife, just as Bell had previously taken over Hubbard's daughter for a wife.

For five years, with Grosvenor receiving his salary from his father-in-law, Bell, the magazine staggered along. Grosvenor edited each issue himself, even addressing the magazine envelopes.

"The first issue," Grosvenor recalls, "was so small a man could carry it all on his back. Today, a single month's issue would form a pile more than five miles high."

True enough, the growth was phenomenal. The circulation rose from 209 in 1888 to ten thousand by 1905. As its readers went up and over a million, its advertising, for the 20 years after the first World War, grossed almost 25 million dollars!

From its closet-sized cubicle, the Geographic expanded to a four-story structure stretching three hundred feet along 16th Street, only four blocks from the White House. Today, in this edifice and in the adjacent library, toil eight hundred employees, half of them dispatching copies to the four corners of the earth.

On exhibit at Explorer's Hall in the Geographic Building is the polished slab from the Mango tree which sheltered Stanley and Livingston in their meeting in 1871 at Ujiji. Also displayed in the oddity room are a silver shekel from Jerusalem which is similar

to one of Judas' 30 pieces of silver and the match case Sir E. H. Shackleton took to the Pole.

National Geographic has no endowments, receives no fancy gifts. It is supported by ordinary folk—janitors, doctors, housewives, educators, elevator boys, whose common desire is to find adventure and self-education.

What, then, is the secret of this project's amazing success?

There are many answers. The most important, perhaps, is that Grosvenor sold his magazine to "members" not to "subscribers." While many persons will not subscribe for a publication alone, they will become members of an organization because they get two things—the distinction of membership in a well-known society and also a good monthly journal.

THE WORK of the Society is supported wholly by the dues of its members plus advertising in the magazine. Today, the Society and the magazine, incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia, remain a non-profit scientific venture, without stocks, with no one receiving more than salary.

The arithmetic of success was simple. People bought the magazine and joined the Society at three dollars and 50 cents a year or for a hundred dollars for a lifetime, so that they could, vicariously, enjoy the thrills of adventure and exploration by famous names made possible by their memberships. Members are so interested in their magazine that they sometimes send as many as 40 thousand enthusiastic let-

ters to its headquarters in a single day.

How have their memberships helped to advance science and exploration?

Supported by these memberships the Geographic Society gave Admiral Byrd 75 thousand dollars for his first jaunt to the South Pole. The Society purchased and presented to the government 2,239 acres of famous giant sequoia trees in California. After the eruption of Mount Katmai, five expeditions were sent to Alaska, resulting in the discovery of the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes—an eighth wonder of the world. In January, 1939, Matthew W. Stirling discovered the oldest date work of man in the new world,—a Mexican stone with the Mayan date corresponding to 291 B.C.

And even the youngest Geographic fan knows that the Society established a new stratosphere record in 1935 when the world's largest free balloon, "Explorer II" ascended 72,395 feet or 13.71 miles into the air.

This performance was a fitting climax to the National Geographic adventure of 1934 when Dr. William Beebe and Otis Barton, in their rotund steel Bathysphere, went down 3,028 feet in the waters off Bermuda—a record depth!

Another item which causes members to re-subscribe to the magazine at the astonishing renewal rate of 90 per cent annually, is the quality of its articles. Articles must be "pertinent one year or ten years after publication, minus personalities and notes of trivial character, must avoid the controversial." It had a backlog of man-

uscripts that would fill the magazine for six solid years.

Maps have also been an important factor in shaping the landslide success of the unique society. "Maps are the shorthand of geography," states Grosvenor, president of Geographic.

From March, 1915, until his death in 1940, Albert H. Burnstead, inventor of the sun-compass that took Byrd to the Pole, directed the Geographic's cartographic work. In 1940, the Geographic mailed some seven thousand acres of maps to its followers. Referring to a new European map, Grosvenor proudly states, "If a single copy of such a map were prepared especially at the whim of a monarch or a millionaire, it would cost him \$10,745!"

As a special service, the National Geographic now supplies five hundred newspapers with simple maps and inside information on "Things Foreign and Timely," and furnishes 30 thousand school children with weekly bulletins on "Events Current."

ITS COLORFUL literary history has also contributed to its popularity. In 1889, the magazine published a piece by a 33-year-old naval engineer, R. E. Peary. Exactly 17 years later Grosvenor looked on while this same Peary was awarded the Geographic's Hubbard Medal by President Teddy Roosevelt for reaching the "Farthest North." And three years after that, Grosvenor greeted Peary as discoverer of the North Pole.

In June, 1903, National Geographic ran an article, written and illustrated by Alexander Graham Bell, called

"Man Lifting Kites." This article prophesied the invention of airplanes.

"The Panama Canal" by Lieutenant Colonel George W. Goethals, the man who created the big ditch that altered modern geography, appeared in 1909. And during the post-war era, National Geographic plumped wholeheartedly for aviation.

Early in the magazine's history, Editor Grosvenor made provisions for this publication to supplement each article with an average of two dozen photographs. The magazine has published about 20 thousand photographs with 300 thousand unpublished photos still filed in fireproof cases.

The Geographic in November, 1910 ran a 24-page color series on Korea and China. It also ran the first aerial photos of the North and South Poles, the first color shots of Arctic life, and assigned Captain Stevens to snap the first portraits of Mother Earth from the stratosphere, thereby revealing

the lateral curvature of the globe.

National Geographic members are extremely loyal to their Society and its mighty mouthpiece. They sometimes go to extremes to keep on the merry-go-around. One miner, from Clear Creek, Colorado, submitted seven gold nuggets he'd found—to renew his membership! Another member shipped in a crate of crudely built bird houses—in exchange for a renewal! And even Al Capone, when the government changed his address from Cicero, Illinois to Alcatraz Island, mailed cash for a renewal. Since prisoners can only be subscribers, he was switched from the "member" list to the "subscriber" list.

However, the final accolade of faith came from the Congressman who, discussing his accomplishments in "Who's Who," remembered he'd renewed his annual membership, and so innocently referred to himself as a "Fellow" of the National Geographic Society!

Sing a Song of Rationing

◀ A TOMMY DORSEY novelty tune called "No Stuff in Your Cuff" reels off the pertinent line "Right soon there's gonna be no more meat, not even mutton." Softening this blow, (should the verse be taken literally) the Office of War Information requested a change to the more accurate "There's gonna be not much meat, very little mutton."

◀ SCENES DEPICTING vast herds of cattle were reportedly cut out of Republic's "Heart of the Golden West" when a preview audience gazed at the potential steaks and started commenting caustically about meat rationing.

◀ M-G-M HAS RULED OUT all banquet scenes for the duration to ward off the ill-feeling ration book holders might develop at the sight of a sumptuous meal.

◀ THE SHORTAGE of powder for blank cartridges will mean more knifing, lassoing and fisticuffs instead of gunfights in "horse operas."

The Best I Know



A WOMAN bustled into an empty compartment on an English train with her flock of four children and had them cluster up to the window so that people in the station would believe the compartment was full. Despite this deception, a ragged and unshaven man entered and took a seat.

The woman glared at him for a moment, then said, "I don't think you'd better stay; my children all have the measles."

"Don't worry about me, lady," said the man. "I've 'ad 'em meself."

Very annoyed by this time, the woman protested, "But they're also coming down with whooping cough."

The man looked up wearily. "Look, lady," he said, "don't worry about *that*. The first tunnel we enter, I'm going to cut my throat."

—ERIC HERMAN

West Los Angeles, California

IT WAS one of the first warm days of spring. A brown leaf on the ground moved slightly and then was pushed aside as an inch of worm thrust itself out. It remained thus, drinking in the balmy air and the beauties of awakening nature.

After a time, chancing to look about, it observed another worm also bent on reconnoitering. Gazing at it raptly, the first worm exclaimed:

"Ah, what soul-warming sunshine!

How intoxicating is the soft spring air! I feel the elixir of life pulsing in my being—kind lady, beautiful woman, will you be my mate?"

The other worm replied languidly, "Oh, quiet, you old fool—I'm your other end."

—C. P. REES

St. Paul, Minnesota

THIS IS A tale of a Commando training course. The men of the company had been going over the usual obstacle course—swimming across a pool of dirty water, running up a bank, climbing a seven-foot wall, scrambling through barbed wire and bushes, and finally climbing a mountain.

The colonel shouted to one of the lads in the company as he came to the end of this jaunt. "How do you like it, soldier?" asked the officer.

"Where I come from, sir," said the soldier, "we have to go through country like this just to get to the barn."

—WILL ROGERS, JR.

Representative from California

A MAN FAR gone in his cups was weaving his way homeward one evening. Approaching the house, he missed the path and bumped into the only tree in the yard.

Going back to the sidewalk, he started over again and bumped into

the same tree. Patiently, he retraced his steps and began again—only to end up facing the tree.

Removing his coat to use as a pillow, he stretched out at the foot of the tree, murmuring, "Lorsht, lorsht, in an impenetrable foresht."

—JEANNE DE TRUDE
Carlinville, Illinois

A YOUNG woman riding on the subway noticed that the gentleman sitting opposite her had a pigeon perched on each of his shoulders. The man seemed to be oblivious to their presence, however, and sat there calmly reading his newspaper.

The girl kept staring at him intently,

but she restrained her curiosity until the train reached her station. As they pulled into the platform, she could hold herself back no longer. "What in the world are those pigeons doing on your shoulders?" she asked.

The man looked up nonchalantly, gazed at each pigeon slowly, then shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Darned if I know. They got on with me at 14th Street."

—JEANETTE MAC DONALD

Readers are cordially invited to contribute their favorite stories to The Best I Know. A payment of \$10 will be made for each item accepted. Address: The Best I Know, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will receive the most careful consideration.

Oriental Mata Hari

"THERE IS YOSHIKO KAWASHIMA," my friend whispered. On the steps leading into the dimly-lit ballroom I saw a slim, sleek-haired, sharp-featured figure in breeches and riding boots—Japan's most cunning spy and China's deadliest foe.

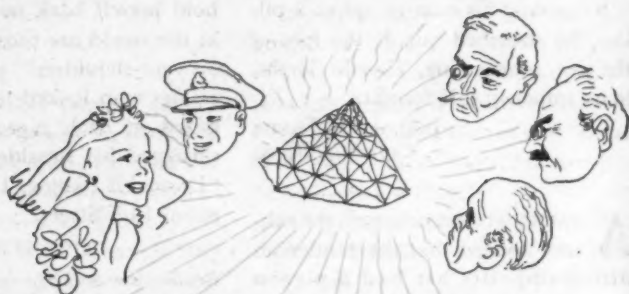
Yoshiko was Chinese—a Manchu princess reared and educated in Japan. At 18 she fled from her foster parents to become a taxidancer in Dairen. There the notorious Japanese Kwantung Army picked her up, gave her rigorous training and launched her on a spying career.

Her first assignment was to marry a Mongol prince. Soon Japanese officers were running his bailiwick. Her job done, Yoshiko deserted the prince and in 1932, disguised as a beggar, crossed the battle lines and drew maps of the Chinese positions. Caught in a tea shop by counter-espionage agents, she shot her way out. In the dangerous years following she organized spy rings, placed the Rising Sun flag on the Great Wall, and once even parachuted behind the Chinese lines. She foiled plans to mine a Japanese cruiser, organized a pro-Japanese cavalry corps, and her fabulous drinking was a part of the China Coast lore.

Bold and ingenious, Yoshiko feared nothing. On New Year's Eve, 1938, while visiting the wife of a murdered agent, Chinese gunmen broke into the room. Riddled by bullets, she died five weeks later. Her best epitaph was supplied by her chief, Lieutenant General Kenji Doihara, Japan's top-ranking spy: "With Yoshiko and three divisions, I could have conquered the world."

—MARK GAYN

*Refugee merchants from ravaged countries
have escaped with the nerve center of an
intriguing world industry in their vest pockets*



Dropping in on Diamond Alley

by PRISCILLA JAQUITH

AMERICA is the new diamond center of the world. From Antwerp and Amsterdam, from Paris, Vienna and Constantinople, the dealers and cutters pour into New York. There they resume the ancient trade which has flourished for generations in Europe.

Diamonds are their business—a business which is booming—for thousands of these stones are used to grind our weapons of war.* Thousands, too, are in demand as Private Johnny Smith slips a ring on his gal's finger before he goes off to fight. So important is this industry that not a stone is shipped out of the country without the government's approval.

Yes, America is the new diamond center of the world—and capital of the industry is New York City. There, in one short block on 47th Street, the barter and trade of this glittering

exchange is concentrated. Walk along that block and you'll see men in shabby suits flipping open packets to dicker for diamonds worth a fortune.

There may not be a policeman in sight. But don't worry. The loafer at your elbow is—nine chances out of ten—a detective. The elevator starter in the next building is an armed policeman. You're walking along the most heavily guarded block in the world—Diamond Alley.

The stones that pass from hand to hand along this curb came, literally, out of the blue. For diamonds are always found in blue earth, scattered so far apart that a digger sometimes sifts through a hundred tons to uncover one tiny stone. Only once in a century is a really big one unearthed and then dealers race by plane and ship to buy it.

That is what happened when two poor farmers in Brazil stumbled across

*See *Diamonds for Defense*—*Coronet*, June '41, Page 64.

an ugly, milky rock in the bed of the Rio Santo Antonio one hot day in 1938. So lustreless was the chunk that they couldn't tell whether it was a diamond or not. But the next morning a broker confirmed their hopes, bought it from them, and named it *Presidente Vargas* for the country's leader.

Within a few hours, merchants from all over the world were cabling bids, and Harry Winston was booking passage to Rio to see it. Two months later, in London, he bought it—the third largest diamond in the world, blue-white in color and sparkling clear.

NOT ALL DIAMONDS are white like the Vargas. Some are blue as a sapphire or red as blood, or pink, green, brown, yellow, or black. The big ones gather histories around themselves until they seem almost to have the power of evil or good over their owners. The *Blue Terror*, for instance. It isn't called that now, not since Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean broke the jinx by wearing it on a slender gold chain night and day, without a whisper of bad luck. But before that, the stone had such a sinister reputation that the Royal House of England refused to buy it. Marie Antoinette owned it and died at the guillotine. Fals, a Dutch gem cutter, bought it, saw his son steal it and died of a broken heart. The son went insane and killed himself. Tragedy, death and destruction marked the stone's history.

But today the sting in the stone has been proved only superstition. Now the *Blue Terror* is called after the English family which owned it for

nearly a century—the *Hope Diamond*.

Another of the great colored diamonds, the *Tiffany Yellow*, has had quite a different record. Ever since its purchase, it has led a sheltered life as the talisman of the House of Tiffany. Big as a hen's egg and golden as the sun, it has been shown outside the store only on rare occasions.

These big colored stones are rarities to the dealer. He is much more interested in the tiny stones, often no bigger than a pin head, which are commonly used by jewelers for clusters or for surrounding larger diamonds. The value of these has risen at least 400% since the war began. This fabulous rise in their price is caused by the greatly increased cost of stone cutting in the United States. Before the war, this painstaking work was done for a pittance by old men and boys of Belgium and Holland.

The precise cutting of a stone is work for skilled hands. First cousin of sugar and lamp-black, the diamond is so hard that only another diamond can scratch it. So, in cleaving a big stone, a man must study the grain and estimate exactly how it will crack under a blow. So great is the risk of ruining the stone that even Lloyd's of London refused to insure the Vargas and the Jonker when they were cut. And Joseph Asscher, when he cleaved the Cullinan, collapsed under the strain and spent three months in the hospital.

In color, white is still the people's choice. But dealers can see 13 different shades in stones you or I would call pure white. To discern the subtle

gradations in tone which to a great extent determine the diamond's value, traders study the gems in the north light around 11 o'clock in the morning. No dealer will work on a dark day, or after 2:30 on a sunny day. This is true whether he works in one of the old established wholesale houses, or whether he is one of the refugees who is duplicating in America the old world diamond markets which the Nazis wiped out.

BIGGEST OF THESE exchanges is the Diamond Dealers Club in Diamond Alley. Here the market price is set, as shrewd traders bargain casually in heavily accented English, German, French, Dutch or Russian. The diamonds they buy may have come to America sewn inside a refugee's shirt. They may have been part of the huge stock which the merchants of Antwerp sneaked out under the nose of the Gestapo. Or they may have been shipped from the new diamond-cutting factories in Brazil, Puerto Rico, Cuba and New York. Whatever their origin, the trader can judge them with one glance through his magnifier. For like most of the Club's 900 members, he comes from generations of diamond dealers, and has been handling the gems since he was a baby.

Every trader has his own methods. There's the small-timer who buys a packet, sells it half an hour later for 20 dollars more, and calls that a day's work. And there's the wealthy broker who bargains all day long. Two thousand of these deals, totaling a million dollars, is an average day at the Club.

Almost all of the men are refugees. Like Marcel Ginsburg, tall, affable Belgian who, as president of the Diamant Beurs of Antwerp, headed a trading center of four thousand members before the Nazis drove him out.

They take one another on faith. The only guard you see is the man at the door who okays every visitor before he clicks the electric button opening the double bullet-proof door.

But above every table hangs a red alarm. Pull it and the police will storm the building.

No one knows where the stones sold at the Club will end up: perhaps in the show window of a jeweler's in Dallas; perhaps in a factory polishing precision instruments; perhaps in a bracelet handled by Tiffany's . . .

A century ago, Tiffany began its record as one of the great diamond merchants. That was when young Charles Lewis Tiffany added the gems to the bric-a-brac and curiosities which he sold in his shop at 259 Broadway in New York.

Convinced that the diamond's fascination as a gem would never fail, Tiffany and his partner, J. B. Young, sank all their resources in the stones during the New York crash of 1847 and the Paris unrest a few years later.

In the years that followed, Tiffany bought many historic stones: the Zone of Marie Antoinette; the Royal Hungarian diamonds at a cost of \$100,000; and in 1886, more than a third of the crown jewels of France at a price of 2,285,700 francs (about half a million dollars). Today they have the finest stock of diamonds in the

world, shown in cases of stainless steel illuminated by hidden spotlights.

You can buy your stones there.

Or if you prefer, you can do your shopping for diamonds in the Bowery.

On a shabby street under the black rails of the "L," a million dollars worth of gems glitter in the show window of the Paramount Diamond Center. Displayed inside are gems sold secretly by members of the Four Hundred hard up for cash, and solitaires ending their long imprisonment in pawnshops.

For 50 years this Bowery market has been open—without one robbery. To this bargain counter come many celebrities and Hollywood stars. Among them have been Brenda Frazier, "Shipwreck" Kelly, and the President's mother, says Ben Fabrikant, leading merchant of the Center.

If you want a diamond today, though, you don't have to go to New

York, Chicago, or San Francisco. You can simply tie a string around your finger, mail the loop to Sears Roebuck, and order a ring for as little as \$7.15. All kinds of people do this. A rancher in Texas recently ordered a \$1300 engagement ring. A Jap in a California internment camp bought one for his bride.

And just the other day a soldier in New Caledonia sent ten 50 dollar bills to Sears and asked them to mail a ring to his sweetheart. They did. She put the solitaire on the right finger, had her hand photographed, and sent the picture off to the front.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

FIRE IN THE EARTH
by James Remington McCarthy \$2.50
Harper & Brothers

FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OF GEMS
AND JEWELRY
by Rogers and Beard \$2.50
Frederick A. Stokes

Over the Airwaves

Dinah Shore: "The Navy has taken most of our handsome young men, so now most girls are hitching their wagons to a tar."

Tom Wallace: "In love, baseball rules don't apply, because a girl who can get to first base is always OUT, but the girl who never makes a hit is always SAFE AT HOME."

Arthur Vinton (radio actor and recent Congressional candidate in New York): "I am going to try to substitute pro for con in Congress!"

Bob Hawk (NBC): "My girl needs to have some dental work done, but she's going to wait until the dentist has a Dollar Day. She wants buck teeth."

Arthur Van Horn (MBS newscaster): "The Japanese Navy? It's that submersive element we've been hearing about."

Ken Murray: "Hollywood is a place where you spend more than you make, on things you don't need, to impress people you don't like."

Your Other Life

SHORTLY after the American occupation of Puerto Rico, my father was appointed Acting Assistant Surgeon for the U. S. Public Health Service and we moved to Miraflores, a small island in the San Juan harbor.

Once you reached the mainland it was a half hour's walk to the trolley. A short cut existed along a railroad track, but it was dangerous; the single track had been elevated over the marshes on a high bed of jagged rock.

One afternoon mother was bound for town and father, as usual, warned her not to take the dangerous short cut. Soon after she left, he fell asleep.

When mother returned, near hysteria, she upbraided father for deserting her while she was still shaken from her "terrible experience." His bewildered denials only exasperated her, and it was some time before she could be persuaded to tell her story. She had, it seems, taken the short cut. Half way across, she felt the vibrations of an approaching train and, terrified, turned to race before it.

But her fear vanished when she saw father only a few feet away. He caught her up, stepped down the embankment and held her securely while the train passed. Once safely back on her feet, mother covered her face in true feminine fashion. When she looked up, father had disappeared. She was too angry at the desertion to realize

that there was no place he could hide.

Several witnesses testified to the fact that he had stayed home all afternoon. But mother didn't really believe his story until . . .

The morning father arrived at his office, where reporters were already on tap, waiting to query him about "the fight" the night before.

The largest drugstore in San Juan was also a social center where citizens gathered to exchange opinions. The previous night two politicians had come to blows, weapons flashed and shortly both were wounded. Scores of witnesses testified that father walked in at that point, ministered to *one* of the men, and silently walked away.

He was well known at those gatherings so it couldn't possibly have been a case of mistaken identity. Yet at the time he was miles away, fishing. Two men who had been with him corroborated that fact. He had fallen asleep at the time of the occurrence.

Incidents like these caused father no end of trouble. Some people doubted his veracity, even his sanity. And since he obviously had no control over his appearances, he often feared that this "other self" might some day get into real trouble. Perhaps it was this vigilant fear that finally stopped these manifestations altogether.—**DR. PEDRO G. DEL VALLE**
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Voliva and his fervid followers wrote their own laws, but the Zion citizenry revolted. Now that once-bizarre village has become normal



Zion City Comes Down to Earth

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

WHETHER you belong to the older or younger generation, you probably have heard of that strange religious community called Zion which nestles along the shore of Lake Michigan between Chicago and Milwaukee.

If you have been there recently, you might wonder why this village is famous. To you, it probably looked like any of the many small towns sprinkled throughout the Middle West. Well, there's a reason for its conventional aspect. Zion has changed. This modern Mecca has altered its character and has emerged into a normal community. Here is the story:

Forty years ago this fall, ten special trains loaded to the guards with "angels" descended upon New York from Chicago to save Broadway. They were shepherded by a rabble-rousing evangelist who had a purse of some \$300,000 to spend in rescuing sinners of the city. New Yorkers welcomed

them and laughed, then tolerated and finally ignored them. Their money gone and Broadway unrepentant, they hied back a month later to Chicago.

The promoter of this fantastic excursion, John Alexander Dowie, won his spurs at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 in a tent revival. There he lashed his converts into a frenzy of devotion. Meantime, crowds flocked to him from this country and abroad until he had a following of 50,000.

A flood of money poured in. Abundant cash brought a "new vision" to the self-acclaimed apostle and his Christian Catholic Apostolic Church. He would build a new Holy City that would overshadow all others, and he would be the ruler. He hired real estate men to buy 6,000 acres of choice land cheaply.

Thus Dowie established Zion, Illinois, with streets bearing such names as Bethlehem Avenue and Jericho

Road. He banished "hello" as a greeting and substituted "peace to thee!" He built a huge tabernacle seating 8,000, on the platform of which he piled the crutches, braces, bandages, plaster casts and wooden legs of those he had "healed," and the liquor bottles, guns and cigars of those he had converted. From that platform the satin-clad, bewhiskered "apostle" ranted against drug stores and doctors, oysters and pork, and all hypocrites.

But he had an eye for business, and erected extensive lace mills, bringing lace workers from England, Ireland and the Continent. He erected a supply house, an office equipment plant, a candy factory and other buildings on the 10-per-cent-for-Dowie basis.

Things boomed for several years. Dowie constructed a huge frame hotel, Shiloh House, which still stands as the largest wooden structure in Illinois. He built a mansion for himself and a school building where he taught that the world is flat. At one time he had an estimated \$20,000,000 under his control. Then paralysis struck him and he called home a zealot, Wilbur Glenn Voliva, who was winning converts in Australia and keeping a stream of money rolling into Zion.

Voliva, who was as rabid as his mentor, brought 500 converts from "down under" and took over with vigor. Before long he acted upon current rumors and charged Dowie with squandering \$2,000,000 of Zion money for his own purposes. The younger man won out. That victory marked the beginning of Voliva's regime.

Dowie's extravagances had ex-

hausted the "holy city's" lush treasure chest, but Voliva knew how to refill the coffers. When he had only 77 cents to his name, he summoned the faithful to a meeting for worship, sending out hacks to bring them in. He netted a collection of \$3,500, the beginning of a \$10,000,000 comeback.

For a quarter of a century Voliva played dictator in this bizarre community. No drug store or doctor, no ham or bacon, no tobacco or liquor, no high heels or tan shoes, no dances or theatres were allowed. A 13-year-old girl bobbed her hair and was refused graduation from school. A man whistled "Annie Laurie" and was fined for disorderly conduct.

DAILY AT 9 a.m. whistles blew for prayer. Ominous signs on fence posts warned people against tobacco or whistling. Voliva issued a "Handbook and Guide to Hell" in which he said "Every sinner will be punished with an overdose of his own sin. A tobacco smoker will be locked up in a den full of nicotine. A chewer will be immersed up to his neck in a vat of tobacco juice. A drinker will pass his time of purification in a natatorium filled with beer, wine and whiskey."

Voliva established a bathing suit ruling that the swimming garment should begin at the chin and run "voluminously and uninterruptedly" to the toes. Exposure of the face was allowed, and provision was made for breathing. But men and women bathers, including husbands and wives, had to stay 500 feet apart.

The overseer one time had the "Zion

Guard," composed of 800 men in uniform, decorated with insignia in the likeness of a dove and with the word "Patience!" in gold letters on the caps. They carried Bibles strapped to their belts and blanketed the community day and night with their spying.

Shrewd Voliva leased town lots for stores and homes for the modest term of 1,100 years, but he had his code of morals written into all the legal documents! He maintained in the lobby of the parochial school—the only one for a long time—a relief map purporting to prove that the world is flat like a pancake. Voliva preached vociferously that you could go around the world even though it is flat—around like a phonograph needle. He ridiculed the claims of science that the sun is 93,000,000 miles away, proclaiming the distance to be but 3,000 miles and the sun to be 32 miles in diameter.

Zion police hid along the main Chicago-Milwaukee highway and pounced on any unwary motorist who came zipping along with a cigarette in his mouth. The zealous officer first snatched the weed from his victim's mouth, then arrested him and took him to jail. The usual penalty was two lectures and two fines—for speeding and smoking. This practice became so notorious that motor clubs warned drivers against the traps.

Voliva always feared an uprising, so he made it unlawful for two or more people to congregate on the street. However, this was used only as a threat against the rebellious.

He even attempted to take over courtship and marriage. He set 10:30

p.m. as the proper time for departure of escorts, with no kisses, and with sweethearts left at the door. He condemned diamond engagement rings, asserting that lovers should "get a solid ivory ring and later let the baby cut his teeth on it."

In spite of Voliva's sternness, all was not well in Zion. Other people began to come in, even though they ate their pork chops and smoked behind drawn shades. Missionaries made their way into the community and set up conventional worship. Voliva fought them with billboards, putting one up opposite the Holy Roller Meeting Hall with the words "Monkey House" on it in huge letters. Six of the boards caught fire simultaneously once from gasoline torches wired to braces holding up the signs. Many of the faithful rushed out at the sound of the alarm. Some were in terror, shouting "This is the end of the world!" A deacon quieted them with "Impossible! Voliva says the world is flat, and if this is the end we could see over it!"

HOWEVER, the day came when the world seemed even flatter to Voliva. A group of malcontents and newcomers staged a revolution via the ballot box. It was a rowdy campaign, and when the election was over the "four bad boys of Zion" had licked Voliva's cohorts to a frazzle. That night—April 21, 1935—there was real whoopee in the old town. Flowers and flags festooned the streets and there was a triumphant procession. Girls brought low-necked, short-sleeved dresses out of hiding and joined the

parade. Men strutted about smoking openly. There was jazz music aplenty. The losers sulked indoors.

The new mayor called for a day of prayer for "deliverance from wicked men." He went to work to cut through the barbed wire of bigotry and legislated morals and introduced such strange ideas as freedom of speech, liberty of action and unrestricted assembly. Under his regime Zion acquired a drug store, a doctor, several cigar counters, a pork-selling butcher shop and a bowling league. By 1939 only four "Blue Laws" were left.

In 1937 historic Shiloh Tabernacle burned to the ground. A youth confessed to the touch-off, charging that his foster parents had invested their all in Zion, and that Voliva had refused burial expenses for the mother.

With the new faction in control, Voliva and his disciples became pretty well subdued. Their political hey-day was over, so they concentrated their efforts on religion. They built a fine hall with a beautiful stage for worship and for the presentation of plays. Now they give an annual production of the Passion Play, which has won a national reputation for excellence. Voliva sent an art student to Palestine to study so that the Holy Land scenery

might be historically correct. Three hundred performers take part, and the season runs for three months, with crowded houses at each performance. Authorities call it a good runner-up for Oberammergau.

Today finds Zion going strong. Sanity has brought peace and prosperity.

Voliva has passed on to his reward. Now only liquor and Sunday movies are banned. True Zionites still look with disfavor on pork but do not forbid it. They simply quote what Dowie once said: "Young man, eating pork won't keep you out of heaven; it will only get you there 15 years quicker."

The lace industries, now operated by one of Chicago's largest department stores, are going strong. Other concerns, such as baking and candy industries, office supply and printing establishments, are likewise prosperous, operating on a business instead of an evangelistic basis.

Little children play in the parks and fields without fear, adults have their innocent amusements without being chastised and home owners take pardonable pride in what they call "the best town in Illinois." Church-going is a pleasure instead of a chore, and "Peace to Thee!" means what it says, instead of being a call to battle.

War Comes to the Poles



A CALIFORNIA telephone lineman, making repairs atop a pole overlooking the Pacific, paused long enough to note a Jap submarine just off shore. Snapping the clips of his portable telephone to the wires, he flashed the news to Army headquarters, watched bombers arrive and destroy the shipping menace, and then continued with his interrupted duties.

—WELDON MELICK

London Letter



—London (By Cable) April 20.

ODDDEST FACT about modern air war—it doesn't look like movie versions or fictional descriptions, in fact it doesn't look like war at all. For instance airdromes are always situated in the greenest and most peaceful countryside, surrounded by pasturing cows, cabbage and turnip fields. Aircrews look and talk more like football players from Ohio State than grim veterans who've just returned from dropping massive containers of deadly high explosive, smashing factories, killing hundreds of the enemy.

Even air combat has differences from what you would think, according to the men who fly the planes. There are none of the movie sound effects, no roaring, no high-pitched screaming. Enemy fighter planes are generally just little black blobs in the distance with no closeups, such as Hollywood gives, of ugly helmeted grinning Nazi pilots. Air crews report a curious sense of isolation. They say they feel all alone. They watch the flak burst with little black cotton puffs all around but can't really feel that each puff is scattering deadly steel splinters.

There is a similar unreality about air raids, especially for persons who've never gone through heavy bombardment. It seems more like a thunderstorm—only with a curious thrill in it which comes from knowing that

despite the apparent absence of danger, a bomb or shrapnel fragment may hit you at any moment.

THE HARDEST thing for the British to realize is the fact that the United States is really fighting two wars. Churchill has put Britain on record a half dozen times as being committed to aid the United States to finish off Japan, but it's still going to be like an ice cold shower the morning after. The importance of this lies in the fact that Britain has what might be called an "isolationist" problem regarding the Pacific war which isn't so different from the American isolationist problem regarding the European war.

DON'T BE too bored with these seemingly interminable squabbles involving various refugee governments—like the fight over General Mihailovitch, the Polish-Russian relations, the convoluted French situation. The way these matters are settled is going to set the pattern more or less for post-war Europe. These issues have to be settled before the Allied armies enter Europe; once a territory is liberated, the question arises as to who will govern it.

Prize puzzle: we've promised free democratic elections in all liberated countries. Supposing that communist or fascist candidates win such elections, what do we do then?

LLOYD GEORGE is not much in the public eye these days except for his occasional illnesses and his very rare speeches in Parliament. But he's far from retired. Actually he probably wields the strongest single influence outside the British government. He constantly confers behind the scenes, drawing on his World War experience for advice and guidance of the strategy of the younger members of the House of Commons.

THE YANKS and the Tommies have a nickname for the London tarts: "Piccadilly Commandos."

IT WOULDN'T be surprising if at any moment Gandhi started a new fast coma, this time actually to the death. This is the sole weapon remaining at his command with which he has the slightest chance of regaining his sway over the Indian masses. The most curious feature for Americans to understand regarding the whole Indian imbroglio is the fatalistic belief of virtually all average Britons that whatever they do now, India will cut adrift from the Empire once the war is over. Despite this feeling, there's equally small doubt that any solution will be achieved for the duration.

STUDENTS of Nazi psychology are unwilling to rule out completely the chance of the Luftwaffe's carrying out a suicide raid against New York. The reasoning goes like this: when the Germans were bombing London every night, the greatest public outcry of the war was for the bombing of Berlin.

When the RAF actually did bomb the Nazi capital the British reacted with a tremendous sense of satisfaction. It wasn't so bad when the other fellows were getting it, too.

Now the German cities are suffering bombardments which put the Luftwaffe's best efforts into the kindergarten class. When Goebbels thinks the Nazi morale is cracking, probably nothing would prove as great a shot in the arm as a spectacular air raid on New York. Of course, Goebbels also knows such a raid would stimulate the American war effort.

THE WHOLE WAR has been marked by constant controversies between the advocates of air power and sea power. But the controversy no longer centers around: can an airplane sink a battleship? The current World War rages over whether airplanes can be used most economically to bomb submarines at their bases, to knock out repair facilities and plants where they're built—or, contrarily, to bomb the submarines at their point of attack along the convoy lanes. The airmen's view is that they can sink submarines all right, provided they can find them, but that it's a lot easier to locate a submarine factory at some fixed point on the continent than to hunt the seas as if for a needle in a haystack.

THE LATEST London bon mot attributed to a public figure regarding one of the United Nations' most prominent generals: "In defeat, incomparable; in victory, insufferable."

—MICHAEL EVANS



Washington on the Spot

By IRVING WALLACE

IN WASHINGTON there is a belief that if you stand behind a Harris and Ewing camera long enough, every important personage in the world will come into your focus. Partly legend, partly fact, this aphorism nevertheless bears witness to the incredible span of history that has flowed into this 38-year-old newspaper photographic bureau. First of its kind in Washington, now one of the world's largest, Harris and Ewing has seven million negatives on file, employs 120 experts, including six news photographers and 12 portrait specialists. Many of their pictures are on permanent file at the Smithsonian Institute, and every few years George W. Harris holds a private exhibit for official Washington—like the one above where he was snapped with Alice Longworth, his "most-photographed" woman.

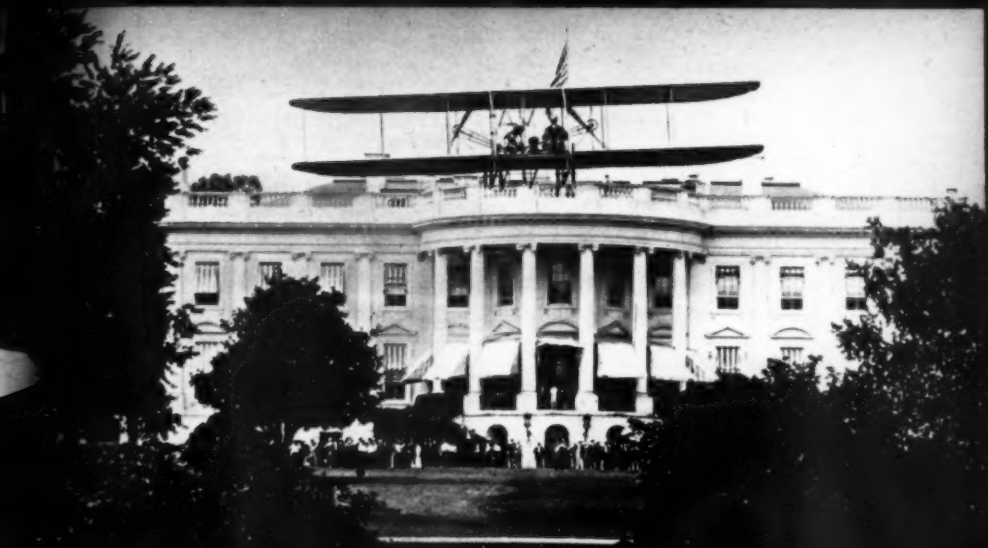
Nowhere is the story of this century more intimately told than in the following shots gathered from the best of the Harris and Ewing collection.



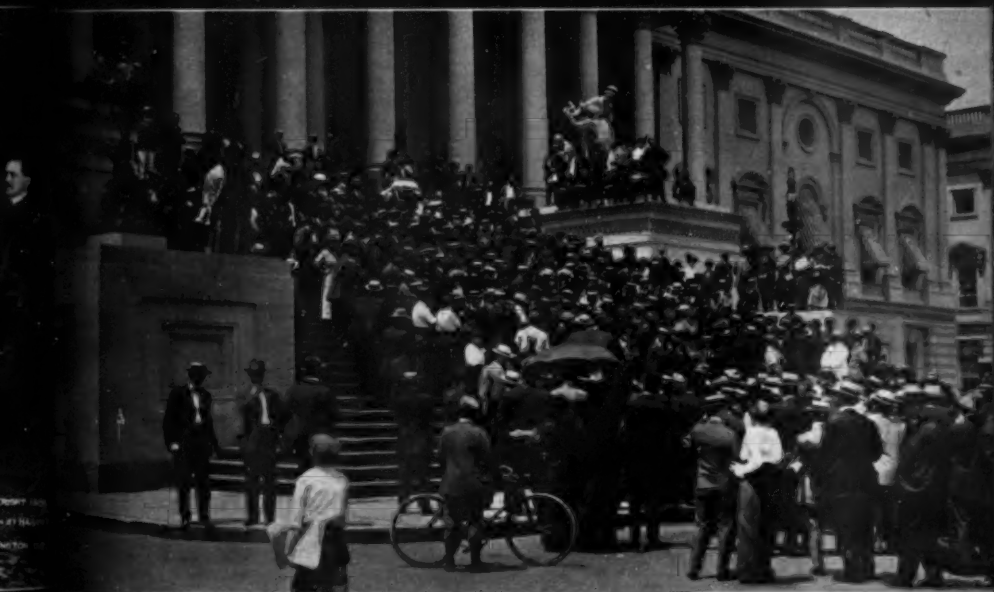
It was in 1906, just one year after Harris and Ewing opened their shop in Washington (Martha Ewing, partner and receptionist, left the concern after a decade), that Teddy Roosevelt first called on them to become official cabinet photographers. But Teddy didn't like this picture because . . .



He wasn't the focal point. He also had his own ideas about lighting and told Harris—"Always say yes to anything, then find a way to do it." Three years later, Harris took this advice in posing another cabinet sitting. (Note President Roosevelt in an unchallenged foreground!)



Harris always had an eye for news and in July of 1911, when Harry Atwood landed his Model F Wright plane on the White House lawn, his camera was busy. Atwood, incidentally, had just completed a 550-mile, record cross-country flight to receive an Aero Club medal from President Taft.



He was there, too, when that uninvited guest, General Jacob Coxey, led his second unemployment march into Washington. There was none of the excitement of his first visit 20 years earlier—when police had arrested him for treading on Capitol grass. This time only a camera interrupted.



Early in his career, Harris developed a reputation for camera "firsts." These shots of William Howard Taft are the first series of modern candid shots. Harris calls them "The Evolution of a Presidential Smile." They are also probably the last pictures of Taft as Secretary of War . . .



For destiny was on the other end of the wire. "That was President Roosevelt," said Taft after the last big smile. "He just told me I'm the Republican Candidate for President of the United States." Taft later rolled into office over William Jennings Bryan by at least a million popular votes.



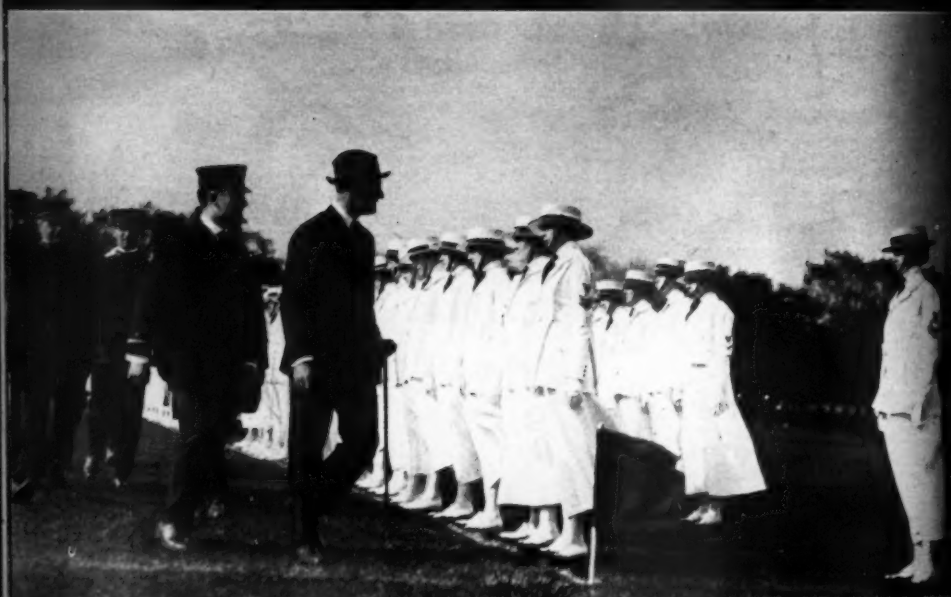
Harris and Ewing have shot every president from Roosevelt to Roosevelt. So naturally their camera was on hand to catch Wilson trying to get in step during the Preparedness Day parade in 1916, when 75,000 marched for three hours. America had begun to wake from the cocoon of peace.



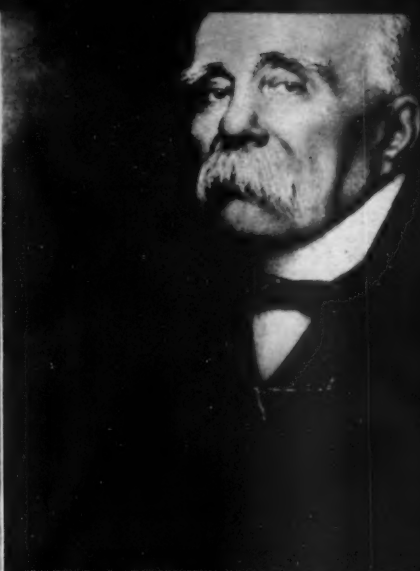
When the war actually came, Washington went pell-mell—just like today. Government girls and women war workers flooded the streets, fighting for lodgings, lunch or a bus seat. Many people called it the Stenographer's War—and then as now the Harris lens took it all in.



Then too, as now, movie stars were in demand to boom the sales of bonds. Doug Fairbanks was one of the favorite boosters and on this occasion in 1918 was responsible for subscriptions up to three million dollars. Harris shot him on the Treasury building steps with Secretary William McAdoo.



Even in those days women loved a uniform—on themselves. And Harris' men had great sport shooting the Yeomanettes (Waves as of now) in full dress formation, free-flowing skirts and all. Who's reviewing them? A handsome Assistant Secretary of the Navy with the initials F. D. R.



Harris' greatest scoop came after the war, when he attended the Paris Peace Conference with Wilson. He was the only photographer to get exclusive portraits of the 86 famous men who met there. The cream of that crop were these shots of hero Foch and the "old tiger" Clemenceau.



Meanwhile on the home front Harris and Ewing men were busy, helping America get to know Andy Volstead, who padlocked all our saloons—and this handsome visiting Briton who later was to yield his throne for love. Queen Mary wrote to compliment Harris on his work.



Harris' most interesting picture of the Post-War era, however, was this of President Wilson, made to contradict a Washington rumor that he was too ill to be Chief Executive. Mrs. Wilson held an official document which the president's paralyzed arm (hidden) was unable to steady.



And so it was that through the 1920's Harris continued to photograph the parade of administrations. Here, for instance, is President Harding at the 1922 Lincoln Memorial Dedication with Robert Todd Lincoln (eldest of Abe's four sons) and Congressman Joe Cannon from Illinois.



And Calvin Coolidge looking sedate on the occasion of Harris' new studio opening. Harris remembers him as Washington's best-dressed man.



Harris considered Herbert Hoover (shown with Amelia Earhart) a difficult subject to photograph "because he moved his eyes so much."



Not that Harris' lens recorded only politics! As far back as 1912 he had bagged some fine candid, such as this one of the legendary Jim Thorpe, football's all-time star. The great Indian athlete was running Carlisle to a 34-20 victory over Georgetown when Harris caught him.



Babe Ruth, too, is in the Harris files. This was taken in 1915, just after Ruth had been sold to the Boston Red Sox by Providence for 2,900 dollars. Harris likes this study of the eyes responsible for more home runs than any other eyes in major league history.



Above all else, Harris is a portrait man. But even here his best aren't all of politicians—witness Evelyn Waksh McLean and her Hope diamond.



Or Madame Constantin Dumba, the wife of an Austro-Hungarian diplomat, who was the loveliest woman he ever posed, according to Harris.



But not the only lovely woman. Here is Billie Burke just after her marriage to Flo Ziegfeld—who knew that a pretty girl was like a melody.



And a sub-deb of official Washington—the ebullient Tallulah Bankhead at an awkward age—long before she stole the heart of world stages.



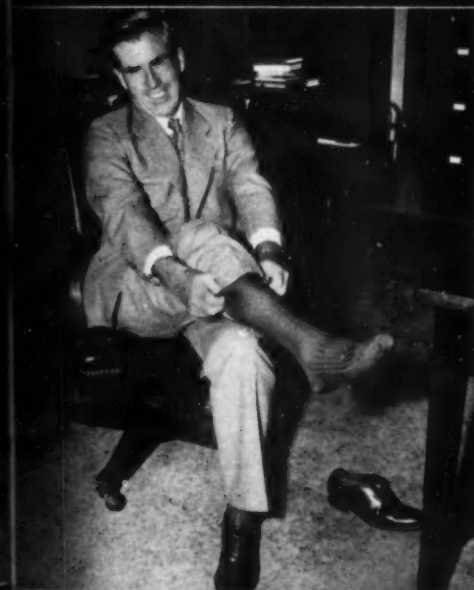
Yet, by and large, Harris and Ewing has gained its fame by moving in the political current and many an interesting comparison of "before and after" can be uncovered in its files. For instance, back in 1930, Harris took this shot of the Supreme Court, then dubbed the "Nine Old Men" . . .



A term that vanished a decade later when the "Nine Young Men" sat on our highest court. Chief Justice Hughes had been replaced by Harlan Stone, and Jimmy Byrnes and Bob Jackson were the new Associate Justices.



Today, even though 70-year-old Harris no longer shoots pictures himself, his firm still snags the cream of the Washington scene. His men delight in blood-and-thunder scoops like this one of Wendell Willkie selling Lend-Lease to the rock-jawed Senate Foreign Affairs Committee.



Or, this unusual "cheesecake" (leg shot) of Vice-President Wallace plugging cotton socks.



Or views like this of a man in his "office." The hatted man holding open house on his bench is Mr. Baruch.



Harris considers Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harding his two most photogenic presidents, Roosevelt the nicest. The camera caught him here pausing to rest his eyes, but newspapers misunderstood, captioned it "FDR pondering the farm problem."



Everyone understood, though, on December 11, 1941, when the President signed the declaration of war against Germany and Italy as members of Congress surrounded him. Says Harris: History was riding on our lens that day. Which is really the climax of this story.



But now, for a photo-finish, take this quiz (answers are on the next page). Can you identify this Texan who left Washington in 1941?



Sergeant York knew this man, and both the House and Senate have held seats for him. He's a foreign affairs expert and hails from Tennessee.



Not John L. Lewis but a massive Republican from the state of Idaho, this senator served 33 years. His name?



Handsome is as handsome does, and this World War ace always beats death—statistics say he has at least double nine lives. He is . . .



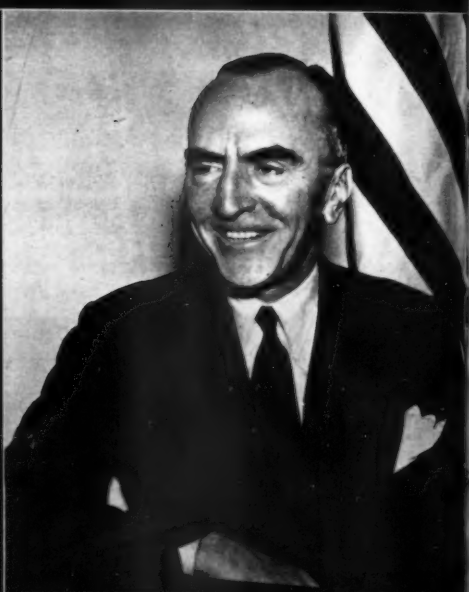
John Nance Garner



Cordell Hull



William E. Borah



Eddie Rickenbacker

If the doctor suddenly ordered you to bed, how would you take the verdict? This is how one man made bed-living a blessing in disguise



How To Live in Bed

by MARSHALL SPRAGUE

EDITORS' NOTE: *Our first reaction to this article was that it was just the diary of a man who likes to stay in bed. Anyone that cheerful must be perfectly healthy. Then we learned that Marshall Sprague is bed-ridden—that he has been suffering from tuberculosis for years. His magnificent adjustment was possible only because of a determined will to keep his mind as active and worry-free as it was in the days of his globe-trotting reporting. We think you who have your health will find his courage a true inspiration . . .*

TODAY OR TOMORROW OR NEXT month, it could happen to you. You haven't been feeling well lately—not enough to worry about—but you decide it's worth a trip to the doctor. So you get it all off your chest, and then sit back and wait for the verdict.

"You are going to live in bed," he is saying. "I can't say how long—but it will be several months at least."

There it is—and you suddenly wonder how well you will bear up. Somebody somewhere is receiving the same

orders each second of the day, and the rate will accelerate terrifyingly as the war goes on, but having company makes you no happier. You can't reconcile yourself to the thought of being waited on hand and foot while everyone else is out there fighting.

But look at it this way. When you go to bed determined to see your trouble through, your courage is a challenge to all the robust folks you know. They need that inspiration more than they need your flying ability or your war production.

The prospect of weeks or months in bed may appall you at first, but soon you will take the longer, more reasonable view. All of us are much too inclined to look at things in terms of the immediate present. When we can expect a life span of 20 or 25 thousand days why should we resent putting aside a few hundred as health insurance against the thousands remaining?

I am not going to pretend that bed-living is a picnic. Still, it's not one-tenth as tedious as most people imagine. With a little patience and common sense, you can make of it an experience that will be like money in the bank the rest of your life.

First off, you must achieve a certain peace of mind. You're bound to have many bouts with fear at first. But if you frankly acknowledge your situation, you'll win out in the end. And no victory in life will be sweeter.

If you will boldly come to grips with your problems, it will amaze you how many of them will melt into thin air. Your family, for instance. If your attitude is hopeful, they will feel inspired to carry on. Even your wonderful plans can wait. In fact, they will probably benefit from being mulled over for awhile.

With the mind under control, you are ready for the fleshly considerations—so important in this affair of the spirit. If you are living in bed at home, a modest bedroom will do, providing it is cheerfully decorated. Two windows on two exposures, one southern, are best, opening on ordinary scenes—maybe a lilac bush, a bit of grass, Mrs. Mahaney's clothes line. The windows should have dark green blinds.

The bed ought to have the best mattress you can get. I favor a single bed because it's easier to reach for things, but folks who sprawl in every direction need double beds. And if they're like a certain man down my street with his 17 cats, they're an absolute necessity.

A crank-up bed is fine for people in

hospitals. However, four pillows serve just as well. A person should have the best light-weight blankets and comforters that can be bought. Bed costumes are a matter of preference. High-necked bed jackets are mighty handy, particularly those which button in back. The lower part of the back is cut high to prevent bunching.

Don't be in a hurry about placing tables and bookshelves around the bed. It may take weeks to discover what is always wanted close at hand. Such matters may seem utterly superficial when compared to the main problem—the illness keeping you in bed. They aren't. Every tiny material item in your surroundings will be before you for a long time to come—choose it as though you were packing a small suitcase that was to be your only luggage on a trip around the world.

My accessories are of an academic nature. Four small tables for books, pencils, bird guides, a tiny radio, a telephone, water bottle, glue, a photo of my young son staring at a beetle. A good lamp, an adjustable standing food tray, binoculars, outside bird platform, a plant or two and a couple of goldfish. And, on the wall, a calendar and an electric clock that groans all day like a street-car toiling upgrade.

BEFORE YOU fell ill, what made your hours click off so fast? It wasn't the rare big events but the frequent little ones. This systematic monotony applies also to contented bed-living.

Bed schedules should be as jammed with standard items as a five-and-ten. No matter how inconsequential the

items are, if they occur day in, day out, a person gets attached to them. Take, for instance, that moment exactly 20 seconds before eight in the morning when I flip on the radio. While the tubes warm up, I wait tensely. Will the announcer come in as usual? Hope he doesn't drop the transcription the way he did a week ago. Good! Now the advertising jingle. I warble with the record to make sure I know all the words.

That's how things go all day, with each item providing some tiny fillip, some small anticipation or satisfaction. Besides these routine happenings, a fellow always has to look ahead and lay plans for unexpected events. What if the power failed and my electric clock stopped? I'd probably miss Captain Midnight completely—so I call for a hand-wound clock whenever a storm arises. Now and again, the routine gets completely out of hand, in spite of every precaution. The more seldom it happens, the better; for it wreaks havoc with everyone's nerves.

WELL AND GOOD, you say, but mere routine isn't enough to keep you occupied. What are you going to do with yourself when you aren't eating, sleeping, taking medicine or listening to your favorite radio programs?

The answer is that you must find an absorbing project. For many of us, this is easy; the interest may long have existed in our heads. Others will have trouble persisting long enough on a certain line to give it a chance to take.

But what kind of a project can a person handle in bed? Well, the sky is

the limit. There's a bed version of practically every activity under the sun. You can raise things—baby chicks, tropical fish, rock plants, guinea pigs, white mice. You can make things out of wood or clay or metal or feathers—ornaments, toys, trick gadgets, trout flies. You can set up a research laboratory for chemistry, aviation, lighting effects. You can learn to be a magician, a cartoonist, a flute-player or a master of Yogi. You can sew, knit, tat, quilt and crochet. You can keep scrap books and collect stamps.

If you want to learn a new skill, there are fat text books on anything from permanent waving or repairing Model-T Fords to shooting traps. All of us, of course, know of the excellent foreign language courses that come with recordings to demonstrate the accent. Often, in hospitals, American patients trade language lessons with foreign patients.

How does one find out where to apply for information on his chosen field? He should ask his bookseller, local librarian, newspaper editor or old high-school teacher. One of these citizens is bound to know.

Bed-living was probably first elevated to a high art by people seeking the perfect spot in which to read. Romantic fiction is certainly the most popular as well as the most tyrannical vehicle for time-killing, but I never knew a really successful bed-liver who was content just to kill time. His aim is not to escape from his room but to make of it a little inner sanctum.

My own preference is non-fiction. I like to pursue one special period of

history or slant on life relentlessly until every last bit of meat is gone. I picked the Civil War, and for a year or more my room was a battlefield. My dreams were rent by rebel yells and everything I ate tasted of gun powder. I barely scratched the surface of the subject and yet the pleasure of the scratching remains with me yet. That year of bed-living passed more instructively than any of my out-of-bed years.

Maybe you'll say, "But why spend these months trying to learn one thing when you could skip around and pick up more about more subjects?" The Greeks had an answer to that. Knowledge, it seems, is like the ocean. A bottle of sea water, thoroughly analyzed, gives you a pretty good start on the whole Atlantic.

Every man, certainly, has plenty of reason to curse his luck when his doctor tells him to go to bed to live for a spell. But there's no reason to think of

long illness as a catastrophe. Far from that, it is just a job to be done. Like all hard jobs which develop determination and patience, bed-living is usually a blessing in disguise.

For, while Nature pursues its slow and joyous work of patching a fellow's innards, he learns the art of serenity. He rebuilds his brain, changing it from a foil for juke-box sensation into a powerful plant able to make its own terms with life. He learns what is and is not important to him so that he is spared forever after from wild goose chases that accomplish nothing.

And when he is back again in the swim, he will talk of his invalid days almost with nostalgia, "And I thought it was a waste of time at first! Now I wouldn't have missed it for the world!"

—Suggestion for further reading:

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED
by Frank Scully \$2.00
Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York

Punning Can Be Fun

¶ WHILE DISCUSSING his epitaph with his wife, Sir John Strange declared, "I wish no flowers and no fuss. Let everything be as simple as possible when I am gone. Please do not even set my name upon the tombstone. Just one line I would have engraved on it: 'Here lies a lawyer who always spoke the truth.'"

"But, my dear," interposed Lady Strange, "there will be no clue to who rests there."

"Indeed there will be," Sir John exclaimed. "Those who read the inscription will mutter 'That's strange.'"

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

¶ LAURITZ MELCHIOR, Metropolitan Opera tenor, is amusing his friends with a new version of an old gag. According to Melchior, an out-of-work tenor ran into a down-and-out artists' representative. Quickly dispensing with preliminary "hello's" and "how are you's," the representative inquired, "May I have a *tener* for a week, old man?" The tenor replied, "I should say so. You can have me for a month."

—D. FRANK MARCUS

Not of Our Species



• • • A small mongrel dog habitually wandered about on the docks of an Army debarkation center. For several days he watched the secret preparations with interest. Then as the gangway was slowly being withdrawn from the troopship, the dog made a dash to reach the deck.

No one paid much attention to him as the transport made its way out to sea. But one day the men saw him begin to whimper and run crazily around the deck. Soon afterwards, enemy aircraft approached.

From then on, the dog became ship-mascot; for it was learned that he had served as a warning. Each succeeding attack substantiated his ability to detect hostile planes.

Before one such attack, the dog's warning was flashed to another ship in the convoy with supporting air strength. Additional planes were immediately sent up, a move that enabled the convoy to repel the attack.

—Catherine Myers
Martinsburg, Pa.

• • • Several years ago while living in a house which was surrounded by oak trees, one family kept a supply of nuts on hand to feed the squirrels. One day when the nut-larder was bare, they spread peanut butter on a crust of bread and put it on the window sill for a hungry visitor.

The squirrel took it away, ate the peanut butter and brought the crust back to the window sill. He then thumped persistently with his tail, letting me know that he wanted a refill. The animal world has its gourmets, too—only they eat for free.

—Clarrie Pitman
Akron, Ohio

• • • Ruggles of Red Gap, who is my big yellow tomcat, jumped from his fireside chair and arched himself stiff-legged in the middle of the floor. His topaz eyes were ablaze, and with a despairing yowl he cleared the floor and disappeared under the davenport.

I hurried from room to room, removing my best ornaments from high places. I wasn't mistaken. Within a few minutes came the unmistakable rumble of another earthquake. The infallible Ruggles had given warning.

He became a cat-seismograph in the big quake of 1928 which hit the coastal plain near Los Angeles. At least three minutes before each minor disturbance, Ruggles warned me by hunching, bristling, yowling.

Never has he given a false alarm. Let learned scientists and their instruments record how much the earth slipped and for how long. My tomcat will always notify me.

—Dorothy L. Pillsbury
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Now it can be told—the story behind our headlines of aerial victory—meet the back-room planning boys who have made them come true



Home Office of the Block Busters

by KEITH AYLING

SPRING IS IN the air. Spring means increased aerial activity over Europe. That means the RAF and USAAF back-room boys are working overtime.

They're an amazing bunch really, these super business executives of destruction. Some are old eagles with their tunics a mass of variegated medal ribbons underneath their wings won in the first World War. Others are very young, bespectacled scientists, college professors, business experts and mathematicians. Among them are peacetime photographers, linguists, detectives, and architects.

The back-room boys have a tough desk job which gets results only by painstaking research, long hours of planning, and the meticulous and frequent study of maps and photographs. On their work depends largely the success of a raid or a fighter plane sweep. From their reports the Bomber

Command decides the appropriate moment for a raid. Material of their ever-growing files provides information on which the pilots decide to fly low or high, by day or by night.

Targets are decided on by two methods. Often the Bomber Command gets a request from the War Cabinet to attack a certain target because there is urgent need to reduce the output of a war commodity such as tanks, tank motors or submarine parts.

But more often the project comes from the brain of an astute planner who has been in the business for a long time. His job is to keep an eye on the reconnaissance photos that constantly flow into the office. One morning he may notice a suspicious dark area on a picture. He checks back to a photo of the same place taken a month before. The dark patch was not there. He consults a card index, on which every known detail about the area is marked.

What could that dark area mean? It could be an underground factory, a camouflaged assembly shed. He calls an officer from the Intelligence Department. Soon the two are bending over a dossier, containing spy reports. One detail is interesting. A certain French worker skilled in aluminum metal casting work has been transported to Germany. A message to his wife gave his address as this town.

The two men work at their problem steadily. In the small hours of morning they are comparing three photos of the area taken at different intervals of time: another might help. Thus shortly before dawn a pilot streaks away in his fighter plane equipped with the camera whose 60-inch telescopic lense will give a detailed picture of the area from 40 thousand feet.

An hour and a half later when the prints are available, the officers find that a new factory has been erected, not in the town that first attracted attention, but near the railway line 20 miles away. The dark spot was a concealed material dump. He notes a new road through the forest to the north, and a railway siding with trucks. There is obviously something doing. The officers probe into a thousand dossiers from 50 different departments. It is finally a laboratory chemist who provides the solution. He has been examining the air-frame of a newly captured German plane. And the metal tells him its history, when expert examiners reveal that it came from the area under observation.

The suggestion for a raid and the reports justifying it are placed on the desk

of the senior officers with reports from other departments to corroborate the information. Here is a destruction job from beginning to end, so a few blockbusters are needed. That means a night-flight for four-engined bombers.

But since the spot is quite a way inside Germany, flying straight to the objective is dangerous. Radio location will give the direction of the flight, and on the way to the target the squadron will attract every night-flying squadron in the area. On the other hand, if a circuitous route due south across France is taken, and a decoy raid on the Ruhr made the same night, the bombers have a better chance of getting through.

AS ALL POSSIBLE information on this particular area is important, the back-room boys schedule a bombing reconnaissance raid. Three machines equipped with incendiary bombs and cameras repeatedly fly over the target at regular intervals to suggest to the Germans that a big raid is in progress.

As the incendiary bombs fall, followed by a high explosive, magnesium flashes are released providing light for the photographs. Higher up circles another aircraft, its camera taking time exposures, which provide the Intelligence Department with a chart that reveals the location of enemy flak and machine gun posts.

After these negatives have been examined, the pilots are given the best way to approach the target. Their next consideration is weather, for the success of the raid depends on wind, visibility and height of clouds. An-

other vital phase of staff work is to arrange the fuelling and bomb loading of a hundred or more four-engined bombers, and to marshal them so that they arrive over the target at three-minute intervals.

Finally all his information is condensed in a simple instruction sheet from which the briefing officer will give his talk to the pilots. Each pilot navigator and bomb aimer gets a specially prepared map of the target area, with a set of photographs. This is the result of all the back-room boys' vital research. And, of course, such planning and its effects often decide the outcome of remote and more crucial campaigns.

WHEN ONE PARTICULAR raid is over, the planning staff does not relax. There are hundreds of targets in Germany, and each file has to be kept up to date. Any day the War Cabinet might call for a raid on X, known to be supplying a vital product to the German war machine. Out come the files. In one is a plan of attack for the particular target, complete to the number and type of machines to be used, and the weight of desirable bombs. Assembly air fields are indicated along with fuel consumption, and charts of the defenses. In one case, a demand for a raid plan was supplied within half an hour of the request.

Recently targets have been chosen because of their influence on the war in Russia or on the Battle of the Atlantic. The spectacular raid on Augsburg, for instance, was a "must" from the British Cabinet, on learning

that the town manufactured Diesel motors for subs, and parts for tanks.

The Augsburg raid will go down in history as one of the most extraordinary sorties of the war. The target had to be destroyed by a heavy weight of bombs, so the machines chosen were 12 Lancasters, capable of carrying eight tons each. In addition, the importance of the target called for precision bombing, making a night raid out of question. To fly 12 machines across Germany in daylight without fighter protection was asking for trouble, but at the briefing the wing commander made a suggestion. The plan was to fly in formation, a few feet above the ground, dead south through France, skirt Switzerland and pounce on Augsburg from the southwest, dropping delayed action bombs from roof-top height.

Eight of the 12 machines got to the target. The German anti-aircraft fire was terrific, but the planes were so low that the enemy was blowing off his own roof tops. Two machines exploded during the bombing, but all dropped their load, and put the Diesel factory out of action.

Low-flying bombing, incidentally started by the American Army Air Corps, will figure largely in the 1943 air offensive. The RAF now has a Mosquito low-flying bomber, which they claim is as fast and maneuverable as a Spitfire. Pilots of these aircraft are trained to hedgehop at anything from 10 to 25 feet above the ground, to dodge around trees and fly between chimney stacks.

Low flying has many advantages.

Radio location doesn't help the enemy, and spotters are useless, too. By the time their reports of a plane's direction of flight are received, the hedgehoppers may have changed their course 100 times. Indeed the only effective weapon against this type of plane is the heavy calibre machine gun and the pom-pom. And even with these, the chance of a hit is slight, due to the terrific speed.

This low flying opens up new problems for the planners. In their briefing, low-flying pilots need information as to hills on the route, trees and tall buildings. Incorrect data might cost a pilot his life and his machine.

But along this line, the back-room boys have many sensational victories to their credit. On one raid the "pains-taking collectors of information," as one RAF boy airily described them, gave the fliers exact charting of the positions of the German barrage balloons, and the probable angles of their cables, according to the wind direc-

tion. The pilots, one of whom got the V. C. for the raid, flew smack through the cables without a single plane being caught.

Of course, there's lots of good-natured ribbing between the fliers and their back-room men too.

One pilot, after a raid on a village deep in enemy territory, came to congratulate one of the men at the desk. He had been told to drop his bomb on a particular house near the *estaminet* (eating house). The intelligence had given him a complete picture of the place, even to the color of the curtains. As he approached the village he saw a girl sitting in her garden. She waved at him, as he shot by. "You fellows did a pretty good job," he told the man who had "gennered" him, "but you didn't tell me about the blonde at No. 7."

The planning officer laughed, "Oh we knew all about her. Her name is Solange. But we were afraid she might take your mind off your work."

Etiquette Around the World

¶ IN EGYPT it is quite Emily Post to inhale the syrupy hot coffee with a zooping effect. This not only indicates you are enjoying it, but helps to cool it off.

—*Pocket Guide to Egypt*

¶ A FRIENDLY PAT on the back does not go over as such in Syria. Syrians do not know how to box and may misinterpret playful sparring to the fun-maker's disadvantage—for they, like most people of the desert world, know how to use knives.

—*A Short Guide to Syria*

¶ VISITING is definitely concluded in North Africa when it is time for the fourth cup of coffee. Although it is considered ill-bred to drink less than three, and they must be emptied to the last drop, a fourth cup is taboo.

—*Pocket Guide to North Africa*

Get the expert rural "know-how" under your belt before you go rustic this wartime summer and fight for victory on a farm



Before You Leave for the Farm Front

by ARTHUR C. PAGE

THIS SUMMER, on 100 thousand American farms, a new army will go into the field. Its members will wear neither the blue of the Navy nor the khaki of the Army. They'll be in overalls, and instead of carrying a gun they'll be behind a plow—but don't think they won't be doing their share to win the war and write the peace.

This new army is the legion of city folk—men, women, boys, girls—who are forsaking a life of rest in the city during the vacation months and going to work on the farms. Agriculture, the oldest and most basic of man's occupations, is facing a crisis. More than one-third of the nation's farmers, handicapped by the loss of one million six hundred thousand workers to the armed forces and war industries, claim that unless they get more help their output will show a decrease this year. This new army, recruited through local offices of the United States Em-

ployment Service and community farm-labor committees, is going to the farmers' aid to alleviate this labor shortage and thereby put extra bushels of food in the United Nations' 1943 and duration larder.

If you're one of this new army, pull in your belt a notch. Farm work is hard work. It requires grit, determination, physical stamina—and knowledge. Don't think of a farm as a dude ranch where you'll sport fancy clothes and loaf in the sun. You'll both care for the dairy herd and operate expensive, intricate machinery; you'll plant, cultivate and harvest all kinds of crops, and there'll be numerous chores at morning, noon and night.

Don't let this prospect frighten you. Farm life, in the main, is pleasant. Fresh air, sunshine, good food, lots of sleep, physical exercise, will make you hard as nails. Your wages won't compare with those received by factory

employees, but you'll get board, room, laundry and mending, and you can save most of your earnings. In the country, don't forget, there are many enjoyable ways to spend leisure hours without dipping heavily into your purse. And by the end of summer, you'll be healthy, happy, and physically fit—something to be thankful for if you are called into the service.

While the greatest demand is for boys and men, girls and women can also do their bit. The feminine contingent can do general housework, cooking, gardening and other odd jobs, thus releasing the more experienced farm women for outdoor work in which they are skilled.

Before starting your farm job, you can take several preparatory steps. Get a thorough physical examination, attend meetings held to acquaint city folk with farms and read the numerous books and pamphlets on rural work. If possible, spend some weekends on a farm, and also try to visit stockyards, farm produce markets and machinery and implement dealers.

You can get your work outfit in ad-

vance. A couple of tough work shirts, a pair of overalls, a pair of sturdy work shoes are the main items. Wear shoes, rather than oxfords, but don't rig up in high boots. Canvas work gloves will save tender hands from blistering, while heavy plain socks and several big husky handkerchiefs will also be necessary. Get a farm-style straw hat, a pair of slacks or trousers and one shirt for dress-up occasions—but don't take a lot of extra stuff.

When you arrive on the farm you can expect to be considered pretty much as one of the family. You'll eat with the family and sleep in the farm home. Incidentally, keep your things in good order, wherever you are assigned to sleep. Some farms have all the modern conveniences, others don't. In any case, take a bath as often as possible. You will get dusty and sweaty daily—but when work is over, clean up.

Chances are you'll get tired at first, have sore muscles and develop blisters. Don't let this get you down. Just keep driving ahead with your chin up. First thing you know you'll feel new strength. And ask questions about anything you don't understand. It isn't dumb to ask, but it is dumb—and dangerous—to blunder along not knowing your job.

There are many farm-hazards. Take the bull, for instance. Never forget that a bull, no matter how friendly, no matter how much of a pet, with or without horns, is always dangerous. Many men are killed each year disregarding this fact. Don't be afraid of a bull any more than you would be of a railroad train—but it's only fool-

*After milking his way through college, Arthur Page entered farm journalism. Today he is Associate Editor of *Prairie Farmer* and farm program director for Station WLS in Chicago. For 14 years, he has conducted the famous Dinnerbell Time, oldest continuous farm program on the air. After work his favorite hobbies are boys (his three sons), collecting bells and playing Mr. Fix-it to anything anywhere in need of repair.*





hardly to get into a position where you can be trampled, butted by his head or gored by the horns. The same holds true for boars, the adult male hogs, and particularly old boars, who are likely to be grouchy. And it's wise to be cautious around a sow—an adult female hog—with little pigs, because she'll defend them from danger.

Farmers use many power tools and machines, some with high-speed shafting and belting, many with sharp cutting edges. Farm boys learn automatically to be careful, but you'll have to exercise caution with tractors, plows, discs, harrows, mowers and threshing machines. On the farm everyone has to look out for himself. Farmers often are far from medical help and considerable time may be needed to reach hospitals in emergencies.

Because fire-fighting facilities are not always available, fire is a great danger on any farm. Hay and straw burn fiercely when ignited, and farm buildings themselves are often made of highly inflammable materials. You'll tag yourself a tenderfoot if you smoke in and around farm buildings, are careless with lamps and lanterns, carry loose matches or strike them to find your way in the dark.

Watch out for sunburn. Don't roll up your sleeves or wear a sleeveless shirt and get a painful burn. If the

sun does singe you, consult the farmer's wife, because she'll know what to do. And prevent heat exhaustion by taking plenty of salt. There is peril even in the orchard. A farm boy learns early not to eat green apples that'll cause a violent digestive upset and make him sick. Don't learn this the hard way.

Probably you'll work on a farm where dairying and the raising of live stock for meat is a major task. On any such farm you'll need to know that productive animals are highly developed, sensitive creatures. Treat them with respect. A stranger blustering into a chicken coop can cost the farmer several dollars in decreased egg production if the hens are frightened, and a newcomer in a dairy barn may cause the herd to fall off as much as 10 pounds in milk production.

As far as cows are concerned, you'll have to know more than to call just "Bossy, bossy, here bossy." There are two types of cattle, and many breeds in each class. Dairy cattle, distinguished by neat faces, slim legs and deep middles, are milk producers and do not get fat because the feed they consume is used for milk. Beef cattle, kept to grow into meat, have thicker flesh, yield little milk. Their food is transformed into steaks and roasts.

The countryside always rings with

the farmers' laughs about the city folk who set their milking stool on the left side of the cow and then are amazed when a bovine hoof blow sends them sprawling. Always milk from the right side, using machines carefully or else following instructions on hand milking.

Cows, you may be surprised to learn, eat more than they can graze off the pasture—and you'll more than likely have to feed them. Silage, the crushed corn with the sweet musty smell that's stored in silos, is part of their diet, but must be supplemented by grain and mill feeds.

Corn, incidentally, is also important in feeding pigs—but they eat it off the cob to make hogs of themselves. The shucked corn is stored in a slat-like pen and then thrown or shoveled into the pigs' quarters. Hogs may look and "oink-oink" like coarse animals, but actually they are models of personal cleanliness. A pig is the only barnyard animal that doesn't wilfully foul his pen. Stubborn and independent, he is the literal cause for the expression "Pig-headed." Never chase a pig—a fattening one can be killed if chased on a hot day.

Pigs are born in any month, but mostly in spring and fall. Sows require close attention lest they smother their young. The baby pigs grow to a 200 pound weight in six months, and it is not uncommon for a single litter to weigh a ton in that period.

Practically every farmer raises poultry. Usually the farmer's wife or younger children have this responsibility. City girls may easily learn the

routine of feeding and watering the laying flock, caring for baby chicks, gathering the eggs and cleaning the poultry house.

It is impossible to list all of the types of work that you may be assigned to do. Consider for a minute crop production. This involves, first of all, the seedbed preparation, which includes plowing, or turning over the soil; disking, or chopping it up, and harrowing, or pulverizing. Then comes planting the seed, cultivation to kill weeds and loosen the soil, and finally harvesting. Gathering the crops involves some of the heaviest labor you will encounter.

YOU WILL BE asked to do many odd jobs—garden work, mowing the lawn, minor repair work, fence repairing, cleaning and whitewashing buildings. Do these jobs willingly and try to do them well.

If you have only a few weeks to give to farm work, cannery crops, commercial fruit gathering and truck gardening may appeal to you. Asparagus, peas, sweet corn and tomatoes are among the cannery crops. They must be gathered at just the right stage of ripeness, and harvesting them sometimes requires many extra hands for a few weeks.

The first duty on going to work for a truck farmer is to learn to distinguish between weeds and vegetable plants. Many a beginner has incurred the lasting enmity of the vegetable grower by pulling up the shoots he has so tenderly nurtured. Some of these will be easy to learn; others will

be hard. It will take you some time to know your onions and the dozens of other vegetables commonly grown.

Living conditions on fruit and vegetable farms differ from those on general farms. Workers recruited for the rush period often work in crews, sleep in bunk houses and eat in big mess halls—so don't expect "Home, Sweet Home."

In your farm work remember this: The degree of success you achieve this summer will depend on the enthusiasm and interest you put into it. You're going out into the country to work, but you'll find that interesting

work is the finest fun in the world.

This year, farming is no ordinary job. Every time you pull up a weed, break up a clod, or lift a forkful of hay, remember you're part of the supply line that is feeding the United Nations, feeding our soldiers and sailors. You and all the rest of us are pledged to do that job and we will not, can not, fail.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

YOUR CAREER IN AGRICULTURE
by Homer Paul Anderson \$2.00
E. P. Dutton and Co., New York

INTRODUCTION TO AGRICULTURE
by James S. Grim \$1.40
Allyn and Bacon, New York

It's a Risky Business

¶ THE CHICAGO FIRE dealt a death blow to 68 insurance companies which were forced into bankruptcy to pay off claims. Of the 202 companies affected, 83 settled in part, 51 in full, and Chicagoans received an average of only 40 per cent of what they had coming.

¶ AUTOMOBILES WERE considered a bad risk when they first appeared on the market. Insurance journals warned companies that "underwriters might serve the cause of public safety by refusing to insure anyone who had acquired the automobile habit." Said one company director, "I'll never insure a noisy gasoline can on wheels!"

¶ DURING THE 17TH CENTURY, Edward Lloyd's coffeehouse on Tower Street, London, was a social hangout for shipowners, merchants, brokers in goods and all manner of folk having to do with overseas trade. When a ship was preparing for the sea a paper would be left on a table at Lloyd's, giving particulars which included the nature and value of the cargo, and soliciting participants in the risk. Under this statement of facts was space for men to sign their names and to indicate how much of the total amount they, personally, would insure. For this they received an advance from the owners of ship or cargo, commissions running from 2 to 15 per cent, according to circumstances. If the voyage were safely made, that ended the transaction. If disaster overtook the vessel, the signers, or "under writers," lost what they had pledged. Today: Lloyd's of London.

—MARQUE JAMES IN *Biography of a Business* (Bobbs-Merrill)

Carroll's Corner



Coronets:

• • • To "Punch and the War," cartoons from the English comic weekly. The best record, so far, of the Battle of Britain . . . To ex-Ambassador Joseph E. Davies, who doesn't rest on his laurels as a prophet, but writes, talks, preaches *The Truth About Russia* . . . To Howard Hawks, Hollywood director, who made, in succession, *Sergeant York*, *Ball of Fire*, *Air Force*—hits that boost that old morale to Everest proportions.

Thorns:

• • • To the female fashions that are coming out of the fuel shortage. Chipmunk slacks, for instance . . . And to over-age "babies" who find a one-point can too much of a bargain to resist robbing the legitimate small fry.

The Grain of Salt:

• • • Saint Patrick wasn't an Irishman but a Frenchman . . . The Emancipation Proclamation did not free all the slaves in the United States. Those in West Virginia were still left in chains . . . The *Internationale* is not a Russian song. It was composed 60 years ago by two Frenchmen . . . The motto of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police is not "They Always Get Their Man." It happens to be

"Maintain the Right" . . . James Monroe did not write the Monroe Doctrine or even conceive it. The bright boy was John Quincy Adams.

Life Begins:

¶CASANOVA: "My mother brought me into the world in Venice the 2nd of April of the year 1725. The night before, she felt a craving for shrimps."

¶NOEL COWARD: "I was photographed on a cushion very early in life, an inane, toothless smile slitting my face and pleats of fat overlapping me like an ill-fitting overcoat."

Spy Stuff:

• • • This, said rumor's tongue, was a major cause for FBI investigation. Our secret bombsight allegedly was being openly displayed to Lockheed workers in Burbank, California. The FBI investigated, found nothing, then had one agent casually approach a woman employee. "Seen the bombsight?" he said. "Sure," she answered, "and I'll show it to you but you musn't tell anybody." She led him to a corner, picked up an aluminum box. "Press the lever," she said, "then look down the hole." The agent followed her instructions—and then went back to his office. The woman had shown him a bomber's water closet.

One out of every 20 dollars spent in drug stores passes over a Walgreen counter. Read about the phenomenal growth of the largest drug store chain



“You’re Always Welcome . . .”

by EARL SELBY

ABOUT TWO THOUSAND years ago Matthew wrote about a storm that gripped a house. “And the rain descended,” he said, “and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; but it fell not: For it was founded upon a rock.” At the beginning of this century, a young, apple-checked prescription filler came upon those lines. They seemed to him the perfect text for a lesson he was about to teach American business.

The prescription filler was Charles R. Walgreen, ex-amateur sandlot baseball pitcher, ex-billiard shark, ex-Spanish-American War soldier. Working in an outlying Chicago pharmacy, he suddenly began thinking of the drug business as an opportunity to give more service to more people—as something more than just pill-rolling.

Borrowing two thousand dollars from his father, Walgreen bought out his employer. Seven years later he

bought another store. By 1916 he had nine. Today the Walgreen Co. has 473 stores in 212 cities—and it sits, aggressive and alert, on top of the nation’s retail drug business.

Unique in its field, Walgreen’s merits study, for its practices have been the catalyst that transformed drug merchandising from a 19th century mysticism to a modern, attention-compelling sales technique. America’s 70 thousand retail drug stores last year punched up receipts totaling two billion, 203 million dollars. Walgreen’s sliced off 100 million of that melon—more business than any competitor.

In a single year, the Walgreen Co. packages 103 million vitamin capsules, sells 35 million razor blades, serves 11 million eggs. It makes a million cash transactions every day and currently is riding a boom that eclipses every previous sales record. “Our drug store business has grown,” asserts Walgreen’s

son, C.R. Jr., "because Dad had new ideas about this business, and secondly because he realized the importance of building with men as well as ideas, and developed an experienced, capable organization on the rock of courageous, yet conservative business practices."

What is the rock on which this business is built?

Take a look the next time you're out at your neighborhood Walgreen drug store. Whether it's the lush five-story building in Miami, Florida, or the small Main Street Walgreen store at Caldwell, Idaho, you'll find five paramount points:

1. A scientifically planned layout
2. Effective displays
3. A planned advertising campaign
4. Trained salesmanship
5. Merchandise of quality and attractive appearance

All of those points, of course, didn't come into focus at the same time. When Walgreen started in 1901, all drug stores had garish colored-water globes in their windows. Walgreen substituted electrically-illuminated displays that highlighted his products. He organized his merchandise so that there was a roomy aisle.

When he took over his second drug store, he rented an extra room for a year-'round soda fountain department. Other druggists laughed—yet in five years most of them had followed suit.

In those days the pharmacist was always called "Doc" by his customers. The big-city equivalent of the country cracker barrel, the drug store was a

favorite meeting place. To attract trade, Walgreen coined the slogan, "You're always welcome at Walgreen's," and instructed his clerks to be friendly and courteous in all dealings. Grateful for the loyalty of his employes, he began looking for places to put them. Acquiring new stores and making them managers seemed the perfect reward. And so began this drug store dynasty. Competitors eyed his methods, but they could not stop his drive to the top, because they could not grasp the essential know-how that Charles Walgreen had.

AS AN ILLUSTRATION of the Walgreen secret, consider your neighborhood Walgreen's again. When you walk in the store you'll notice that the soda fountain is on one side of the door and the cashier and tobacco department on the other. You want your soda or pack of cigarettes in a hurry and Walgreen's caters to this need. *But*—when you pay your soda check you have to cross to the other side of the store. This exposes you to the tobacco products, and while you may walk a mile for a cigarette it's terribly convenient to stock up at a Walgreen counter.

Walgreen surveys show that 75 per cent of all drug store customers buy one item or more on a sudden impulse, and that 66 per cent of all items bought on the spur of the moment are on display. So next to the cashier you'll find the toiletries division. Why? Because women paying soda fountain checks will be likely to see a cosmetic product and be reminded that they need it. On the other hand, most customers

leave home planning to buy drugs. So Walgreen's puts its drug counter as far back in the store as possible. This means that the customer going to the drug counter will see the maximum number of products on display.

"Don't be an order taker is a Walgreen axiom," says W. G. Johnston, retail store operations director. "Salesmanship is not handing over a tooth brush; salesmanship is selling tooth paste with the brush." Spurring sales in Walgreen drug stores is also done by offering commissions not on small-selling items, but on products for which there is a heavy demand, a device known as the "P.M.," or profitable merchandising system.

Walgreen displays, incidentally, are based on a survey showing mothers buy 84 per cent of their families' drug needs. Thus Walgreen displays are gay and colorful, and women like their bright red and blue eye-catchers.

CHARLES WALGREEN SR., progenitor of this chain, is dead now, but his organization stands as a memorial to his ability. Overly-modest, inclined to deprecate his talent, he concealed his charity donations, pledged his personal funds to stabilize a community bank in his home town, liked to talk of his youth and the time he was fired for not obeying orders.

Walgreen started out as a shoe company employe in Dixon, Illinois, but when he lost the first joint of a finger in a machine the doctor who treated him suggested he become a pharmacist. In the drug store of Dave Horton he started his apprenticeship.

Amiable, conversant, humorous, he loved "chinning" with the townsfolk. One day his boss told him to sweep away some snow. Charlie forgot. When Horton returned Walgreen remembered his undone chore. Horton's "You're fired" and Charlie's "I quit" blended in a duet—and Walgreen, his Dixon baseball career terminated by an arm defect, headed toward Chicago. The first night in town he spent the 20 dollars he had borrowed from his sister on a party with some friends, and the next day had to ask his new drugstore employer for an advance. Happy-go-lucky, by his own admission, Walgreen was not enthusiastic over the possibilities of personal success. Once, with five cents to his name, he bought a paper, threw the remaining three cents into the Chicago River and said things were looking up because he was flat on his back.

In 1902 Walgreen married Myrtle Norton in Seattle—and then spent two weeks of their honeymoon tending the pharmacy of an Oregonian druggist who wanted a vacation. When the druggist returned, Walgreen learned he had gone away to have a honeymoon *sans* pill-rolling.

In the next six years he established additional drug stores in Dixon and Hot Springs, Arkansas. But he did not hit real pay dirt until he closed or sold these stores and concentrated his energies on Chicago.

Walgreen was aided materially by a group of perspiring, broad-shouldered lads who came to work for him back in 1910-11-and-12. One of these is soft-voiced Jim Ward, once a Wal-

green stevedore, now vice-president in charge of purchases. Another is Roland Schmitt, vice-president and secretary, who recalls "C.R." as the "father to all of us," while other old-timers serving as vice-presidents are Harry Goldstine, personnel director, and A. L. Starshak, public relations director. Walgreen's son, now president, started as a messenger boy.

Far from stuffed shirts, Walgreen executives are long on brains, short on formality. The board of directors, all operating executives, meet in shirt sleeves. Charlie Walgreen was always proud of his executives' ability to be informal, yet get work done.

THE WALGREEN chain has about 14 thousand employes, of which 1,300 are registered pharmacists, 6,000 are food unit workers, and the balance drug apprentices, cosmeticians, cashiers and administrative assistants. Walgreen workers have pensions and benefit funds, hospitalization insurance, get War Bonds for suggestions to improve operations. Courtesy plaques, awarded monthly in each of 17 districts, go to the store with the friendliest service.

If you are a Walgreen store manager you can figure on 44 per cent of your gross sales coming from drugs—but in Walgreen's accounting system, drugs are everything that aren't either fountain, tobacco or liquor sales. Fountain receipts are 27 per cent, tobacco, 24, and liquor, 4, with fountains giving the highest gross profit and tobacco the least.

Mild-mannered Bob Knight, Walgreen treasurer who joined the chain

when Walgreen offered him a job in 1925 after Knight wrote a treatise on the company for the University of Chicago, points out that the firm has never missed a stock dividend. Owned largely by the public, but controlled by the Walgreen family, executives and store employes, Walgreen preferred and common stock last year paid two and a half million dollars in dividends on an all-time high of six million in profit before federal tax deduction. Walgreen tax problems, incidentally, are handled by Vice President S. J. Bowyer.

A typical Walgreen store sells 7,500 items, composed of merchandise that has a retail value of 100 million dollars annually. Included are seven million tubes of tooth paste that would stretch a ribbon from New York to San Francisco; two billion cigarettes, or 20 for every one in the country; and 750 thousand decks of playing cards that would form a pillar five miles high.


The Walgreen company created its own laboratory 30 years ago to enable it to prepare products after its own specifications, which, in many cases, are much higher than existing laws require. Now in a building on Chicago's southwest side, the lab takes up 100 thousand square feet of floor space, makes 1,200 products with an annual retail value in excess of eight million dollars. Of total Walgreen sales, six per cent is in products made by the lab. Some of these are pharmaceuticals, tonics, cosmetics, perfumes. One of the first to adapt screw-top caps for glass medicine

bottles, Walgreen's has pioneered in effective packaging of goods. A five-man art staff is constantly seeking more colorful wrappings, and has pushed the entire drug industry into this phase of operations.

Walgreen's lays claim to being the inventor of a most popular concoction: the modern chocolate malted milk. In 1921, Ivar Coulson, then behind the fountain in a Chicago loop Walgreen's, took some malt powder, chocolate syrup, ice cream and milk, stirred them together—and the malted milk was born. Coulson is still with the company today, and Walgreen's now has its own malted milk plant in Shelbyville, Illinois. Here the firm has a creamery that takes in 50 thousand pounds of raw milk every day to make malted milk powder, ice cream and cheese. Elsewhere in the country the firm maintains nine ice cream plants and three film development studios.

Besides maintaining its own stores, Walgreen's now serves as consultant to 1,000 drug stores in all parts of the country. Known as Walgreen "Agency" stores, these establishments have access to all Walgreen trade secrets, frequently double their business. Ray Walker is the director of the Agency department.

Guiding all these operations today is balding, spectacled, round-cheeked Charles Walgreen Jr. The image of his father, he is quick to laugh, enjoys talking about his dad, concentrates on correlating phases of the firm. He is proud that the War Department chose Walgreen's as the company to operate a drug store—on a non-profit basis—in the new, vast Pentagon building at Washington. "And you can be sure," he says, "that there, as everywhere else, we'll be operating on Dad's rock of sound business practices that makes folks feel they're always welcome at Walgreen's."



Paving the Way

¶ IN THE BACK COUNTRY of some of the South Sea Islands, the old and feeble were often buried alive. A Catholic priest told how he had started his congregation. He dug up an old couple who had just been dug in, revived them, baptized them, and gained two splendid converts. —S. M. LAMBERT, *A Yankee Doctor in Paradise* (Little, Brown)

¶ DURING THE FIRST PUSH in Libya, an inexperienced Australian battalion was hastily occupying slit trenches on the front. All through the battle zone they had been shelled and bombed, and when a large scale air attack was launched against them, there was nerve strain evident on every face. Sensing the situation, a certain sergeant left the trench, got up in full view of the crowd, lowered himself to his knees and shouted, "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful!"—FROM *The Army* (Australian Service Publication)

Lost Opportunities



PHIL STONG, author of "State Fair," tells the tale of his grandfather who, until his dying day, expressed dislike and suspicion of his next-door neighbor because "he always keeps trying to sell me oil wells." The old man's persistent neighbor—John D. Rockefeller.

—ALAN A. BROWN

GEORGE MEREDITH, as a reader for an English publishing house, rejected George Bernard Shaw's first book with an emphatic "No!"

—WILLIAM E. MILES

EARLY IN THE 19th century a frail submersible craft carrying an American inventor and one sailor was gradually lowered under the waters of the French River Seine. For 20 minutes it remained at a depth of 25 feet, then emerged after voyaging several hundred yards. The demonstration was for a great French general, but he was frankly skeptical. He could not believe the American's claims that the crude torpedo attached "could explode a sufficient quantity of powder under an enemy ship to blow her up;" or that two thousand of these boats could control the English channel.

Years later, when only his thoughts could leap the solitary confines of St. Helena, Napoleon Bonaparte, the French general, remembered bitterly

that scarcely six years after that demonstration Robert Fulton's torpedo boat had blown up a brig in New York Harbor. That same boat which he, Napoleon, had derided before the Battle of Trafalgar, when the decisive victory of the English had removed his hope for an invasion of England.

—THODA COCROFT

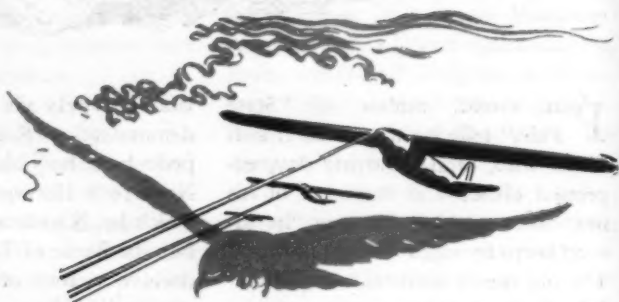
GHEIMRAT VON BODE, Director of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum of Berlin, had just arrived in London when he received a telephone call from an Italian art dealer intent on selling him a carpet. Busy and tired, Bode impatiently refused. The Italian persisted and to get rid of him Bode finally allowed the use of his name as an "open sesame" in showing the carpet to Sir Purdon Clarke, then Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Later the Italian 'phoned again. "A thousand thanks, Herr Direktor! Sir Purdon Clarke bought the carpet. And so much more paid for it than expected—one thousand pounds!"

Bode was amazed. What carpet could command such a price? He hurried to call on Clarke. Sir Purdon's thanks eclipsed the art dealer's.

"It's a great bargain," he exulted. Gleelessly he showed Bode the finest rug in the world, the Multiple Medallion carpet, "worth at least 50 thousand pounds." —THODA COCROFT

*Once the playthings of daredevils in peace—
Gliders have now become silent weapons of war.
Read the success story of aviation's stepchild*



Silent Squadrons in the Sky

by **WILLY LEY**

MAYBE YOU KNOW that Boeing Aircraft, maker of Flying Fortresses, is now building the CG-4, a 15-man troop-carrying glider? That quantities of gliders are being manufactured for the Army? That the Navy Air Corps also uses gliders?

Then you've probably asked the question: "Why gliders? Why motorless airplanes that have a low speed and cannot take off by themselves when we have planes with powerful engines, planes which go on thousand-mile bombing missions, flying more than 200 mph when traveling leisurely, and carrying enormous loads?"

We all ask that question because we assume that a glider is something you use when you don't have anything better. That's been the attitude toward them ever since a German inventor named Lilienthal and other pre-Wright brothers inventors proved that man can fly with home-made glid-

ers. Occasionally it's been true. For example when the Treaty of Versailles banned Germany military aviation, an East Prussian school teacher by the name of Schultz built himself a glider of broomsticks and sail cloth and started gliding as a sport. Many a Luftwaffe pilot got his first training in one of the gliding or soaring clubs which sprang up after Schultz' first flight, but it's certain the Germans would have trained them with power-driven planes had they been able to do so. Gliding, to the military-minded Germans, was a healthful sport through which they prepared themselves to be "real" pilots.

But the Germans also knew when to take gliders seriously. Remember those old cartoons of the "aerial railway of the future," showing a winged locomotive with a dozen or so winged cars in tow? In the conquest of Crete the Germans used those fanciful "glider

trains" in grim and deadly earnest.

They tried to invade Crete by water, and were stopped by the British fleet. The blitzkrieg answer to that one was to bypass the British watchdogs by air. First to land on the island were parachute troops. Then came the glider trains. Lumbering old transport planes, too slow and too old for aerial combat, appeared in large numbers, each one towing a string of 10 or 11 gliders. Each glider held from 12 to 30 soldiers and some were packed with medical equipment, wireless sets, even light field pieces. Although many gliders were shot down, the Germans landed some 15 thousand men in an incredibly short time. Crete was theirs.

THIS WAS A LESSON TO US—but the trouble is nobody seems to know exactly what sort of lesson. What the Army really thinks is, of course, a secret. Private opinions range from A to Z: A says a glider is not a war weapon at all, but excellent for peacetime air freight. Z claims gliders have no peacetime use—except for sport—but that they solve the problem of military air transport.

The "A" school of thought points out that British interceptors (had they been around in sufficient numbers) could have shot up the glider trains as easily as they shot up truck columns in Libya; that gliders are more susceptible to bad weather than airplanes, and have numerous difficulties in the take-off.

The answer to them is that aerial convoy of gliders needs just as much protection as any other convoy, land

or sea. Weather is important, but really bad weather grounds all kinds of planes. Other difficulties exist, but probably can be solved.

As for the Z's—they say the A's are all wrong in claiming gliders should be used only for peacetime air freighting, for the only excuse for air freight is speed, and actually gliders are relatively slow.

In this rebuttal the Z experts are talking dollars and cents. W. A. Patterson, president of the United Air Lines, recently pointed out that a freight train carrying 1,560 tons of freight a month would cost only 50 thousand dollars, but cargo planes (making 11 trips to the freight train's one) would have to charge 1,750,000 dollars to carry the same tonnage. But you can float a ton of freight most anywhere in the world for 25 dollars—one forty-secondth as expensive as the air cost.

Of course plane-towing gliders can transport heavier loads, and perhaps charge a little less, but the figures will not change enough to count. The airplane has to spend fuel to lift the freight against the pull of gravity and there is no way of getting that energy back. This unnecessary expense of energy does not exist at all in water transport, in land transport only if mountains have to be climbed.

So the way to read the lesson of Crete is to mark gliders and glider trains down for war, not for peace. Theirs is a Special Mission. They would do a lot better carrying a couple of Yankee divisions to Tokyo than delivering a load of tractors to

Dubuque, for their specialty is sudden mass assault.

Whether the target is Tokyo, Truk or Hamburg, the glider troops will probably be preceded by paratroopers, who take the shock of the first assault. The glider troops then consolidate the position. Over enemy territory the "mother plane" releases one string of gliders and without landing, returns to the base where she picks up another string, possibly again without landing.

Glider troops have this advantage over paratroops—they can put down their gliders within feet of a desig-

nated spot. And they don't have to get rid of a parachute and pick up their equipment—they are as ready for combat as soldiers jumping from an invasion barge.

And they approach silently. Gliders released at a considerable altitude can cover a long distance—long enough, presumably, so that the enemy will not hear the motors of the towing planes. Even if he should, they are so faint that he will pay little attention to them. Under special conditions the gliders may sweep down silently and unseen at night.

And that's a good way to take Tokyo.

They Changed Their Minds

PRIVATE CHARLES SCHMITT of Camp Shelby, was new to the Army and anxious to be one of the top-notch men in his group. His "Soldier's Handbook" was his constant companion. While engaged in a field project one day, his platoon hesitated before a stream. A lieutenant—intent on giving constructive criticism—observed, "If we had a skirmish line, we could cross without delay." Private Schmitt dashed off—only to be interrupted in his flight by the officer's query, "And where do you think that you are going, Private Schmitt?" The ambitious young doughboy replied, "Why, sir, I'm going to get a skirmish line."

—FROM THE NEWSPAPER *Fort Riley Guidon*

A FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER had booked passage aboard the Bremen on one of the last trips that the German liner made before the outbreak of war. Many of his friends were outraged that he should choose a German ship. The producer defended himself, however. "I will be delayed a whole week," he explained, "if I wait for another boat."

Herman J. Mankiewicz solemnly assured the producer, "If you sail on the Bremen, you are going to get a wireless from me when you are two days at sea that is going to read as follows: 'Never mind H. It's Goering and Goebbels we are after.'"

The producer laughed weakly. The next day he turned in his ticket and booked passage on the Aquitania.

—BENNETT A. CERF in *The Pocket Book of War Humor* (Pocket Books)



AMERICANS AT WAR

by

Colonel Darryl F. Zanuck

*A color camera report of the American
forces in action in North Africa*

All photographs used in "Americans at War" are from the film "At the Front," produced by the U. S. Army Signal Corps. Released by the War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry, distributed by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. Colonel Darryl F. Zanuck was in charge of the Combat Camera Crews.



To the land of the Spahi and the Arabian thoroughbred, in far-away Algeria . . .



Come the Americans, over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, with their tanks and their guns.



There was peace here once, but the Nazi has changed all that.



*And now the Yankee has moved in to see what he can do about it.
The natives guide the paratroopers as they slog toward the front.*



*Our forces are baptized by
fire with a vicious air attack*



*And acquit themselves like
seasoned veterans, at that.*



Even children sense that right, combined with might, will triumph.



But the battle is yet to come. Here it is on the map. An Axis division has advanced from Tunis. We'll attack at Tebourba.



And here it is on the field. Already our guns are making it hot.



And now our armor rolls up. This is a full tank charge, with the steep hills of the Tebourba Valley as a backdrop.



The enemy strikes back — hard. Trigger-tense Americans get the first smell of battle up their nostrils—and . . .



We score a direct hit on a camouflaged Nazi gun emplacement!



*The battle rages for hours, until at last the Axis tanks limp off.
The Germans leave their dead. . . . And the Italians their prisoners.*



Of all their hopes for conquest, in this alien valley, there stands but a flaming funeral pyre that soon will burn itself out.



And meanwhile the American soldier practices the preachment that our countrymen once forgot—Eternal Vigilance Is the Price of Liberty. They will never forget those words again!

Gallery of Photographs

Contributors to This Issue:

ROBERT FREEBERG

JOHN KABEL

AL WESTELIN

W. H. BILLINGS

YLLA

ELI LOTAR

RONNY JAQUES

NORA DUMAS

DON WALLACE

CHARLES HURAULT

IRMA SOLM

THERESE MITCHELL


HELENE MAYWALD

EDGAR EVIA

DJY FRINGHIAN

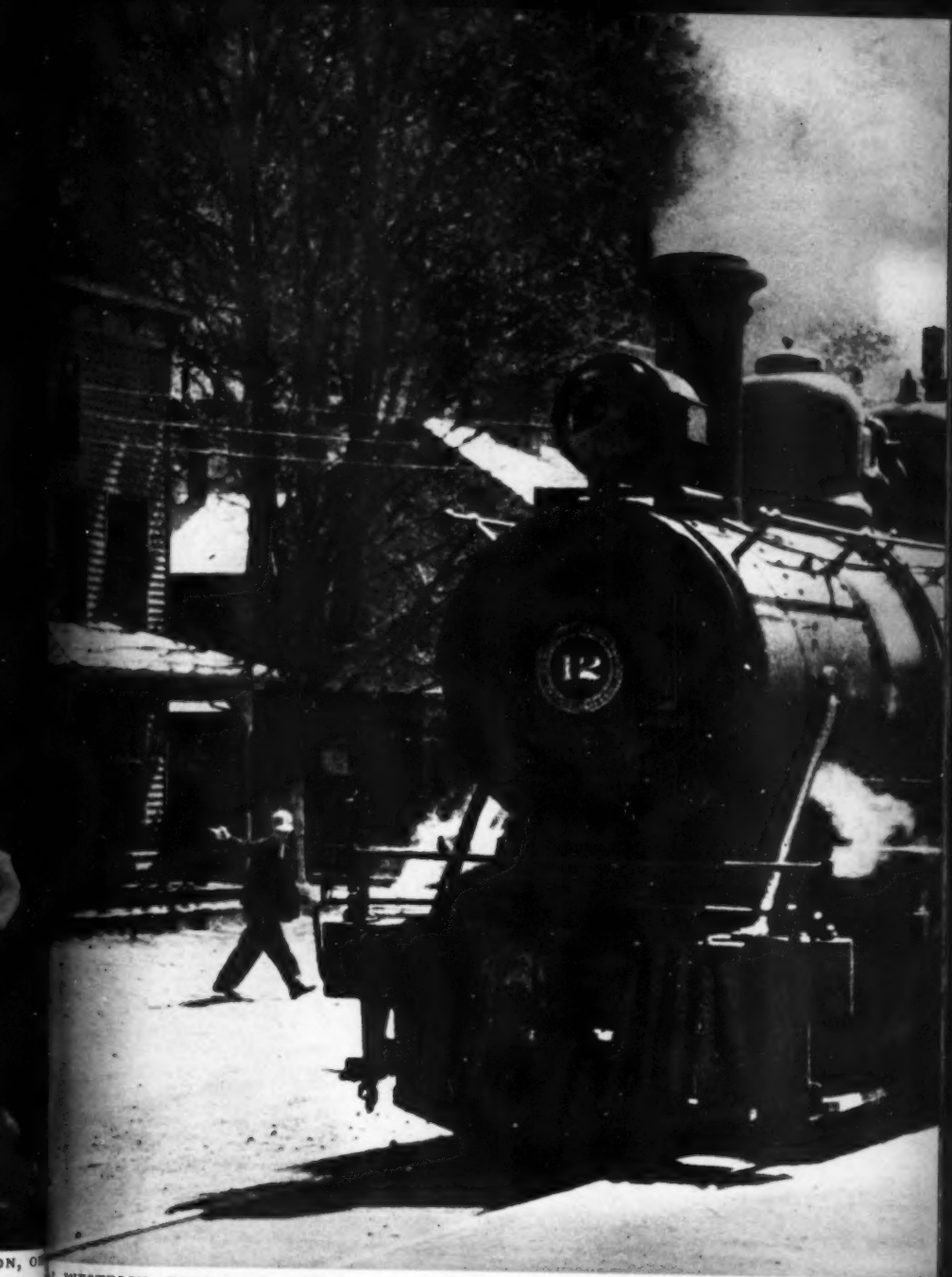
RICHARD STEVENS





By Any Other Name . . .

JOHN KABEL, DAYTON, OHIO
AL W



ON, O
L WESTLIN, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Whistle Stop



Earthbound

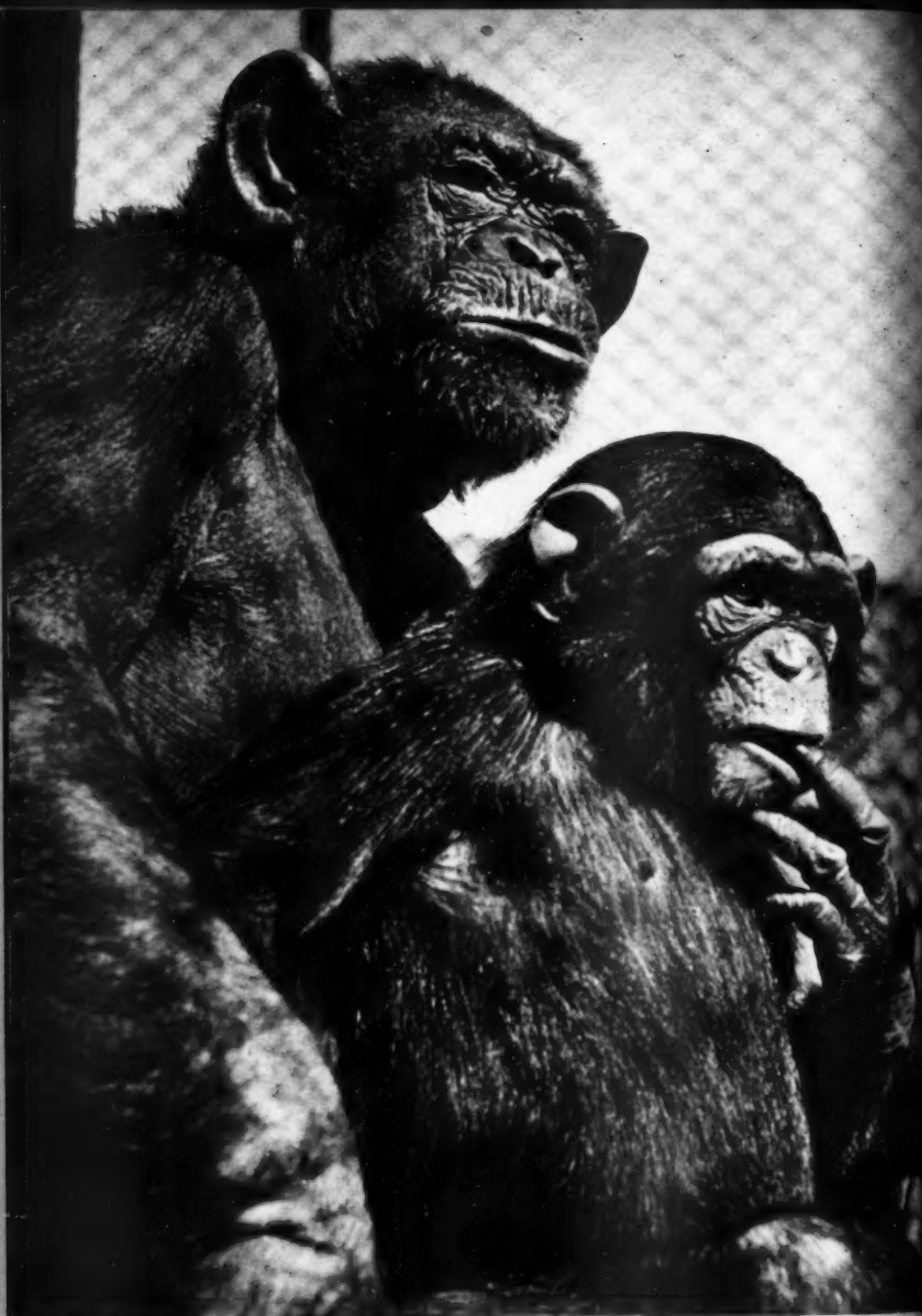
AL WESTLIN, CHICAGO, ILL.

H.



ILLI
H. BILLINGS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Fancy-Free



Distant Relatives

YLLA, NEW YORK LO



W YORK LOTAR, PARIS

Goatsong



Blithe Spirit

RONNY JAKES FROM BLACK ST...




CK ST...RA DUMAS, PARIS

Happy Farmer



City of Shadow

DON WALLACE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



ILLI CHARLES HURAULT, PARIS

Gnarled Patriarch



Wishmaker

IRMA SOLM FROM MONKMEYER



KMEY
ERSE MITCHELL, NEW YORK

Rail Birds



Sun-dwellers

HELENE MAYWALD, FROM TERLAW W.



TERLAW WALLACE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Open Book



Clean Sweep

RICHARD STEVENS, CHICAGO, ILL. WA



ILLINOIS WALLACE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Velvet Evening

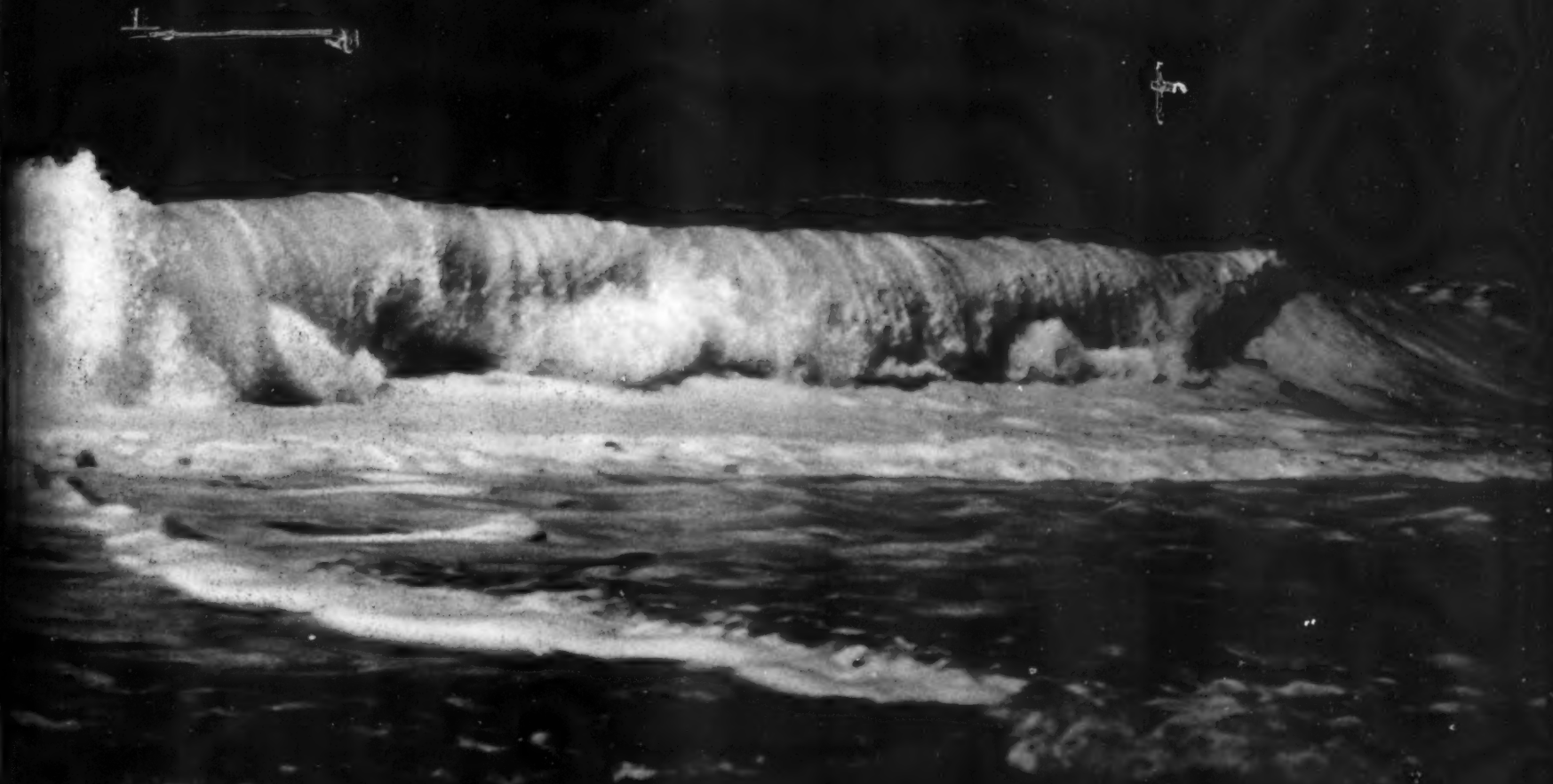


O, Beautiful for Spacious Skies

EDGAR EVIA, NEW YORK

der-Coaster

DJY FRINGHEAN, PARIS





Meet the newsmen's newsmen—
Raymond Clapper whose daily column
takes honors as a real voice of the people



Ambassador to Mr. Average

by FRED B. BARTON

THEY CALL HIM the newsmen's own newsmen, that columnist who without fire or violence reaches 153 newspapers and 8,869,478 readers. They say (and colleagues of the press don't go in for mutual admiration) that he gets by on the sheer merit of clear interpretation plus the soundness of his facts. They even voted him "the fairest and the best" Washington correspondent.

His name is Raymond Clapper.

Clapper is one of a small group of men whom the public itself has reared up to represent it at Washington, and tell in simple language what is going on. He makes no pretense at being a forecaster or a soothsayer. But his daily column for United Feature Syndicate is almost unique in its accurate, intelligible reports of what is going on at the heart of the government.

At 51, Clapper has come to the front through merit rather than pull.

His present income of a reported 55 thousand dollars a year (earned from his column plus radio and magazine work) is the result of years' unceasing concentration. He was a political commentator for the Scripps-Howard newspapers and was appearing in some of the secondary papers around the country, when the better known Paul Mallon dropped his column for a month to take a needed vacation. Several new editors started buying Clapper's column at that time as a fill-in. Readers insisted on its being continued as a permanent feature, and it was. Likewise, when Raymond Gram Swing got tired of broadcasting, the sponsor hired Clapper.

His popularity is all the more amazing because Clapper resorts to no tricks to win easy popularity. He engages in no gossip-peddling. He never says "Yesterday I was having lunch with Vice-President Wallace"—or Donald

Nelson or Secretary Knox. He almost never scolds or talks rough. He rarely indulges in personalities, and then only for a purpose. His daily piece is meaty, informative and earnest, packed often into sizable paragraphs and looking almost dull.

His style is his own: simple Midwestern language of the average man. He writes so that a typical milkman of his boyhood could understand everything he says and appreciate the importance of what he reports. He is no crusader on a white horse, but neither is he a knocker. "I don't want to be everlastingly panning someone," he says frankly.

There is a distinct advantage in speaking softly. When he does raise his voice he gets a hearing.

For instance:

—As much as anybody, Clapper cleaned the inefficiency and eurythmic dancing out of the Office of Civilian Defense last year.

—More than any newspaperman he heralded the soundness of Vice-President Wallace's speech on "This is What We Are Fighting For"—a speech which the newspapers of the country ignored until Clapper called it a second Gettysburg Address, which the newspapers of Lincoln's day likewise neglected to print.

—Last summer he sounded a warning that Congress itself by its passive willingness to let the farm bloc rule its affairs, was paving the way for a dictatorship. He urged the public to start writing to its representatives in Congress—a move which the newspapers of cities all over the country

enthusiastically took up and expanded.

—He pioneered in starting Congress thinking about the post-war world—now. Unless we know clearly what we are fighting for and can get the message across to our own millions and the hundreds of millions of our allies, he says, we can lose the peace as easily as we did the last time.

Clapper likewise has had many less spectacular achievements, in helping to soften impending legislation, in preparing the public for the inevitable, showing them the silver lining, and in refining the opinions of those in elected office. As a newsman of wide experience and assured reliability, his opinions are welcomed and indeed invited in some of the important offices of our government.

CLAPPER TYPES HIS OWN column on a well-worn machine in a couple of hours every weekday afternoon. His desk is clear of bric-a-brac except for a low vase holding about a score of well-sharpened pencils. An enormous wastebasket is within handy reach. The leading papers of New York, Baltimore and Washington reach him daily, and he has a personal news-ticker which can be turned on at any time by the touch of a switch. Besides his own extensive library at home he has the reference files of the *Washington News* and the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance at his call when he wants them.

Mornings he frequently spends trudging through the enormous corridors of Washington's many buildings, getting his material at first hand.

When important legislation is coming up in Congress, Clapper is there in his seat, getting the feel of the air. When he must rely for any information on a mimeographed release, he fortifies and refreshes this through a number of telephone calls.

Now and then he phones White House secretary Steve Early or Secretary Hull or some other official and asks for an appointment. Such talks are not quoted, but they give him valuable background material.

His habit of going to first-hand sources for material led him to England during the doubtful summer of 1941, when many people on this side of the Atlantic felt that England was losing the war. Last summer he made a 33 thousand-mile trip by airplane to North Africa, Egypt, India and China. In April he left for 60 days in Sweden, to find out what that successfully neutral country does to keep going in time of war. He hopes and expects the War Department will permit him to visit North Africa for two weeks on his way back home.

Clapper gave up lecturing—a sideline which is enjoyable and profitable—because it interfered with writing his column. His lunches he grabs either standing up or eating with someone who can give him information. His evenings are usually spent with people from whom he can learn something new. And though he occasionally takes time off to do a magazine article, the daily column comes first.

Being able and willing, he has his share of no-pay jobs handed him. For Nelson Rockefeller, who is co-ordina-

tor of Inter-American affairs, he gave a series of weekly 10-minute radio talks, summarizing for Latin-American listeners the current U.S. developments. For the Office of War Information he gave a capsule three-minute news digest every week all winter, which was disced and beamed to troops all over the world as part of a one-hour program of vaudeville, information and encouragement.

He wrote a free article for a War Department bulletin and gave them the handy phrase: "Ordnance is the heart of Victory." The Treasury Department went out of its way to thank him for a similar article printed in "Our America," a government publication sent to 20 million homes. His sincerity and simplicity of style are valued in any situation where something needs to be explained clearly and forcefully to everyday people.

PERHAPS one reason for his success at feeling out the public pulse is the variety of his news experience. After college, Clapper began as a reporter for the Kansas City *Star* but soon left to join the United Press, an assignment which made him live practically on roller-skates. From 1916 to 1923 he lived variously in Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and New York.

It was in 1920 while he was working for United Press that he almost lost credit for his biggest scoop. During the Republican convention in Chicago, all the other reporters, weary of the guessing-candidates-game, retired for the night. But not Clapper—he was waiting outside the door when

that famous hotel meeting broke up and was the only newsman on hand to buttonhole Charles Curtis. "We're pushing Harding over," said Curtis, a top-ranking G. O. P. leader, and Clapper raced to the U.P. wires. His information, however, went out under the byline of Harold Jacobs, Number 1 assigned U.P. convention writer—and it was not until some days later that the world learned Clapper had really gotten the scoop. From then on he was a "big-timer."

From 1923-28 he was night manager and chief political writer for United Press in Washington, and for five years after that, through Hoover's administration and the first year of Roosevelt, he was manager of the Washington bureau for U.P. He found he did not like managerial work, however, so in 1934-35 took a new post as special writer for the *Washington Post*. Scripps-Howard hired him back in January, 1936 as political commentator, and he seems at last to have found his niche there.

Clapper maintains his personal integrity, which means he is affiliated with no political party. He knows and admires Franklin D. Roosevelt but swung his support to Landon in 1936. Disliking the third term in 1940 he supported Willkie. He likes Vice-President Wallace and thinks that he has done an admirable job of bringing the post-war world into public discussion and permanent concern.

Clapper looks on himself as a man without any interesting angles to write about. He photographs poorly, and no picture ever catches the mix-

ture of gravity and charm that enlivens his conversation. He keeps in touch with a lot of people, but admits to being nervous when starting to interview some governmental big-shot, and is frequently capable of mike-fright when visitors stare at him during a radio broadcast.

Inherently thrifty, he generally rides the bus to and from work. This thriftiness was well received last summer when he turned back some expense money given him for his African trip. Because of the high cost of cable tolls, plus, of course, the high cost of flying, the newspaper syndicate asked the editors using Raymond Clapper's column to pay double for his column during the trip. All of them did. Later the syndicate was able to hand back 35 per cent of these amounts, a gesture which was received with acclaim. "This is the FIRST time anybody ever paid back any money to a newspaper," more than one editor wrote.

ON PAPER, Raymond Clapper sounds like a fellow who never got any fun out of life; but he is one of those rare geniuses who has a real knack of enjoying whatever he has to do. His home life is always lively, with his wife helping to maintain a high I. Q. of table conversation (on her own she is a potent member of the Democratic party's speakers' bureau). His son William Raymond and daughter Janet enter into any political discussions that are brewing. Like any devoted husband, Clapper still likes to think that maybe "next year" he will be able to take his wife to the movies

more regularly. At present, however, one of his pet recreations is to savor the days when he held a printer's union card with a session of typesetting in William Raymond's printshop.

Right now he is glad he has never been a champion of any and every cause. It leaves him free to crusade for what he considers the most important matter now facing us—the post-

war world. Other countries have stated their war aims, and these do not always coincide with our own, he reports. It is high time we made clear to ourselves and all others just what we are fighting for, and just what type of world we hope to dream into existence by our blood, sweat and tears.

And that's the main job today of Clapper and his columns.

Men Who Hoaxed the World

AN ITALIAN named Vrain Lucas produced 27 thousand forged documents in 1867 purporting to be the original writings of Dante, Julius Caesar, St. Luke, Shakespeare and other notables; and proceeded to sell them for tidy sums.

Overreaching himself, he claimed to have found letters written by Blaise Pascal in 1653 which, if genuine, would have anticipated the gravitation theories of Sir Isaac Newton by a decade. The scientific world was agog at the discovery. After much beard-wagging, the French Academy of Science declared the manuscripts to be originals, and Lucas' fame went to the ends of the earth.

However, Verrier, a skeptical official, uncovered a history by Saverien published in 1780, from which the Lucas documents had been lifted *in toto*. The Academy immediately reversed its decision and the counterfeiter went to prison for two years—but only after putting his ill-gotten gains in a good bank.

IN THE EIGHTEENTH century there appeared in London a man named George Psalmanazar, who claimed to be a native of the Island of Formosa who had been converted to Christianity. The Archbishop of Canterbury received George with honors and arranged for him to enter Oxford.

Psalmanazar became a very industrious scholar. He published a Formosan alphabet (entirely original), samples of Formosan literature, (in those days they had none) and wrote a treatise on Formosa in pig-Latin which had a wide circulation when translated into English. His step too far was a business in white "Formosa" chinaware. When it was found that his imported rarities were actually made in Staffordshire, he drew 20 years in jail. At his trial it was revealed that he had never been within two thousand miles of Formosa.

—KENNETH A. MILLICAN

On the V-Shift

Quick Salutes:

• • • — To the Key System of San Francisco which, to bust a transportation bottleneck, built a 12-mile railway almost entirely of junk and industrial leftovers. Rails were salvaged from abandoned lines, turntables from the Southern Pacific and crossings from the Fresno Street Railways, and 90 of New York's antique Second Avenue "L" cars were imported from clear across the country to shuttle thousands of workers back and forth from Henry Kaiser's shipyards . . . To the new Bowery Court in New York City, which in two months converted 300 "bottle babies" from distilled to war spirits. A hundred of these former human derelicts of the city's Hobohemia, went into the Army. Another 200 actually went to work. . . To the Piper Aircraft Corporation, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, for its farsighted employe flying program. When the Susquehanna River recently flooded the area, employes laid down their tools and flew 100 Piper liaison planes to dry ground and safety.

Book Bar:

• • • — At one New Jersey waterfront tavern, tankermen and merchant seamen just ashore from long voyages through sub-infested waters, step up to the bar and order—books! Light escapist fiction doesn't top the

best seller lists, as you might expect, but technical works on marine architecture, code signals, navigation and ship's cooking do. Once again at sea, primed with this shore-leave education, mariners find that they do better jobs. After seamen complained for years about the dearth of good textbooks in their trade, the Cornell Maritime Press of New York was founded to service this need. One of its volumes alone, the *American Seaman's Manual*, has already sold 50 thousand copies in any number of diverse waterfront markets—hardware and cigar stores among them.

Panoramica:

• • • — In a hustling war plant in Fort Wayne, Indiana, one woman worker quietly left her place on the assembly line, marched to the rest room, and after a short lapse of time the wail of a newborn baby was heard . . . In a church in Grand Island, Nebraska, a worshipper approached the usher, recognized him as a guard at the plant where he worked, automatically displayed his plant badge. The usher, just as automatically, checked it before leading him to a seat . . . In Galesville, Wisconsin, an 82-year old mechanic, with a single machine in his home, turns out parts for naval ordnance as a war production subcontractor . . . Through the



main, unpaved thoroughfare of Childersburg, Alabama, which a powder plant has transformed from a sleepy town of 510 to a harried city of 8,000, the Methodist minister drives, by loudspeaker system urging war workers to come to church.

Teamwork:

● ● ● — To read that Hudson Motors is constructing the after section of a Martin bomber, Chrysler the fuselage, Goodyear the wings, and Ford the engines, is today commonplace news in a war age of industrial miracles. But the public should not yet be too blasé to appreciate this bit of teamwork.

This was the problem: In many big bombers there are 10 thousand points which must be riveted, but for various reasons are accessible only from one side. A rivet gang, if it were very very good, might set two rivets per minute in these "blind spots." Stumped by this slowdown, plane makers turned to Du Pont, the chemical company, which came across with a partial answer—a rivet that fastens itself. A high explosive in the end of the rivet

explodes when heat is applied to the head, thus flattening the end and driving the rivet. But a tool still had to be used to apply the heat. That's where the Radio Corporation of America came in, with its radio-electronic detonator which feeds radio waves into the head of the rivet, generating immediate heat. Today any novice can set 15 to 20 rivets per minute in hard-to-get-to places.

Victory Treasure Trove:

● ● ● — *A surgical sewing machine* which steps up a surgeon's speed and efficiency in suturing wounds. It permits him to work without pausing to stop and rethread, and can be set to sew up the wound with a neat chain stitch. Once the wound is healed, the thread is easily pulled out in one piece. (Singer Sewing Machine) . . . *A juke box laundry* complete with tubs, ironing equipment and coin-operated washing machines—all mounted in a trailer—which is proving a godsend to trailer camps in war production boom towns. (Palace Travel Coach Corporation, Flint, Michigan).

—LAWRENCE GALTON

A POLITICAL PARTY called the Know-Nothings was working to stop the influx of foreign immigrants. They asked Abe Lincoln if he wouldn't help them keep America for Americans.

"That depends on what you call an American," said Abe. "Now for instance take old Mike McCarthy who works for me in my garden. I asked Mike if he was an American.

"'Sure, now,' he said, 'I'm an American citizen, same as you!'

"'But Mike, you weren't born an American, were you?'

"'Faith—I wanted to, but me mither wouldn't let me!'

—FROM *Mr. Lincoln's Funnybone*: LOYD DUNNING, ED. (Howell Soskin)

Where the Bund once strutted, service flags bedecked with 30 thousand stars now hang. Fritz Kuhn never was this German colony's favorite son



Yorkville Loses Its Accent

by HOWARD WHITMAN

I STOOD ON A street corner in Yorkville, New York's German colony, talking to a cop. Across the way a group of kids, obviously of German descent, played on the stoop of a brownstone house. Suddenly a B-24 Liberator droned in the distance and then in no time at all roared overhead.

The kids looked up quickly, shielding their eyes against the sun, and began shouting as youngsters do in a movie on Saturday afternoon when the serial goes on. One girl about 12 piped: "My brother flies one of those!" and a tow-headed boy yelled: "Hey drop one on Schickelgruber!"

The cop nudged me with his elbow. "See that lad with the white hair?" he said. "They brought him into the station house all beaten up a few weeks ago. He was on his way home from school when another kid spotted him and hollered, 'There goes a dirty Nazi!' So a dozen kids jumped him."

The kids who jumped on him were doing just what Herr Goebbels hoped they would do. For in the United States today there are about two million people who were born in Germany and about 20 million more of German descent. Goebbels and his divide-and-conquer strategists would have us wage hate campaigns against these neighbors of German origin, brand them Nazis and ban them from war work. Or stone the innocent German dachshund, as some misguided patriots did in the last war. Minority groups that are so discriminated against are fair bait for the Nazi line, or so thinks the devilish doctor of Berlin.

Since the Nazis consider German minority groups in other countries their natural fifth column, let's see what's happening in Yorkville, the epitome of German colonies all over America. Known only recently as "Little Berlin" with its main stem,

East 86th Street, the "Nazi Broadway," Yorkville today is a community begging for a chance. Some 30 thousand of its sons have already gone to war—for America, and Yorkville has hoisted a service flag for them over the "Nazi Broadway," pledging "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor" to victory.

IN THE OLD DAYS of Bund-strutting, poison soap-boxers like Joe McWilliams preached their messages of hate from street corners while Fritz Kuhn's imitation storm troopers marched the streets, unmolested. We know now, somewhat belatedly, that loyal Americans in Yorkville who resisted the Bund were prey to the long arm of the Gestapo. Threats of reprisal against relatives in Europe and beatings in alleys kept them quiet. We know now, too, of the systematic extortion of money for Hitler's winter relief funds.

The war reversed all this. The FBI, with its new wartime powers, has cleaned these Hitler tintypes out of Yorkville in a handful of raids. A few hundred hoodlums have been rounded up and put away. These were the core of a fifth column, imported for the most part to Yorkville in the pre-war years to be the spearhead of Hitler's divide-and-conquer drive.

But even as the headline-hungry press shouted "Yorkville Heils Hitler" and "Bund Goosesteps Through Little Berlin," Yorkville was quietly stymieing Hitler's plans—at the polls, for instance. McWilliams shouted his head off for a Nazi-like America, but was beaten by ballots when he ran for

Congress. The Bund never had a membership of more than 14 hundred in a community of 225 thousand and how many of these joined under duress will never be known. When the apostles of Nazism published a "Christian Consumers' Guide," Yorkvilleites put out a rival guide minus discrimination.

Today, when they have nothing to fear from Bund and Gestapo, the rank and file of Yorkville's people are going all-out for victory. As Isabel Parshall, president of the Yorkville for Victory Committee, put it, "The people in this German colony want to be loyal, if only the 'hate school' will let them. Men and women have often tearfully said to me, 'We want to do things for the war—but people freeze up on us when they hear we live in Yorkville.'"

The colony's determination to fight and work for an American victory was brought to public notice last October by a workingmen's group known as the Victory Committee of the German American Trade Unionists. In a published manifesto the group stated, "We who are German-Americans have watched with horror the activities of a small minority among us who have trod with booted feet upon all that we hold dear. We hail the action of our government in stamping them out and pledge that Yorkville will be made unsafe for the Nazis."

To encompass the dozens of other national groups which inhabit the community, Yorkville later formed the United Yorkville for Victory Committee. One of its first acts was the raising of the giant service flag over East 86th Street. In a street ceremony

attended by 4,000 citizens of Yorkville, Mayor LaGuardia declared: "There isn't any section of the entire city more patriotic and loyal to our country than Yorkville. The few lousy Bundists we had around here didn't represent Yorkville at all!" As evidence that they approved, its citizens bought 61,625 dollars' worth of War Bonds that day.

Lee Koken, manager of the RKO 86th Street theater, knows the pulse beat of Yorkville as well as anyone I know. He sees Yorkville when it is relaxed, having fun, being itself. So I asked him how the German colony reacts to anti-Nazi films.

"They hiss Hitler every time the bum appears on the screen," said Koken. "Same with the German characters in spy pictures." The distributors of the film *Hitler's Children*, wondered if it might be too packed with dynamite for the general public. So they gave it a test preview in Koken's theater, assuming that if there were any explosive material in it, Yorkville would surely explode. "Reaction 100 per cent favorable," Koken reported.

"Figures also tell the story," Koken added. "What were my two biggest hits of the year? *Sergeant York* and *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. I had to bring 'York' back for a return engagement."

Yorkville is something of a nightclub center, replete with rathskellers and cabarets. The bars and tables these days are lined with men in uniform. The walls are covered with exhortations to "Buy Bonds," "Loose Talk Costs Lives," "They need your blood." Frank Hainzl, proprietor of

the Cabaret Mozart, came to this country in 1926. For anyone at his bar who passes a doubtful remark he has this stock answer: "If you don't like it here—go back!" Hainzl echoes the sentiments of almost every German immigrant—"I wouldn't have left Germany if I liked it there. America has given me everything I have, a business, a home for my family."

In the bars German-Americans, who are quick to buy a drink for a soldier, monitor the bar-talk too. A neighborhood cop told of one incident when four foreign seamen, a bit in their cups, started making cracks about America. Four middle-aged German-Americans got up from their chairs and told the seamen to scram. Blows were struck before police interceded. Another clue to the way the wind is blowing in this part of town.

THEOBALD DENGLER, attorney, whose father was a wine-grower in the Rhineland, now heads the Treasury Department's German-American Committee for the sale of War Bonds. To date he has also collected 19 thousand dollars from the New York German colony for the USO. Of 700 German societies which have conducted bond drives in New York, here are some of the cash sales they've rung up: *Liederkrantz of the City of*

New York.....	\$1,165,080
New York Turnverein....	39,300
Murray Hill Schwaben	
Frauen Verein.....	14,650
Deutscher Kriegerbund...	108,500

Yorkville's first street bond-selling rally was held last September. In two

hours, despite a heavy rain, 15,280 dollars' worth of cash bond sales were made and pledges were taken for 132,600 dollars more. At the Pearl Harbor Week charity bazaar of the German-American Conference Relief Fund at Madison Square Garden, bond sales and pledges reached a total of 157,884 dollars.

"You might not believe it," Denger remarked, "but I've known people in Yorkville who used to be afraid to buy bonds because of their German names. They feared that if they gave their names on bond purchase certificates the FBI would come after them. These same people, given assurance that America holds no malice toward its loyal German-Americans, became leading bond buyers."

What then is the philosophy of these people of German origin about the war? Do they have mental reservations about supporting a war against their kinfolk overseas?

Victor Ridder publishes the German-language newspaper *Staats-Zeitung*, most prominent of the German language papers, which played such an important role in strengthening cultural relations between republican Germany and the United States in pre-Hitler days. Hitler came to power on January 27, 1933, and by February 15 the *Staats-Zeitung* was blasting his regime. Ridder himself, after a jour-

ney to Germany, came back convinced that the country of his forefathers was lost under the Nazi rule.

How the mass of German-Americans could be anything but anti-Nazi is impossible to see, Ridder points out, since 20 per cent of all German-Americans are Jewish or part Jewish, 30 per cent are Catholic, 20 per cent belong to Masonic orders and 10 per cent are leftists, laborites and intellectuals. Thus four-fifths of the German-American population are Hitler's natural enemies.

In the *Yorkville Eagle*, an outspoken anti-Nazi paper published by Isabel Parshall, there appeared not long ago an open letter to Germany's people.

"Hitler tells you that awful punishments are in store for you if you lose the war he started," it began. "We tell you that the mass of the German people will be helped to rebuild their lives and homes, and that the Nazi leaders will suffer the consequences of their conduct."

As a final exhortation, it read, "We know that of all the millions who have suffered from Nazism you are the worst sufferers. Throw off the yoke of your slavedrivers!" In its invitations to kinsmen-revolutionists within the Reich to join the fight for freedom, Yorkville may have hit upon a weapon worth many divisions—the sowing of the seed of revolt within Germany.

Answers to Quiz on Page 19

Every statement in *Healthy Is as Healthy Thinks* is medically untrue.

Embattled Library Books

by LAWRENCE STESSIN



IF YOU'RE PERUSING this in a public library, that man sitting across from you may be an Intelligence officer in mufti seeking out the facts that will guide a bomber to a Britany munitions dump or a troopship to safe harbor in the Solomons.

It's not a far-fetched conjecture. For in libraries all over America today, be they private, public or industrial, he and his colleagues are browsing for just such information.

The kingdoms of books have gone to war and their weapons are words—in travel books, telephone books, city directories, maps, scientific reports of the Japanese, German and Italian governments, geological and geodetic surveys, foreign newspapers—any scrap of written material which might divulge the secrets of our enemies.

Some of these volumes are dusty from years in the archives, others still wet with printer's ink. Both kinds guide military men in mapping campaigns; help scientists improve devices like the electric "ears" which detect miners and sappers and advise businessmen on the problems of converting their plants to an all-out war effort.

So essential is the written record to the prosecution of the war, that sometimes as many as three or four government agencies will demand the same file copy at once. The FBI may ask for the *Deutscher Beobachter*, to trace the

past of a suspected Bundist; the Office of War Information, to check on an historical fact; the Army, to verify the actions of a Nazi general.

On the light side, there's a well-authenticated story going the rounds that the Naval Intelligence, in using the limitless resources of the Library of Congress to check on a subject, ran smack into the Library's rigid four-books-at-a-time rule. The Navy abided by the rules, but a Navy squad was kept busy withdrawing four volumes, rushing them over to the Navy Department for photostating, and then returning them in exchange for four more.

Months before our troops landed in North Africa, library-reconnaissance squads had unearthed all there was to be found about the country we were to invade—its climate, terrain, languages and the habits of its people.

Some of this knowledge, condensed in a simple guidebook, reached Private John Smith before he landed on the beachhead at Oran.

Thanks to his primer Private Smith knew that if he wanted to fight only in scheduled battles, he should never speak to or make passes at Moslem women. That he should shake hands gently with a Moslem man, for the native's fingers are delicate and easily bruised. That if his host offers him a hot cup of coffee, "it is quite Emily Post to inhale with a zooping effect.

This indicates you're enjoying it."

Priceless as it may prove to Private Smith in the bazaar, such information as that is only an offshoot of the library squad's much more serious task of turning up facts of strategic military importance.

In their search they literally leave no leaf unturned. For it may be one bearing a picture of a coal mine in Manchuria, with enough details so that one of Jimmy Doolittle's men can find it and blast it off the map.

Not so long ago an Intelligence officer, hunting through some travel books in the New York Public Library, chanced across a picture of a boy and girl paddling a canoe down a little stream against a background of trees and buildings. He asked the librarian to enlarge the picture in a photostat. Then he blotted out the boy, the girl, and the canoe. Presto, he had a good clear photo of a gas-house, one of the buildings in the background. That view may help a bomber loose its cargo accurately over enemy territory.

SUCH FINDS ARE fairly frequent for the men searching the Japanese books in the 41 thousand volumes of the New York Library's Oriental Division. The Japs, fortunately for us, have always been camera addicts and the books of their journeys through their native land are full of give-away photographs.

Sometimes a search for one thing turns up another. Like the time a professor of geology at Ohio State University asked the New York Library for the Japanese Government's report on the earthquake that struck Tokyo

15 years ago. Among the scientific facts meticulously reported in that Nipponese paper were exact details of the terrain, with roads and elevations scrupulously described.

Those, too, will be helpful, come bombing time.

No detail is too small for these military book-scouts. From a table of tides they glean facts that help the High Command determine the best hour for our ships to steam forward for the invasion of some remote Pacific Island.

From the telephone and city directories of an enemy village marked for attack, they learn the names of party leaders and physicians and the location of food stores, powerhouses and industrial plants. With that knowledge, Army chiefs know where to strike, where to commandeer equipment, and whom to capture.

Sometimes to check the terrain of a little-traveled country like parts of Africa, they amass dozens of maps covering the same territory and check and doublecheck them against each other to verify the location of hills, valleys and streams.

When they find a rare volume like the only atlas of the Federated Malay States in this country which belongs to the New York Library, they pore over it to memorize the location of out-of-the-way spots.

In this hunt for facts, they enlist the skilled aid of library technicians. A New York scholar whose peacetime chores were translating Babylonian and Assyrian clay tablets is now writing phrase books in Near-Eastern languages for the Army. Even

on holidays, micro-film experts work overtime to rush completion of the filming of entire books which the armed forces of our Government need in a hurry.

Of course, copyright laws are broken in the process. But librarians, sticklers for regulations during peace, don't mind breaking rules to help win the war. Particularly when the books they film are German volumes full of patented techniques for producing military equipment, chemicals and munitions. They remember well that as early as 1934 the Nazis began falsifying some of the patents which they exchanged for our honest records of new inventions.

For technical advice, scientists usually turn to the country's 750-odd "Special Libraries." Each one of these powerhouses of information focuses on a single field; each is staffed

by experts and maintained by the industry which it serves.

But it is chiefly to the public libraries throughout the country, that mothers, wives and sweethearts of service men turn for help in writing letters to lift their boys' spirits.

Foreign-born parents, still wobbly in English, ask for simple notes to copy. A young wife turned down all the classics on correspondence for a copy of the Browning love letters. "I want to tell him nicely how I like him," she explained.

Whether it's human help like this or technical advice that may map an invasion, the libraries are quick with an answer. The next time you read of a foray in Tunisia, an air raid in Germany or a skirmish in Burma, you can bet that some bookworm somewhere did yeoman service in helping plan that action.

Hide-and-Seek

DENNIS JOHNSTONE, BBC observer in Cairo, tells the story of a British prisoner who escaped from a Nazi prison camp near Tobruk. Hiding by day and silently slipping on in the night, the Tommy worked his way through heavily fortified German territory back toward El Alamein. After 20 grueling days he had covered two hundred miles, but the most dangerous part of his escape lay ahead—passage through the Alamein battle area.

Creeping along slowly, he suddenly came upon a British Tommy brewing a cup of tea. He was overjoyed but baffled, and cried:

"Where's the battlefield?"

"What battlefield?" asked the soldier placidly.

"The Alamein battlefield, of course," exclaimed the escaped prisoner. "It's taken me three weeks to get back here from Tobruk."

"Bless your heart," declared the other Tommy. "It's almost three weeks since we took Tobruk. You must have had a rare time hiding from the British Army that long!"

—CHARLOTTE PAUL

Publicity-Seeker's Reward



NOT LONG AGO a tiny item appeared in the obituary column of a Los Angeles newspaper. Behind that item lies one of the most dramatic stories ever to come out of Hollywood.

Years ago, a normal, happy housewife, Ruth Delange, decided that her real career was to become a movie star—so she sold her property and came to Hollywood. Down through the years she waited in casting offices, reading the stories of sudden fame in the movie magazines, returning home at night to brood over her failure. Slowly her mind darkened . . . and Ruth Delange began to imagine that if she could get publicity through the daily newspapers, she would then be royally received in movieland.

As is often the case, behind her stood a loving and faithful husband. But finally, unable to stand her publicity-craze any longer, he moved out. Left alone, Ruth Delange saw an opportunity. She called the local newspaper. "My husband has just left me under mysterious circumstances . . . it would make a good story for the papers." But next morning nothing appeared—no article, no picture of the heartbroken wife.

Week after week, month after month, she tried to get publicity . . . and with the knot slowly drawing tighter and tighter in her brain, she failed each time. Then, at last, Ruth

Delange thought of the sure way of getting her picture in the papers. And triumphantly she prepared the setting.

Smilingly one morning she entered her hotel, went up to her seventh story apartment, very slowly bathed, dressed in her best clothes. From the florist she ordered two orchids, pinned them to her shoulder. She made an entry in a red leather-bound diary, left it lying open on her pillow. Then with a firm step she walked across the room, threw open the windows; a split second later passers-by saw a figure hurtling toward the street!

Real excitement raged. Reporters rushed to the hotel. The diary was found in which she had written: "I don't care what happens to my body, but I hope my beauty won't be spoiled." Among her belongings were photographs laid out in readiness—and a complete story of her life. The reporters hurried back to their city room to type out the sensational story!

One hour after the passing of Ruth Delange, the teletypes began clicking out the first dispatches of the Fall of Singapore. Everything else was shoved aside for the world-shaking news of that event . . . extras were on the street in 40 minutes. And in the vital statistics column ran one brief line—no more:

Died, Mrs. Blaine R. Delange, age 38.

—FROM JOHN NESBITT'S *Passing Parade*

Gravity Is a Gremlin

by EDMOND S. FISH



EVERY SO OFTEN A pilot returning from a sweep over Nazi-held Europe walks sheepishly into his field's Air Intelligence office with reports that would land him in a mental hospital, pronto, if it weren't that his experienced colleagues understand them.

Sworn to as gospel truth, the incidents have every earmark of being patent falsehoods. They fly in the face of reason. They seem to defy every undefiable law of physics, gravity and inertia. Actually, however, they verify Nature's tenets over and over again, and proclaim her right and unbeatable as always.

The weird tales brought back by pilots who have taken part in "evasive action" over Europe, beat even your favorite nightmares. A wireless operator, new to combat flying, was amazed to see two pint bottles of milk floating in midair in the center of his big Sunderland's cabin. He believed himself to be even balmier when he reached up for them, grasped them, and found that he too was afloat, with his feet clearing the floor.

Strange things happen to objects which aren't nailed down, relate the pilots. A navigator reached up to grasp an instrument box which slipped from a shelf. He grasped it all right, but by then both he and it were in midair. A 400-pound aerial camera wrenched loose from its post and

shot the length of a Flying Fortress, striking the tail gunner. He thought he'd been hit by flak.

What goes on in a plane that strikes turbulent air, however, makes even these strange doings look pale indeed. A big Liberator, rugged giant of the air, recently returned from a trip that included a tangle with some turbulent air. At about 4,500 feet the plane entered the funnel of a cumulo-nimbus cloud. The crew will still swear today it was the funnel of a cyclone. The plane plunged, writhed, jumped and dived. The pilots struggled with the controls, but they also had gone haywire. The navigator who had been seated at a table plotting the course, somersaulted to the roof. Over his head was the table, bolted to the floor, but all his instruments were gone. The pilots, who were torn from their seats, soared upward. After interminably long minutes of this, the plane flew out of the cloud, stopped behaving like a drunken monkey in a tree, and the men were dumped in various parts of the ship like sacks of flour.

All this is fantastic to all groundlings except the physicist. He knows that most of these episodes can be easily explained. They are only aggravated cases of the same phenomena felt by elevator passengers when the car rises or descends quickly.

So great a man as Albert Einstein

has studied the rise and fall of the ordinary elevator. In pointing out that the "real and apparent gravitational acceleration are similar," he cites the elevator. When a car rises suddenly, the passenger momentarily feels heavier; when it descends abruptly, he feels momentarily lighter—for all the world as if the force of gravity working on him had been greater one minute than the next.

"By no mechanical experiment can the false gravitational field be distinguished from the true field," concluded Einstein.

The result of his work in this field, *The Principle of Equivalence*, is the underlying reason for the complexity of the equipment behind the pilot's instrument panel. It takes a miniature turbine, known as the gyroscope, to furnish him with an indication of the true vertical, which is unaffected by forces of acceleration when the plane is in curved flight.

MOST PEOPLE know that the earth is flat on top and bottom—that is, at the North and South Poles. But not everyone knows that the major reason for this is that the earth at the equator bulges outward. The centrifugal force generated by the earth revolving on its axis is enough to make the earth spread around its belt-line, with a diameter 27 miles greater than the North-South diameter. The same forces are at work if a teacup full of water is set spinning round and round in its saucer: the water will shoot out over the rim and each drop shoot off in a straight

line. Centrifugal force gives rise to countless strange illustrations. Tell a hammer-thrower right after he sets a new intercollegiate record that he did not throw the hammer at all, and you'd probably have some "evasive action" on your hands yourself. But that's the truth. He simply whirled until he was going as fast as he could, then he let go. The hammer shot off to its record by itself. A piece of cloth with an axle stuck through it, attached to a spinning emery wheel, will stiffen out like a sheet of steel. Each particle is trying to fly off, and the net effect is a stiffening of the cloth. An ordinary tire chain will roll along like a tire if you get it spinning fast enough—it will even bounce along, if you drop it from a height while it is spinning.

It is common knowledge that the moon's gravitational pull accounts for the ebb and flow of ocean tides—but it is not generally recognized that minute tides are detectable in the earth's crust, too. To a scientist anything can act like a fluid, even ground.

In dispatches telling about dive-bombers' pilots and their sensational feats, the public is learning to talk knowingly of "blacking out" and "so many G's" and so forth. A "G" is the acceleration rate at which a body obeys the pull of gravity.

If a 200-pound pilot dives his plane at 500 miles per hour and then pulls out rather gradually, say along a curve whose radius is 2,900 feet, the centrifugal force multiplies the pull of gravity more than six and a half times (six and a half G's) and the

pilot weighs 1,350 pounds, while his plane weight multiplies equally.

What does this do to the pilot's blood system? And to the plane itself? Not infrequently, under excess strain, parts of the plane bend or break, and the pilot "blacks out" because of a partial oxygen starvation of the nerves of the eyes and brain when the blood fails to reach them. Pilots have overcome this, somewhat, by crouching forward in their seats, and new-style planes are being tested in which the pilot lies prone.

Herein lies today's answer to the question of whether planes may be

built that will travel faster than sound, which travels at 750 miles per hour. Aerodynamically they probably can be; from the view of the power plant maker they probably can be; but considering man's physical limitations, it remains to be seen whether he can adjust himself to these speeds, for the slightest curve in flight, the least stretch of turbulent air, might set up stresses that would bring on human collapse. If Americans pride themselves on making laws only to break them, there's now a super-skyway speed limit to shoot at—446 times around the earth in an hour!

Along Wisdom Way

A WHITE CITIZEN of Atlanta, Georgia once asked President Edmund A. Ware of Atlanta University how he could be willing to live with his wife and children among black people, as he did.

"Oh, I can easily explain that," replied Mr. Ware promptly. "I'm simply color blind."

—FROM THE *Atlanta University Phylon*

ATTENDING a party shortly after his arrival in Hollywood, Orson Welles was fawned upon by a certain pseudo-intellectual who reveled in disparaging his mental attainments before the overwhelming genius of the "boy wonder." The feigned humility began to wear thin, but Welles listened courteously until an opportunity arose when he could tactfully escape.

When the affair was over, Welles queried his host about the humble leech, then commented, "That man is scarcely big enough to make himself so small."

—JAMES EMMETT

CENTURIES AGO, according to legend, a saint appeared at the door of a monastery to ask admittance and a permanent home. He was taken, to the prior, who regretfully refused the request, as the monastery was filled to overflowing and there was no room for another. Unwilling to accept this as the final answer, the pilgrim saint requested a glass. Before the eyes of the onlookers, he filled the glass to the brim. Then he placed in it a rose petal, but the water did not spill over the top. The saint was admitted.

—STEPHEN JAY

On Behalf of Man's

Best Friend



NOTE: Since Senator George Vest's famous "Tribute to a Dog," the cause of man's best friend has been ardently defended, culminating in Booth Tarkington's recent and eloquent appeal. Unanticipated reverberation to tire and gasoline rationing was the slump in sales at the dog pounds, usually located near the outskirts of a city. Fired by the Indiana author's impassioned plea, the Indianapolis City Council passed an ordinance providing for a downtown municipal pet shop where stray dogs will be sold for \$4. Mr. Tarkington's letter to the Council follows:

I WRITE TO OFFER a thought for your consideration, and behind the thought there is a strange fact, an anomaly in nature. I think that it was a great man, Maurice Maeterlinck, who first said that out of all the hundreds of thousands of species of animals created by nature, only one—one single species of animal had come to be man's friend and loved him. Only the dog abandoned even his own kind and voluntarily crossed the vast abyss that separates the species to live with man as his devoted companion, joyful servant and humble defender.

In the whole of illimitable space, man has no other friend. No other loves him, believes in him or unquestionably puts the power of life and death for himself, gladly and meekly, in the hands of man, his beloved God.

What is man's response? A detail of the answer to that question is before this assembly tonight. Only a detail,

yes; but a detail involving life and death, horror and torture, for these poor, helpless little friends of man. Upon the decision of the Council rests a difference for many of them between hell on earth and heaven on earth.

It can be heaven on earth to be a \$4 dog. I can't believe that any \$100 dog would be less valuable because there'd come to be a chance for life and happiness in the existence of \$4 dogs. The \$4 dogs are already in the world—as we ourselves are. Can't they have even \$4 worth of a chance to live?

What of the underprivileged who can't even hope to be \$4 dogs? The answer turns the heart sick—but we haven't found any other; they must die. Yes, we acquiesce; but we often hear nowadays that the world is in a struggle against ruthlessness.

That is the quality we attribute to our enemies, and rightly. Then certainly we should not find ruthlessness at home. The quality of mercy is twice blessed. Do we deny it to helpless creatures who would be our friends if we would let them live? Do we make them not only die but die in agony—we who array ourselves as among the merciful peoples of this earth?

Indianapolis is a great city. Can it afford to be a city wherein the noble and blessed quality of mercy is not shown to the helpless? Respectfully yours.

—BOOTH TARKINGTON

The man who breaks under the strain of war is not "shell-shocked"—nor is he a coward. Modern psychiatry is wiping these notions off the map



Safety Valve for Shell Shock

by EDITH M. STERN

OVER HALF the beds in our veterans' hospitals are occupied by men suffering from nervous and mental illnesses. Victims of "shell shock," we labeled them in the World War.

But over half of *all* hospital beds are occupied by men or women suffering from nervous and mental illnesses.

In fact, there's no such thing as "shell shock," no special kind of emotional disorder peculiar to war that doesn't also occur among civilians who've never been near a battlefield.

Doctors know much more about emotional and nervous breakdowns than they did a quarter of a century ago, and today's methods of diagnosing, treating and forestalling them hold high hope that we won't have many shattered personalities as hangovers from this war.

Let's go back to the World War, when you heard a great deal about "shell shock." The phrase was coined

by British medical officers in 1916 to blanket strange, new diseases that came out of the horrors of Mons and other battles. Here was an officer, decorated for bravery a month ago, constantly screaming "I can't go back" or "The Boches are coming!" There was a Tommy, without the slightest wound, unable to move his legs. There were men who had continual tremors; men who showed up as perfect under physical examination but who couldn't walk, or were unable to see, or talk; men (not epileptic) who had convulsions; men who had completely lost their memories and didn't know who or where they were.

The most frequent story told by "shell shock" victims taken to field hospitals was this: "I was in a trench. A shell exploded nearby; the noise was terrific. Some of the fellows around me were killed. I wasn't even scratched, but I was blown up in the air" (and,

often, "buried"). Then, "I felt queer" or "dizzy" or "had a violent headache" or "wandered around."

Sometimes the story was true, sometimes fanciful. Most of the incapacitated men recovered before the war was over; a number were even able to take up military duties again. Others remained hospitalized wrecks.

Military psychiatry was in its infancy, and there was no answer in the books as to the cause of "shell shock." So this theory developed: that men who had been under fire could have invisible damage done to their delicate nervous systems by the percussion of bursting shells or other missiles.

BUT AS TIME went on, it became apparent that the organic-damage-by-percussion hypothesis had its loopholes. For instance: In July, 1918, before any of the great American drives had begun and relatively few members of the AEF had been under severe fire, General Pershing cabled, "Prevalence of mental disorders in replacement troops recently received suggests urgent importance of intensive efforts in eliminating mentally unfit . . . prior to departure from the U.S."

Eight breakdowns out of every ten, it was found, did not occur suddenly under severe strafing, but had been developing slowly during prolonged strain and exhaustion. The classical "shell shock" symptoms—breathlessness, fatigue after slight effort, dizziness, pain in the chest, blurred vision and numbness—often appeared when the soldier had not been near the front.

Furthermore, the organic-injury

theory didn't explain why, when two men were blown exactly the same distance by the same explosion, one might "lose his mind" or shake ceaselessly, while the other would pick himself up and go on fighting.

Today doctors realize that "shell shock" was a grossly misleading term for a complex of symptoms brought on, not by external commotion, but by internal emotion. They recognize that breakdowns under stress of war, like breakdowns under stress in peace, are an unconscious escape from intolerable conflict.

A ground officer, for example, is responsible for the equipment and fueling of a bomber. The bomber crashes—cause, unknown. Naturally a worrier, the officer blames himself for the disaster. He becomes jumpy and irritable; he cannot sleep. Some men might escape from their anxiety through drugs or alcohol. Our officer retreats into a stupor, brought on when an enemy plane, crashing near where he is stationed, reminds him all too vividly of what is morbidly on his conscience.

Or an infantryman, worn down by weeks of uncomfortable waiting, goes into battle for the first time. He sees comrades being killed or wounded all about him.

"They are all heroes," he thinks, "except me. I'm scared of death. I'm a contemptible coward." His instinct of self-preservation wars with his sense of duty. If he were wounded, now, he would no longer have to struggle within himself. Suddenly, a shell explodes nearby. He finds he has a splitting

headache, he starts running around in circles. He's dizzy, he can't hear a sound. Obviously, he has become unfit for combat. For the time being, his emotional conflict is resolved.

This doesn't mean that the men who get what psychiatrists call "traumatic neurosis," are deliberate shirkers. It means, simply, that they have reached their particular breaking point.

Certain individuals, in short, are constitutionally predisposed to break down under unusual stress and psychiatrists, fortunately, know many ways of spotting them. "Given the facilities, we could eliminate about half the casualties from traumatic neurosis in advance," a psychiatrist holding a high official position told me.

But even if too many men likely to have traumatic neurosis are getting into the Army, the chances of their reaching the front are much lower in this war. One-third of the nation's psychiatrists are now in the armed services, and boys in training stand a much better chance of being treated than court-martialed when they are unable to adjust to the rigors and discipline of military life. If, after being given psychiatric help, they still can't fit in, they are given honorable medical discharges.

THERE'S ANOTHER reason why this war is safer for neurotics, and that is its mobile and active character. The absence of trench warfare has more than offset the improved deadliness of the weapons of war. Weeks of waiting in the mud, with little food and less sleep, do more to wear men down and

bring them to a condition of exhaustion and apathy than most good, hard fighting. "Shell shock" was no problem after Dunkirk, though many men had been without rest for almost two weeks. The stimulus of self-preservation, the continuous need to be on the alert, ward off traumatic neurosis.

Of course, no matter how careful a job psychiatrists do on this side of the water and whatever the character of the fighting, some soldiers and sailors are going to break down when they get into actual combat, just as some civilians break down as a result of catastrophic and terrifying experiences. Must we expect many of them to become lifelong inhabitants of beds in veterans' hospitals, like so many of their unfortunate forerunners of the World War?

The answer is no. This time we are medically forewarned and forearmed. Medical officers of 1943 will waste less time trying to treat as organic, symptoms which are really mental and emotional. Over 90% of all World War neuroses were undiagnosed and untreated," says Dr. A. Kardiner, New York psychiatrist. "By the time the patients were disbanded from service, most of the neuroses had hardened and consolidated. In many instances treatment did not begin until four years later." It isn't that medical officers of the last war were blunderers, for men like Walter Salmon pioneered magnificently. It's just that the science was so young that doctors were groping in the dark.

Now, happily, medical officers know that it's as important to keep

the symptoms of a neurosis from becoming crystallized as it is to stanch bleeding, and there are psychiatrists as well as surgeons near the front.

It's amazing how quickly even men in an apparently bad way straighten out with prompt application of psychiatric first aid. The doctor's objective is simple: to convince the soldier that he isn't really hurt, and to take away his feeling that he alone is cowardly. The techniques by which a patient is brought to see matters in their true light are less simple, and involve knowledge of psychotherapy. However, reduced to its elementals, the skilled talking-things-over between patient and doctor might run something like this:

"All the others were heroes," the soldier insists.

"But didn't you act like a hero?" asks the doctor. "Did you show any signs that you were frightened?"

The soldier probably says that he didn't, until he cracked.

"Well then," says the doctor, "how do you know the others weren't just as scared as you, and were concealing their feelings, too?"

Hypnosis has been found to be an effective short-cut method before the conversations begin. Under it, the soldier is made to feel that he is physically fit. Because most war neuroses have their precipitating

cause in the immediate past, only a few cases require psychoanalysis to uproot some childhood disturbance.

Some cases of "conversion hysteria"—physical symptoms that have no organic basis, and are developed as an unconscious out—are curable in a few treatments. Dr. T. A. Ross of England cured a patient convinced he couldn't speak in one minute! Hysterical deafness, blindness and paralysis need become fixed only if the soldier has time to become convinced he has been mortally hurt.

Perhaps you and I can't be psychotherapists, but we can all help our service men have a healthy emotional outlook that, in the long run, will cut down the number of chronic neuroses.

Never use the term "shell shock," alliterative and dramatic though it

be. Not only is it meaningless, but it has a bad effect on patients because it makes them think they have been drastically injured.

Don't talk as if you anticipated a flood of war neuroses. "Do not provide many psychiatric beds," warned Dr. Mira, of Barcelona, during the bombings of his city, "for the more you provide, the more occupants will come to them."

Don't glorify the victim of a traumatic neurosis. For a while, during the World War, the British gave wound

American Lend-Lease

by
**Edward R.
Stettinius, Jr.**

**July
Picture Story**

stripes for "shell shock." The practice had to be discontinued because it brought about such an increase in the number of cases!

On the other hand, don't look down on the man who becomes a patient in a neuropsychiatric ward. Realize that he simply has some inadequacy in his emotional system, just as a sufferer from tuberculosis or diabetes has some inadequacy in his physical system.

Above all, don't confuse the victims of war neuroses with cowards! Perhaps the man who represses fear so doggedly that he finally cracks under

the strain, is essentially braver than the one who never had any fear to repress. There was, for instance, the officer who was so terrified of loud noises that he always covered his ears in a railroad station. Yet for months he led his men in battle, collapsing only after he had been twice decorated for bravery. And then there was Bill, of the British Army.

"Bill," said Tom, "you're in a hell of a funk."

"Yes, I am," Bill admitted. "If you were in as much of a funk as I am, you'd run away!"

Squab Actors

☛ BIRDS HAVE ANSWERED the call of the theater from the fluttering doves of the strip-tease dancer to heavy roles in a Greek trilogy. Actress Margaret Anglin was touring the United States in the cycle of *Electra*, *Medea* and *Iphigenia*. Before opening in New York, she played an open-air theater in California, where the setting suggested that a bevy of pigeons released to wing their way skyward at a climactic moment would make a powerful scene even more poignant. As the Greek heroine, Miss Anglin made her sacrifice to the gods, then dramatically freed the pigeons and with spent emotion fell prone upon the stage. It would have been a compelling sight to see the white birds fly gracefully into the night sky, but no! Stagestruck, curious, or what have you, the pigeons fluttered about the scene, finally perched on the elevated posterior of the great artist's prostrate figure, and pecked away curiously to the disastrous accompaniment of loud laughter from the audience.

☛ THE RENOWNED English comedienne Marie Tempest was attempting a come-back in New York with a play called *At the Barn*. For a touch of realism in one scene, live pigeons were released, but a property man carelessly omitted the clips from their left wings. Miss Tempest made a delightful impression until the bird cue came. The unhampereed pigeons darted out over the footlights and in no time the auditorium was a bedlam of flapping wings. Spectators grew wild-eyed as they nervously dodged the birds' potential danger to their heads. And *At the Barn* was chalked up a failure.

—THODA CROCKETT

Book Excerpt:

DREAMS

from

the

DREAM DEPARTMENT

by

S. J. PERELMAN



from The Dream Department by S. J. Perelman, author of Down Garden's Lane and Look It Up, Telling. Perelman's particular brand of jocular madcap madness is well represented in these four hilarious skits from his latest book. Guaranteed to stretch your laughter-muscles and leave you laughing.



Nothing But The Tooth

I AM 38 years old, have curly brown hair and blue eyes, own a uke and a yellow roadster, and am considered a snappy dresser in my crowd. But the thing I want most in the world for my birthday is a free subscription to *Oral Hygiene*. In the event you have been repairing your own teeth, *Oral Hygiene* is a respectable smooth-finish technical magazine circulated to your dentist with the compliments of his local supply company.

Through its pages runs a recital of the most horrendous and fantastic deviations from the dental norm. It is a confessional in which dentists take down their back hair and stammer out the secrets of their craft. But every time I plunge into its crackling pages at my dentist's, just as I get interested in the story of the Man with the Alveolar Dentures or Thirty Reasons Why People Stay Away from Dentists, the nurse comes out slightly flushed and smoothing her hair to

tell me that the doctor is ready. Last Thursday, for example, I was head over heels in the question-and-answer department of *Oral Hygiene*. A frankly puzzled extractionist, who tried to cloak his agitation under the initials "J.S.G.," had put his plight squarely up to the editor: "I have a patient, a woman of 20, who has a full complement of teeth. All of her restorations are gold foils or inlays. She constantly grinds her teeth at night. How can I aid her to stop grinding them? Would it do any good to give her a vellum rubber bite?" But before I could learn whether it was a bite or just a gentle hug the editor recommended, out popped Miss Inchbald with lipstick on her nose, giggling, "The Doctor is free now." "Free" indeed—"running amok" would be a better way to put it.

I had always thought of dentists as of the phlegmatic type—square-jawed sadists in white aprons who found release in trying out new kinds of burs on my shaky little incisors. One look at *Oral Hygiene* fixed that. Of all the inhibited, timorous, uncertain fumble-bunnies who creep the earth, Mr. Average Dentist is the worst. A filing clerk is a veritable sabre-toothed tiger by comparison. Faced with a decision, your dentist's bones turn to water and he becomes all hands and feet. He muddles through his ordinary routine with a certain amount of bravado, plugging a molar here with chewing gum, sinking a shaft in a sound tooth there. But let an honest-to-goodness sufferer stagger in with his face out of draw-

ing, and Mr. Average Dentist's nerves go to hell. He runs sobbing to the "Ask *Oral Hygiene*" department and buries his head in the lap of V. C. Smedley, its director. I dip in for a typical sample:

Question—A patient of mine, a girl, 18, returned from school recently with a weird story of lightning having struck an upper right cuspid tooth and checked the enamel on the labial surface nearly two-thirds of the way from the incisal edge toward the neck. The patient was lying on a bed looking out an open window during an electric storm, and this one flash put out the lights of the house, and at the same time the patient felt a burning sensation (like a burning wire) along the cuspid tooth. She immediately put her tongue on the tooth which felt rough, but as the lights were out she could not see it so she went to bed. (A burnt match taste accompanied the shock.)

Next morning she found the labial of the tooth black. Some of the color came off on her finger. By continually brushing all day with the aid of peroxide, salt, soda and vinegar she removed the remainder of the black after which the tooth was a yellow shade and there was some roughness on the labial surface. Could the lightning have caused this and do you recommend smoothing the surface with discs?—R.D.L., D.D.S., Oregon.

Well, doctor, let us take your story step by step. Miss Muffet told you the sensation was like a burning wire, and she tasted something like a burnt match. Did you think, by any chance,

of looking into her mouth for either wire or matches? I see no mention of the fact in your letter. You state that she walked in and told you the story, that's all. Of course it never occurred to you that she had brought along her mouth for a reason. Then you say, "she removed the remainder of the black after which the tooth was a yellow shade." Would it be asking too much of you to make up your mind? Was it a tooth or a yellow shade? You're quite sure it wasn't a Venetian blind? Or a gaily striped awning? Do you ever drink in the daytime, Doctor?

Frankly, men, I have no patience with such idiotic professional behavior. An 18-year-old girl walks into a dentist's office exhibiting obvious symptoms of religious hysteria (stigmata, etc.). She babbles vaguely of thunderstorms and is patently a confirmed drunkard. The dentist goes to pieces, forgets to look in her mouth, and scurries off to *Oral Hygiene* asking permission to smooth her surface with discs. It's a mercy he doesn't take matters into his own hands and try to plough every fourth tooth under. This is the kind of man to whom we intrust our daughters' dentures.

I have always been the mildest of men, but you remember the old saying "Beware the fury of a patient man." (I remembered it very well and put my finger on it instantly, page 269 of Bartlett's book of quotations.) For years I have let dentists ride rough-shod over my teeth; I have been sawed, hacked, chopped, whittled, bewitched, bewildered, tattooed, and signed on again; but this is cus-

pid's last stand. They'll never get me into that chair again. I'll dispose of my teeth as I see fit, and after they're gone, I'll get along. I started off living on gruel, and, by God, I can always go back to it again.



**Scrub Me, Mummy.
Eight to the Bar**

I WAS turning over a pile of back numbers of *Harper's Bazaar* this morning, using a pitchfork and taking care to keep them well away from the root-system of the plants, when, on page 83 of the May issue, I suddenly encountered a naked young person presenting her saucy derrière to me. God's handiwork is ever sacred to me, and I should still be leaning on the handle of my fork and studying it had I not discovered it was simply window dressing for some text at the left. I hate to be disloyal to Miss Derrière but, juicy piece though she was, the piece she illustrated—Elinor Guthrie Neff's "How to Take a Bath"—was juicier.

"How to Take a Bath" is a canvass

made by the *Bazaar* of seven distinguished ladies—Maureen Orcutt, Ina Claire, Dorothy Draper, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Lillian Hellman, Carol Bruce, and Dorothy Kilgallen—to elicit their bathing secrets. Exactly what motivated this important sociological survey is none too clear, but in my mind's eye I see Carmel Snow, the editor of the magazine, pacing her office and evolving the idea.

"Remember, you mugs," the editor snaps to seven tall, cool Vassar graduates, "we're not running a fiction magazine. Bring me facts—the more intimate the better. Little human-interest touches—sponges, washcloths, anything you can lay your hands on. A bonus to the first one who comes up with a Turkish towel. That's all. Now get."

And they got, all right. From Maureen Orcutt, the noted golfer, they got the trembling-lipped confession that she is miserable under a cold shower. (That makes two of us who are miserable under a cold shower, honey.) Miss Orcutt has therefore evolved a striking way out; her showers are warm. Simple enough after it's explained, isn't it? But it took the kind of determination and tenacity that makes champions. There are more tricks up this lady's sleeve, however, than plain warm showers. "When her body is achy from fatigue," the *Bazaar* continues breathlessly, "she soaks in a hot tub, as you would in a steam room, not to cleanse but to relax. She uses bath salts, then. But desultorily, capriciously." Well, if you think Maureen Orcutt is desultory and caprici-

ous with her bath salts, you ought to see *me*. Why, one day I won't use more than the teentsy-weentsiest pinch, hardly a smidgen; the next, I'm liable to call for two or three hundred pounds. I know it's just crazy, but what are you going to *do*? It's the way I'm made.

Both Ina Claire and Dorothy Draper, one discovers, are given to sluicing their frames with great quantities of oil, an indulgence which probably will take some drastic pruning under the defense program. "Cornelia Otis Skinner also uses oil in her bath—perhaps a hangover from a trick she had as a child," we are told. "She would oil the inside of the tub, sit on the rim, and whoops it all the way down to the other end, slithering at great speed along the bottom."

"Playwright Lillian Hellman takes baths that are much too piping hot and jumps in and out of them in a flash with a flash." Possibly this is intended to mean that the petite dramatist clenches an electric torch as she plummets in and out of her tub, but that would be sheer bohemianism in one so chic.

After all the frenzied energy and high-octane glamour of her fellows, Dorothy Kilgallen's crabbed disillusion comes as a welcome relief. "She won't go near a shower, not even on sweltering summer days," says the *Bazaar* with a superior smirk, "and even her husband who is eloquent on the soothing effects of a nice cooling shower can't persuade her . . . She won't use crystals because she always forgets to put them in when she runs

her bath, and then objects to sitting on them before they have time to melt . . . She uses dusting powder except when she is going to wear dark clothes, and then she doesn't know how to cope with it." Miss Kilgallen is the colleen for me, alannah. If she doesn't mind a proposition from a complete stranger, I know a Russian bath down on Grand Street where they never heard of skin-softeners, English bath mitts, and pine oil. For 50 cents you get a locker and a corned-beef sandwich and a key to wear around your neck. Mind you, you don't necessarily have to wear the locker and the corned-beef sandwich around your neck, but all the really smart people are doing it. And that's inside dope you'll *never* get from *Harper's Bazaar*.



Adorable Taxable You

IF "INCOME TAX," by David Joseph, C.P.A. (Authentic Publications Co., New York, 25 cents), has received less than critical acclaim, its fate at the hands of the consumer is

much more gratifying. It was selling like hot cakes the day I got my copy at a cut-rate drugstore; in fact, a stack of hot cakes nearby was entirely ignored and fast becoming cold cakes while customers fought with each other around a dwindling pile of Mr. Joseph's "Income Tax." In a speculation worthy of Daniel Drew, I finally secured one from an elderly party in bombazine by trading a two-volume "History of Flagellation" and half a chocolate malted. I still think I came off top dog, and the feeling must have been wide-spread, for on learning of the incident, the eminent bibliophile Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach declared, "He came off top dog."

It is well to be forewarned that the general effect of "Income Tax" is closely akin to that of inhaling dental gas, unless you are the sort to whom tax-free covenant bonds, fiduciaries, and Canal Zone retirement funds are meat and drink. Only when Mr. Joseph turns to his files for actual visual examples—case histories, so to speak—does his book come alive, and then with a vigor and bounce unmatched in Freud. And as if the lives of James Taxpayer and John and Frances Wedd were not vivid enough already, the author presents them in facsimile income-tax returns, a device any novelist would have given his Windsor tie to anticipate.

Form 1040 A, a year in the life of James Taxpayer, finds him living quietly in the Bronx, working as pianist in a band—whether sweet, boogie-woogie, New Orleans, or Chicago style the return neglects to set forth.

The band is clearly a five-piece combination whose members put on funny hats about 9:30, and James, for his specialty, plays "Margie" as it might be done by a Swede, a Chinese, and so forth.

All in all, a respectable if prosaic citizen—until you begin analyzing his income and deductions. Then you discover from Schedule A that James received 2,600 dollars in 1940 from something called Dance Corp., at 1463 East Eleventh Street, New York City. The firm is undeniably solvent; completely so, since it appears to be doing business in 32 feet of water in the middle of the East River.

The joint return filed by John and Frances Wedd also reveals an existence at once humdrum and bizarre. The income of this apparently irreproachable pair was derived from a variety of sources: John's salary as a teacher, a snug little annuity, several hundred shares of stock, and oddly enough, a matter of 9,994.92 dollars rising out of a business known as Importers & Exporters, located at 2 Export Street, New York. It would seem from this hasty survey that John is that rare amalgam of dreamy pedagogue and ruthless businessman in whose company it is advisable to keep your wallet pinned inside your shirt. The nature of the business transacted by John's firm is fairly obscure. For awhile I thought he might be selling silver foxes from unmarked trucks, but sober reflection and a naturally sensual bias convinced me that he is engaged in what the League of Nations Committee euphemistically re-

fers to as the South American export trade. The concept of a school teacher exporting comely lassies to Buenos Aires is undeniably romantic, but what is meant by the deduction on Line 6 of Schedule D, "Clearances, Charges and Garbage, 7,417.21 dollars"? It seems unfair. I, who lead a much more upright life than John, have never been allowed any substantial deduction for garbage, and even if the word should have been "cartage," that hardly alters the case. Whatever expenses John incurs in moving his young wards are normal overhead and definitely a part of the taxable total.

The financial complexities of the Wedds are as nothing compared to their home life. Behind a façade of bourgeois domesticity there was enacted in 1940 as feverish a scene as any Alfred Hitchcock ever directed. For in that year the Wedds were domiciled at 1 Sunset Park, in Brooklyn, sharing their brick two-family house with a tenant who paid them 900 dollars in rent. The detail is insignificant until, in Schedule 6C, you encounter the chilling deduction "Painting and decorating tenant, 75 dollars." It needs no lurid imagination to envision the tableau: the tenant, powerless under the influence of a mysterious drug prepared in a basement laboratory by John Wedd (could a man of that name be anything but a mad scientist?); laughing Frances and more serious-minded John fussing over their color cards, she, with her woman's instinct for gay plumage, trying to persuade her husband to

stipple the tenant twilight blue; and, merely as an accent in the darkened room, the tenant's eyeballs gleaming whitely in his head . . .



To Sleep, Perchance to Steam

TO ANYBODY around here who is suffering from a touch of insomnia these days (surely no more than a hundred-to-one-shot), the sequence of events in my bedroom last night may have a certain clinical interest. About 9:00 o'clock, after a brisk session with the newscasters, I shuddered for approximately half an hour to relax my nerves, plugged a pair of Flents into my ears, and tied on a sleep mask. I probably should have waited until I got into bed before doing so, as I took a rather nasty fall over a wastebasket, but in a few moments I was stretched out, busily reviewing the war news and adding up the family bank account, with my pulse furnishing a rich musical background. When this palled, I read several chapters of Durfee's "Monasteries of the Rhône"

with no success whatever until I discovered I had forgotten to remove my mask. As soon as I did, I was amply rewarded, for I found that with a little practice I was able to handle the strategy of the war and add up my bank account while vagabonding down the Rhône.

At this point, I regret to say, I tarnished an otherwise perfect record by falling into a slight doze. I must have been asleep almost 15 minutes when I awoke suddenly and realized I had neglected to take a sedative before retiring. I promptly went out into the kitchen for a cup of hot milk with which to dissolve the Amytal tablet and found Delia, our buxom cook, seated on the knee of her policeman friend. Actually, we have no cook called Delia, but we do have an impassive Englishman named Crichton and he was seated on the knee of a policewoman. The general effect was the same: a scene of coarse, steamy intimacy rivalling Hogarth's "Gin Lane." Muttering "This rivals Hogarth's Gin Lane," I stalked back to bed just in time to discover that the annual outing of the Alan-na-Gael was beginning directly beneath my window. Egged on by shrill cries of approval from the ladies' auxiliary, strapping bhoyos executed nimble jigs and reels, sang come-all-ye's, and vied with each other in hurling refuse cans the length of the street. The gaiety was so spontaneous and impulsive that I could not refrain from distributing several bags of water as favors. The sky and I were turning gray when, without any preamble, a woman

in the apartment directly overhead began beating her husband mercilessly. Unable to withstand his screams, I finally gathered up all the available bedding, wrapped my head in it, and lay in a cedar chest in the foyer until routed out by the odor of coffee.

It is the notion of the General Electric Company, as set forth in a booklet I picked up at Lewis & Conger's Sleep Shop later in the morning, that this sordid series of events need never have occurred had I only been equipped with a recent discovery of theirs. Some anonymous genius in Schenectady (who will yet turn out to be Paul Muni, mark my words) has conjured up from his alembics and retorts an electrical comforter known as "The Blanket with a Brain." Just how General Electric came to be mixed up in blanket research is not too clear; perhaps it was one of those accidents we know take place daily in laboratories.

Outwardly, the G. E. Electric Comforter is a simple wool-and-taffeta affair which runs on the house current and automatically adjusts itself to the changing temperatures of the night. What emerges from a study of the booklet, however, is a weird complex of thermostats, transformers, and control boxes likely to frighten the putative customer out of his pants. "The heart of the Comforter," states the booklet, "is a web of 370 feet of fine flexible copper wire of low resistance arranged in a zig-zag pattern." Set me down as a dusty old eccentric, but frankly, there would seem to be some more ideal haven nowadays than a skein of copper wire, no matter how

fine or flexible. Nor is it any more reassuring to learn that "six rubber molded safety thermostats are placed at intervals in this web of insulated wire." It needs no vivid imagination to envision oneself lying in the dark with eyes protruding, endlessly tallying the thermostats and expecting at any moment to be converted into roast Long Island duckling. The possibility is evidently far from academic, to judge from the question a little later on: "Can the Comforter overheat or give an electric shock?" The manufacturers shrug this aside.

Given half a chance, I know I could fulfill these conditions, difficult though they seem. As one who puts on a pair of rubbers when he changes the fuse, only to find himself recumbent on the floor with his eyelashes singed, I'll go further. I bet I could pass through a

room containing an Electric Comforter in the original gift box and emerge with a third-degree burn.

The balance of the booklet, to tell the truth, held for me a purely formal interest, as I had already reached a decision regarding the Comforter. Such questions as "What causes the slight clicking noise in the control box?" are obviously intended to relieve the fears of neurotics, and, thank God, I'm no neurotic. All I know is, when I got that far I heard a slight clicking noise and experienced a distinct tingling sensation which could only have emanated from the booklet itself. Luckily, I had the sense to plunge it into a pail of water and yell for help. Right now it's over at some expert's office, about to be analyzed. And so am I, if I can lay my hands on a good five-cent psychiatrist.



Red, White and Blue

¶The Bartenders' Union of Newark originated a cocktail composed of grenadine, white creme de menthe and creme yvette.

¶James R. Gillin of Ambler, Pennsylvania, bred chickens with red, white and blue feathers.

¶A Minneapolis pharmacist concocted a "victory sundae" with red, white and blue ice creams.

¶During his recent term as governor of Georgia, Eugene Talmadge authorized the issuance of red, white and blue automobile license tags.

¶R. Daniels of Kansas City grew ears of corn with red, white and blue kernels.

¶Louisville Republicans wore the name of their candidate printed on red, white and blue suspenders.

—W. E. FARSTEIN

*When the war is finally over, these
six American traitors will go to their
graves, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung"*



Six For the Hangman

by ALBERT Q. MAISEL

A FEW WEEKS ago the Department of Justice announced that six Americans were soon to be indicted for treason. The penalty for their crimes cannot yet be enforced, for these six are living under the emblem of Germany's swastika. They are the literary hirelings of the Nazis—men and women who are spending their careers as broadcasting stooges in pay of their country's enemies.

It is impossible for many to understand the reason that these Americans became traitors—especially when we realize that these six were better educated and more privileged than the average person. But it is possible to learn one lesson from these six despicable life stories. At the trial of Ezra Pound and Jane Anderson, of Constance Drexel and Fred Kaltenbach, of Douglas Chandler and Robert Best, we may even find some guide for future social scientists that

may help us to recognize a Nazi mind before it is given an opportunity to murder and defile its fellowmen.

TAKE FRED KALTENBACH, for instance. He was the son of a prosperous butcher of Waterloo, Iowa. His home state gave him a free college education. He taught school for awhile. In 1936, he went to Berlin to get his Ph.D.

Instead, he got a job on the staff of Goering's aviation magazine. When his father was dying in 1939, the Nazi government paid for his trip home. While in America, he was engaged to speak at a Waterloo Rotary Club dinner, where he delivered a vitriolic address against this country and in favor of Nazism. The members of the club were outraged, as was the town. Kaltenbach scurried back to Berlin.

But it was not long before his voice was heard over the German radio. Occasionally he provided a laugh, like

the time that he reported two-thirds of the U. S. fleet destroyed at Pearl Harbor, another third in the Macassar Straits, and still a *fourth* third in the Coral Sea!

Citizens of Waterloo are quick to point out that Iowa breeding and education cannot be blamed for Kaltenbach. After all, Waterloo, Iowa, is also the home of the Sullivan family, whose five heroic sons went down on the same destroyer in the Solomons.

CONSTANCE DREXEL is another Nazi-inspired broadcaster. The German radio bills her as a "Philadelphia socialite and heiress." Her name is possibly an adopted one—at any rate, the Philadelphia Drexels, an old and famous family, disclaim any relationship. Her particular job on the short wave is to build up Goebbels as a great patron of art and literature. She does not mention, of course, that Goebbels never buys his art, but has it stolen for him from the best museums in Europe!

THE NAZIS' other female American traitor is Jane Anderson, an Atlanta girl who dishes out the strongest pro-Nazi propaganda in a honeychile accent. To the British she is known as Lady Haw-Haw. At the beginning of the Spanish Civil War, the Loyalists caught her in a bit of amateurish fifth-columning. She was arrested and held in jail for six weeks, and although she had often boasted of how she despised America, she fell back upon her American citizenship to secure her release.

Then she returned to the United States and stumped this country try-

ing to win support for Franco. Since May, 1941, she has worked for Hitler, but her line of patter is still the same old story of how she is helping the Nazis "preserve Christianity for the consecration and the renaissance of a new world."

DOUGLAS CHANDLER's broadcasts sound like a third-rate imitation of the Lone Ranger. They start with the thudding of hoof beats and a few strains of *Yankee Doodle*. Then a voice shouts, "Vee bring you Pohl R-revvere!"

Chandler blames all the ills of the world, from the first flood to the epizootic, upon the Jews. He finds no difficulty in this regard, for he classifies as Jews whomever he wishes to revile. Like the others, he was a talented, though thorough, failure. Fired by half a dozen newspapers and "fed up with the depression and mis-asma of Washington," he fled this country in 1931 in the hope of finding greater appreciation for his talents in Europe. He wasn't disappointed. During the next 10 years he toured Germany and Central Europe—and at least part of his expenses were paid by Hitler's Propaganda Ministry.

Using his American passport for a trip to Yugoslavia, Chandler entered that country, later selling an article about it to the American press. The Yugoslavian officials learned that Chandler was engaged in spy work and threw him out of the country. This little item was, of course, omitted from his article about the "quaint and inefficient Yugoslavs." But over the

radio, Chandler recently placed the blame for the Yugoslavian bum's rush at the feet of that eminent and austere New Englander, Sumner Welles.

MOST RECENT ADDITION to Goebels' stable of renegades is Robert H. Best. When we went to war with Germany, all 22 American correspondents then in that country were interned. Only Best was given special privileges. The rest of the Americans figured that it was because he was known to the fascists as a Jew-baiter and Roosevelt-hater. But they never guessed how low Best had fallen.

On March 2, 1942, the others discovered why he was favored. Best was released and began to broadcast for DNB as "Mr. Guess Who?" His broadcasts were billed as the "BBB program." This obvious attempt to confuse the listener into thinking that he was listening to BBC—the British Broadcasting Corporation—was later explained Best Berlin Broadcast.

Best is perhaps the most vituperative of all the German broadcasters. He has a particular penchant for the use of unprintable language such as must make even that past-master of lewdness, Julius Streicher, envious.

IF HITLER has gone in for quantity, Mussolini has managed to obtain perhaps the most famous of the streamlined traitors, the old ex-patriate Ezra Pound. During the twenties, Pound won somewhat of a reputation for himself as a wordy poet.

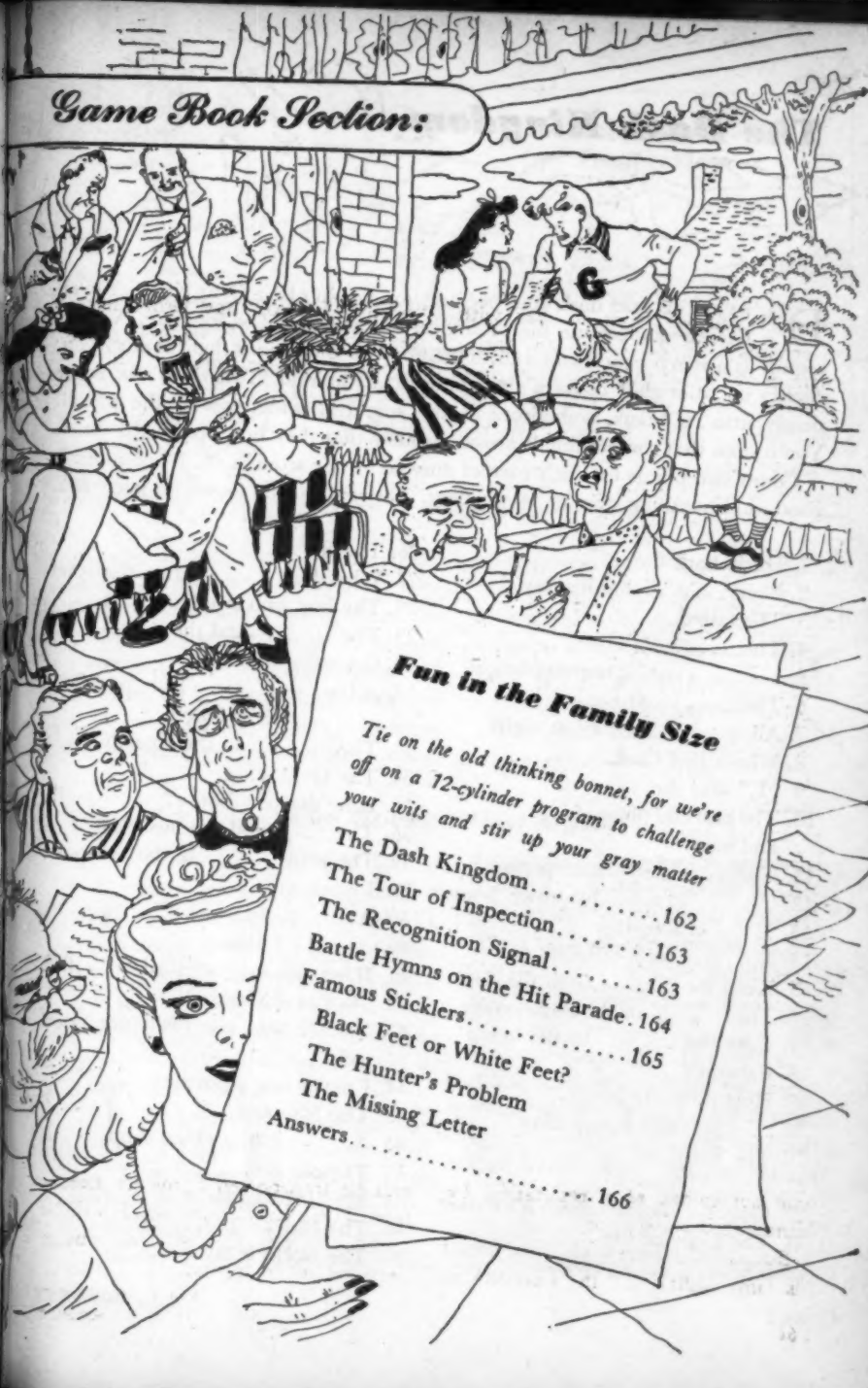
But as Pound grew older he found his fame fading. In the isolation to

which he had driven himself, he began to find his only friends among fascists, who were quick to see the possibility of exploiting what little remained of Pound's talents for their own use.

Early in 1940, he began broadcasting for the Rome radio. He extolled "brother Benito," and lashed out at the Jews, the British, the gold standard and President Roosevelt.

Although Pound is not an effective broadcaster, he does retain a note of his early literary manner. Recently, however, he has fallen back on that old trick of all literary frauds—the invention of authorities by which he supports his contentions. He learnedly quotes text books and encyclopedias to support his attacks upon his own country, but when these texts are checked, Pound's quotations are found to be non-existent or to be distortions of the original. Thus even the few who might have excused Pound as an old and embittered man are now forced to conclude that he too is a traitor, a fraud and a renegade.

THOSE ARE THE unillustrious six—men and women who betrayed the democracy that nurtured them. Today they are safe, but when American troops march victoriously down Unter den Linden, a representative of the United States Department of Justice will take into custody these modern Benedict Arnolds. Some doubtlessly will die by their own hands. Others will be transported home for execution. Their unhallowed death will be a fitting culmination of lives spent in betrayal of their country.



Game Book Section:

Fun in the Family Size

Tie on the old thinking bonnet, for we're
off on a 72-cylinder program to challenge
your wits and stir up your gray matter

The Dash Kingdom.....162

The Tour of Inspection.....163

Battle Hymns on the Hit Parade. 164

Famous Sticklers.....165

Black Feet or White Feet?

The Hunter's Problem

The Missing Letter

Answers.....166



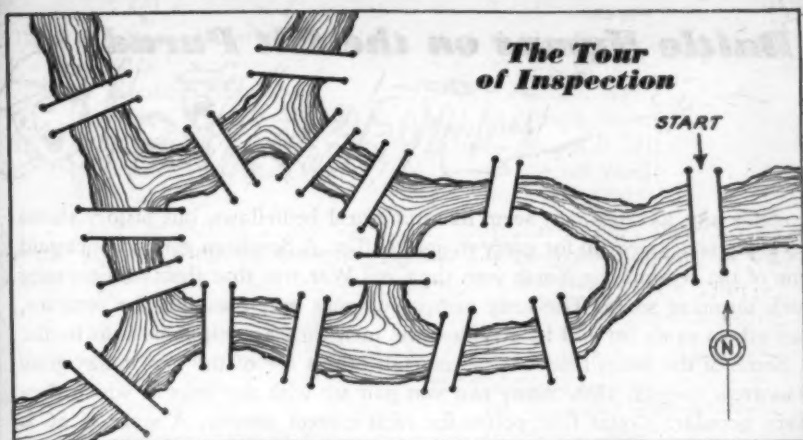
The Dash Kingdom



DON'T LET this quiz dash you, because you needn't be a Quiz Kid—or even a Kieran—to execute the zoological maneuvers called for here. All you require is a sharp pencil and a ditto memory for quotations, figures of speech, clichés or titles that contain the name of an animal. You drop the latter neatly into its blank, sometimes in the singular, sometimes in the plural. You'll note that some animals are so popular that they bob up several times.

Count two points for each correct answer. A fair score is 66, 74 or more is good, and anything over 86 is excellent. Answers will be found on page 166.

1. Hark, hark the.....
2. Every.....has his day
3. The fatted.....
4. The.....'s share
5.,, burning bright
6. The.....at eve
7. All.....are grey at night
8. Who killed Cock.....
9. "I," said the.....
10. The best laid plans of.....
and men
11. The.....and the carpenter
12.,, fly away home
13. of a feather
14. A.....of a different color
15. Keep the.....from the door
16. The.....of the Baskervilles
17. Take the.....by the horns
18. Balaam's.....
19. How doth the busy.....
20.and buggy days
21. The Fordham.....
22.tears
23. One.....doesn't make a summer
24. The Lady or the.....
25. The.....'s pajamas
26. The B.P.O.....
27. Why does a.....cross the road
28. The boy who cried.....
29. The.....and the grapes
30. Curiosity killed the.....
31. A big.....in a little puddle
32.never forget
33. The.....on the Hearth
34. The Gold.....
35. How sharper than a.....'s tooth
36. The.....and the pussy-cat
37. The wild.....of the pampas
38. I smell a.....
39. A.....in a poke
40.business
41. Have you ever seen an.....fly?
42. Mad as a March.....
43. Neither fish, nor fowl, nor good
red.....
44. I never saw a purple.....
45. The Jumping.....
46. A.....in a china shop
47. The old grey.....
48. My kingdom for a.....
49. The Hairy.....
50. The world is my.....



ON THE MAP above, A and B are two islands which lie in the confluence of three streams joining at this point and continuing east in a single channel. In this vicinity there are 15 bridges, all designated by numbers.

A company of soldiers is holding this area and guards have been posted

on every bridge. The company commander has ordered that regular tours of inspection be carried out several times a day, crossing each bridge. However, no bridge is to be crossed *more than once* on any given tour.

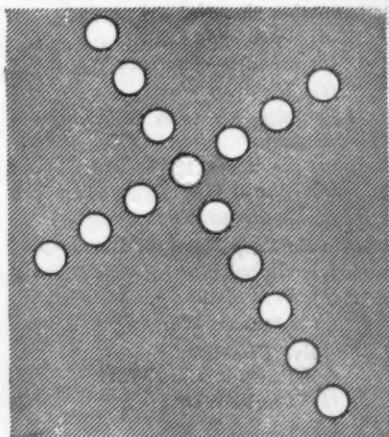
Can you lay out a tour of inspection which will follow these directions?

The Recognition Signal

A CERTAIN secret air-field was to identify itself to friendly pilots at night by an arrangement of lights in the shape of a cross. To double-check recognition, an observer aloft must be able to count nine lights up and down and nine lights from either end of the cross row to the bottom of the cross (counting at right angles).

The diagram to the right shows that these requirements were filled. One flyer, however, noted that two lights could be removed without altering the recognition key. Can you do it?

Answers to each quiz on page 166.



Battle Hymns on the Hit Parade

SONGS AND BATTLES may seem like unnatural bedfellows, but history shows they've teamed up for every major conflict. A Southern general once said one of the reasons the North won the Civil War was that their soldiers sang such inspiring songs. The lusty campaign songs may die with the veterans, but others catch on and long outlast the men they accompanied into battle.

Some of the songs below are immortal; others are of the here today-gone tomorrow variety. How many can you pair up with the wars in which they were popular? Count four points for each correct answer. A score of 56 is fair, 68 is good and 80 is crowding the top. Answers are on page 166.

1. *Dixie*

- (a) Revolutionary War
- (b) Civil War
- (c) Spanish-American War

2. *Yankee Doodle*

- (a) Civil War
- (b) World War
- (c) Revolutionary War

3. *Just Break the News to Mother*

- (a) Spanish-American War
- (b) Mexican War
- (c) War of 1812

4. *Remember the Alamo*

- (a) Civil War
- (b) Spanish-American War
- (c) Mexican War

5. *When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again*

- (a) Civil War
- (b) World War
- (c) Mexican War

6. *Little Bo Peep Has Lost Her Jeep*

- (a) Global War
- (b) War of 1812
- (c) Mexican War

7. *Good-Bye Broadway*

- (a) Revolutionary War
- (b) World War
- (c) Global War

8. *A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*

- (a) Spanish-American War
- (b) World War
- (c) Civil War

9. *Where Do We Go From Here?*

- (a) War of 1812
- (b) World War
- (c) Revolutionary War

10. *The Girl I Left Behind Me*

- (a) Mexican War
- (b) Spanish-American War
- (c) Civil War

11. *Mad Anthony Wayne*

- (a) World War
- (b) Revolutionary War
- (c) Civil War

12. *Goodbye, Mama, I'm Off to Yokohama*

- (a) World War
- (b) Global War
- (c) Spanish-American War

13. *K-K-K-Katy*

- (a) War of 1812
- (b) World War
- (c) Mexican War

14. *Yankee Doodle Ain't Doodling Any More*

- (a) Revolutionary War
- (b) War of 1812
- (c) Global War

15. *My Daddy to My Mammy Said*
 - (a) Civil War
 - (b) Mexican War
 - (c) World War
16. *The Hunters of Kentucky*
 - (a) Spanish-American War
 - (b) War of 1812
 - (c) Mexican War
17. *If a Lady's Wearin' Pantaloons*
 - (a) Civil War
 - (b) Revolutionary War
 - (c) Spanish-American War
18. *Hinky-Dinky Parley-vo*
 - (a) World War
 - (b) War of 1812
 - (c) Spanish-American War
19. *Down in Charleston Jail*
 - (a) Revolutionary War
 - (b) Civil War
 - (c) Mexican War
20. *The Fair Land of Texas*
 - (a) Spanish-American War
 - (b) Civil War
 - (c) Mexican War
21. *When the Lights Go On Again*
 - (a) War of 1812
 - (b) Global War
 - (c) Revolutionary War
22. *The Dragon Bold*
 - (a) Global War
 - (b) War of 1812
 - (c) Spanish-American War
23. *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching*
 - (a) Civil War
 - (b) World War
 - (c) Spanish-American War
24. *Ten Little Soldiers*
 - (a) Spanish-American War
 - (b) Global War
 - (c) World War
25. *Would You Rather Be a Colonel with an Eagle on Your Shoulder, or a Private with a Chicken on Your Knee?*
 - (a) World War
 - (b) Global War
 - (c) Spanish-American War

Famous Sticklers

1. A Marine lieutenant was questioning three prisoners of a South Pacific tribe. He wanted to find out which ones he could trust, and it was reported that this trait could be determined from the color of their feet. Those with black feet were confirmed liars, while white feet denoted absolute honesty. All three prisoners wore boots.

The officer started to question them. The first captive understood English, but could not speak it. In reply to the question, "What color are your feet?" he answered by mumbling something indistinguishable in his native tongue.

The second prisoner spoke up: "Him say him have white feet."

The third man turned and pointed to the second one. "He is a liar," he said.

Only one of the men has black feet; therefore, only one of them is a liar. Assuming that "black feet" tell only lies, and "white feet" speak only the truth, which one has black feet?

2. A hunter who had gone out after quail and rabbit was asked what kind of luck he had. The hunter, a whimsical fellow, answered:

"The quail and rabbits I managed to bag have 100 legs among them and 36 heads." With how much game did he return?

3. In the following jabberwocky the same letter inserted 11 times and in the proper places will make a complete sentence. What is the letter?

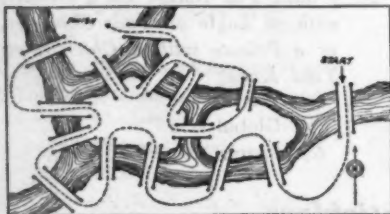
I E M E F A E D I E I E I G S

Answers . . .

To "The Dash Kingdom"

- | | | | | |
|------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Lark | 31. Walrus | 41. Ram | 51. Frog | 61. Elephant |
| 2. Dog | 32. Lady Bug | 42. Crocodile | 52. Elephants | 62. Hare |
| 3. Calf | 33. Birds | 43. Swallow | 53. Cricket | 63. Herring |
| 4. Lion | 34. Horse | 44. Tiger | 54. Bug | 64. Cow |
| 5. Tiger | 35. Wolf | 45. Cat | 55. Serpent | 65. Frog |
| 6. Stag | 36. Hound | 46. Elks | 56. Owl | 66. Bull |
| 7. Cats | 37. Bull | 47. Chicken | 57. Bull | 67. Mare |
| 8. Rotin | 38. Ass | 48. Wolf | 58. Rat | 68. Horse |
| 9. Sparrow | 39. Bee | 49. Fox | 59. Pig | 69. Ape |
| 10. Mice | 40. Horse | 50. Cat | 60. Monkey | 70. Oyster |

To "Tour of Inspection" To "Recognition Signal"



The simplest solution is to move the top light to the bottom of the vertical row and remove the end lights on the horizontal row.

An alternative solution is to move the whole cross bar up one notch and drop the end lights.

To "Battle Hymns on the Hit Parade"

- | | | | | |
|-------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. <i>b</i> | 6. <i>a</i> | 11. <i>b</i> | 16. <i>b</i> | 21. <i>b</i> |
| 2. <i>c</i> | 7. <i>b</i> | 12. <i>b</i> | 17. <i>c</i> | 22. <i>b</i> |
| 3. <i>a</i> | 8. <i>a</i> | 13. <i>b</i> | 18. <i>a</i> | 23. <i>a</i> |
| 4. <i>c</i> | 9. <i>b</i> | 14. <i>c</i> | 19. <i>b</i> | 24. <i>b</i> |
| 5. <i>a</i> | 10. <i>c</i> | 15. <i>b</i> | 20. <i>c</i> | 25. <i>a</i> |

To "Famous Sticklers"

1. Start your deduction by assuming that the third native is telling the truth about the second. This would make the second one the one with black feet because he would have been lying. But if he does have black feet, he could only have been lying when he said the first man had white feet. From this you can deduce that the second native is not a

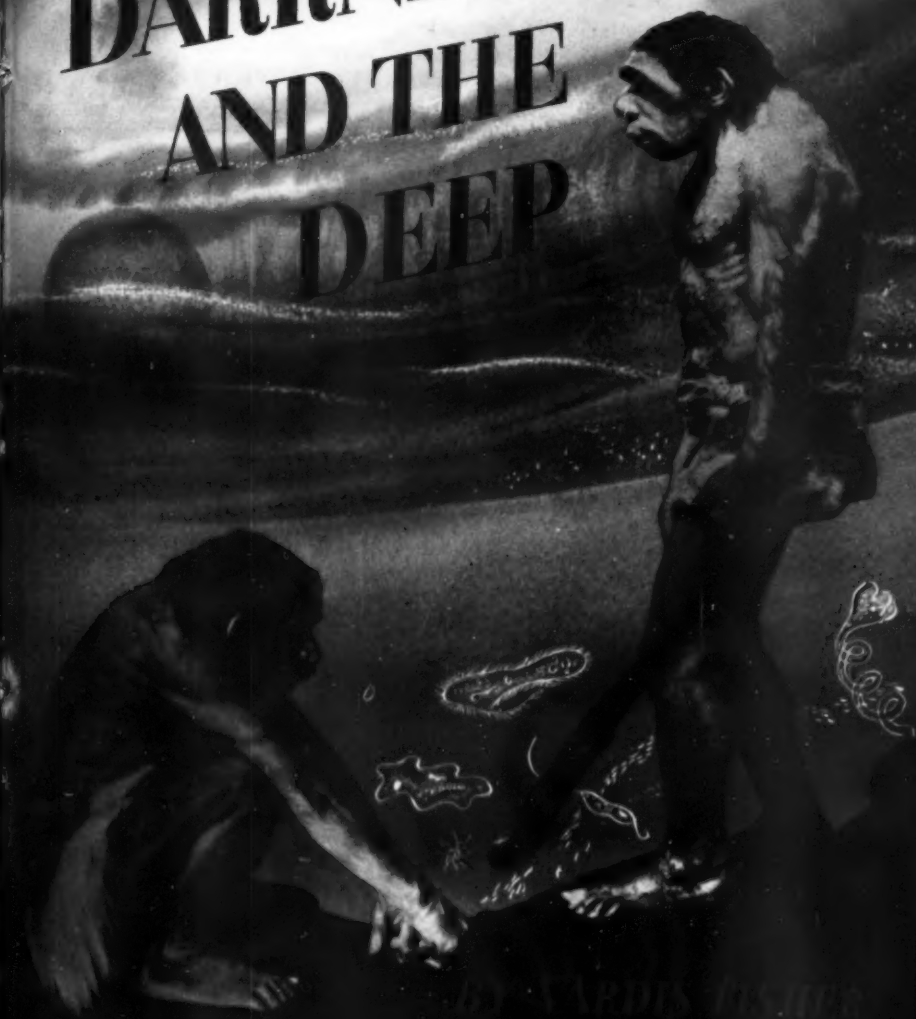
liar because if he had been lying, he would have had black feet and number one would also have had black feet. From this we know that the second native told the truth, and that the third native is the one who is lying. Therefore, he is the one who has black feet.

3. Fourteen rabbits and 22 quail.

4. Nine men fanned in nine innings.

Bookette:

DARKNESS AND THE DEEP



BY VARDIS FISHER

Against a background of savagery's darkness evolves this story of man's fight for civilization. It is the world of pre-history, that we learn to know through the mind and blood lusts of our primitive ancestors, mirroring and clarifying today's great struggle . . . A condensation of the original book.

THROUGH DENSE GROWTH and into deeper jungle, seeking a dark and tangled fastness for the night, went a group of 13 in single file, with Ho-wha, the mighty lord and guardian of the family, leading the way and Ka-ka, the oldest of the women, bringing up the rear. After a winter of hungry and nomadic prowling, they had come in their wandering upon a broad and succulent thicket; for many days they had fed gluttonously and they were all content.

Their hunger was appeased and they were sleepy, but they were watchfully alert. Never for a moment did they dare to relax their vigilance in a land where deadly enemies skulked in the undergrowth and vultures soared overhead. Ho-wha now and then paused to smell out the scents of the jungle or to listen; and Ka-ka often turned to look behind her, or stopped, tense and expectant, if she heard a sudden sound. A great bird, unexpectedly taking off in flight, or a small ground animal, scurrying in the dusk, could fetch them all to a rigid attitude of listening and lift for a moment in fear and anger the stiff thick hair on Ho-wha's crown.

But there were no enemies around them tonight. For half a mile they marched in single column—whereupon, perceiving that they were in dense growth, with materials for beds all around them, Ka-ka busied herself in choosing the most favored spot as her own. In this they all deferred to her wish. She was not only the oldest and the chief of Ho-wha's women; she was also far advanced in

Darkness and the Deep

pregnancy and needed a soft bed on which to lie.

Then all made their beds. Each sought a thick clump of vines and shrubs. Standing within it, he bent them all toward the center and interlaced them until he had formed a kind of vine hammock on which he could lie. It was an excellent bed when properly made. Ho-wha, like all the family guardians of this time, slept on the earth with his back toward a stone ledge or a very dense thicket, always facing the area from which attack would most likely come. Too, he chose the most unsheltered and approachable of the sleeping places, giving the more protected spots to the women and children.

For many weeks Murah, one of the younger girls, had been looked upon with covetous eyes by Wuh, a strange young man who had joined the group. He was an interloper who remained apart from the others because Ho-wha turned upon him with scowling anger and threatened him if he came near. While the girls played, Wuh sat in his bed and looked around him. He had built it, as he always did, at some distance from Ho-wha and his women, but his aloofness did not mean that he was content to live apart from them. Sly and cunning, like all of his people, and resentful of the overlord's monopoly of the females, he lived on the margin of their lives and awaited his time.

Wuh, sitting in his bed, was troubled by the invisible boundary which he

by Vardis Fisher

dared not cross. Ho-wha was a selfish and tyrannical lord. Insatiable in his lust and absolute in his despotism, he forced his women to yield at the most unlikely moments, and ignored, as an obdurate tyrant is privileged to, the greedy and angry watchfulness of the other men. Not always, Wuh reflected in his small dark mind, would life in the group be as it was now. If he could not slyly seize a mate and run off with her, then the day must come when he would attack Ho-wha and try to kill him. Two months had passed since his father had attacked him with awful fury and driven him out into the world. It was always that way with these people. When a son reached manhood he was forced to leave the group and seek a life of his own; but the daughters remained in the group and became sexual mates of their father. Sometimes, though, a son grew to such strength and courage that he stood his ground and fought it out with his sire. If he won in the duel of ferocity and might, he took over the family as his own and the father then became a solitary and lonely wanderer.

Wuh was not full of self-pity and mean vengeful trickeries nor did he have Ho-wha's sullen and wrathful temperament. By nature he was gay and sanguine, full of fun, optimism and hope, and inclined to plot for what he wanted rather than to fight for it. He was by far the most intelligent man in the group.

Murder was not a crime among

these people. By discovering new uses for their hands, and thereby releasing their minds to curiosity and growth, they had lifted themselves far above the level of beasts; but they had no notions of right and wrong. Selfish, greedy, sly, covetous and vain, their chief task was to survive, to outwit their enemies.

Wuh sat on his bed, sleepless, resentful, baffled, and considered his loneliness. He was helpless between fear of Ho-wha and his hunger for the girl. Discretion told him to curl up and sleep but the hunger in him was a persistent and throbbing unhappiness that beat as an invigorating and wakeful pulse in his whole being. He went noiselessly to Ho-wha and looked at the big fellow. There came to him an idea that no man before him had ever had. It was the thought that perhaps he could kill Ho-wha while the man slept.

If Wuh had been the man now that he was to become, Ho-wha would have died this night. A blow from a club or stone would have crushed his skull. But men had not learned the use of weapons; and Wuh, looking at the hulk before him, never thought of a club or a stone. He was able to think only of the strength and power of his hands on the giant's throat.

WHEN MORNING CAME Ho-wha was the first to bestir himself. He awoke and yawned and stood up to look around him, and then gave a thunderous yell to arouse the group. It was barely daylight; the jungle was full of the sleepy dusk of night. Ho-wha,

still standing in his bed and looking around him, was wondering in which direction grew the juiciest plants and fruits. He set off through the leafy and interlaced walls of vine and fern with the women and children eagerly trailing him and the other men falling in behind.

Ho-wha took a devious course, sniffing the jungle air for scent of water or pausing now and then to lick a spoonful of dew from cupped leaves. When he came to a fresh-water lake he shouted again as if to point out to them what they could plainly see. Many generations before, their ancestors had drunk by kneeling to a stream and lapping in the manner of wolves; but these people had learned to drink from their cupped palms. When, in their nomadic wanderings, they came to a deep river or lake, they made no attempt to cross it but accepted it as one of the boundaries of their domain. Water for them was a terrible thing like lightning, thunder and fire.

Having slaked his thirst, Ho-wha marched back into the jungle, followed by the others. This area of wilderness pleased him. Food was abundant, and he had seen no sign of his most deadly enemies, the skulking leopard and the coiled snakes. But lying in wait, Ho-wha well knew was the dark brown python. He was often indistinguishable from the foliage where he coiled and waited, though on his body there were bluish iridescent markings; and these in the dark jungle shone like a terrible and fantastic fire.

People of this time were nomadic

Darkness and the Deep

and they wandered throughout the year, confined only by the natural boundaries of each group's domain. No matter what lush feeding grounds they came to or what haven of safety, they were constantly and restlessly on the move. This nomadism, a part of their heritage, had grown out of fear.

They were also thriftless, and during the colder season suffered from hunger. Unlike the squirrels and the bees, they had not learned to store supplies against the lean periods or to look beyond the present moment. When food was abundant they ate gluttonously and fattened, and when it was scarce they starved.

Nor had they learned to protect themselves against unfriendly weather. Snow and ice they had never seen, nor even frost, but when during the winter months they left the warmth of the jungle floor, searching for juicier plants, they were sometimes chilled to their marrow. Their only protection was their hair. Some of them had a heavy coat of it, but others were almost naked. None of them had ever thought of building a shelter. Sometimes they spent a night in the great buttressed base of a mora or a corkwood tree, but they did not make these their homes. They might have done so if daily moving about had not been with them a necessary precaution against enemies.

The mothers, at least, might have done so. The welfare of their children and especially of the very young ones, was their chief concern. Anything that

by Vardis Fisher

seemed to threaten her child a mother repelled with terrible violence.

The morning drew to noon and the lord of the clan still sunned himself; but another hunger was beginning to suffuse him with its warmth. He looked at the women—his attention was caught by his daughter Murah. He roared and commanded her to come to him. She cowered and raised both arms as if to protect herself. But he seized her and dragged her to his bed. Presently Murah broke free and ran. The oldest brother, Hwah, his jealous rage beyond control, now advanced a few steps, smiting his breast and shouting a warning, Wuh, forgetting his customary discretion, also left his bed. The two men set up a fearful outcry. They were telling Ho-wha not to ravish the girl.

There came a bellowing challenge from Ho-wha. At the sound of it, Hwah swung to face his sire. The hour had come that came to every son and father in their struggle over women; and this time Hwah did not intend to cringe and slink away. He bared his big teeth. The hair rose straight and stiff on his skull and down his spine.

It was Ho-wha who advanced. With a cry that roared from mountain to mountain and awoke every sleeping thing within a radius of three or four miles, he, too, bared his teeth and felt his hair rise in anger; and with another bellow he made a savage rush forward. Wuh, meanwhile, had retreated. He wanted Ho-wha and his son to destroy one another; but Hwah

did not budge. Finally he moved with unexpected speed upon him. They were two monstrous men, locked in a death struggle and matched in strength and ferocity. They fought, not to maim or to frighten but to kill. The women, staring at them with fascinated and grief-darkened eyes, began to wail, and the children took up the cry. The two warriors fell to the earth, and rolled over and over like cats. They bit into flesh, and the smell and taste of warm blood redoubled their fury.

If Wuh had not been so fascinated by the struggle, he would have known that his opportunity had come. He would have seized Murah's arm and led her away while there was none to stop him. But his blood was also pouring in a lust for battle, and instead of fixing his attention on the women he moved closer to the men. He ran around them, echoing their cries and seeking a chance to attack either one of them. When, for an instant, Ho-wha broke loose, with blood streaming from his breast, Wuh stepped in, intending to finish the old man off; but in the next moment Hwah leapt upon Wuh and knocked him flat. That so enraged Wuh that his hands clutched about him and one of them closed on a stone; and when he rose to his feet he was grasping a rock the size of a cocoanut. Something awoke and flashed in his mind. Grasping the stone with both hands, he drew his arms up and over his head and hurled it at Hwah. It struck his skull and dropped him. He sprawled, face downward, his body shuddering. Ho-wha, almost too weak

to move, looked at his fallen enemy and then crouched to peer at him.

Wuh now perceived that his chance had come. Wasting no more time in foolish anger, he ran to Murah and seized her arm and led her away. When Ho-wha saw them going he began to shout and wave his arms, and the women and children set up a barking outcry; but Wuh did not look back or pause. Leading Murah, he went quickly over a ledge and out of sight. He did not stop until he was far from Ho-wha and safe with his woman in a small world of his own.

IF WUH had thought about it, he would have realized that he was safe from Ho-wha after he had gone a few miles; but he continued his flight as if angry breath were on his back. He felt now that no matter where he went, he would be a trespasser.

While he journeyed he felt anxious and exultant, and bewildered by what he had done. He had killed Hwah. He realized that much and he was proud of himself. But he had killed an enemy with a rock, a weapon, with something besides his hands and teeth; and that was such an inexplicable circumstance that he could think of little else while he fled. He did not have a mind sufficiently rational to formulate a conclusion. His intelligence did not grasp the act at all. His emotions, fed by memory, were obscurely triumphant, but there was no recognition beyond that and no new vision of himself.

Murah began to whimper and with gestures told him she was hungry and

Darkness and the Deep

tired. He barked at her and suddenly seized a dead branch and struck her with it. He smote trees, and then, experimentally, he fetched the stick in a sharp blow across his own leg. The pain he felt seemed to delight him. Murah, meanwhile, was watching him closely; and because like all people, she was very imitative, she, too, grasped a club and walked around in mock combat. Presently she was as delighted and excited as he was. When he struck a tree, she ran to it, and did likewise; and then suddenly and without warning she approached Wuh and struck him.

Turning on her with a howl of rage, he showered blows on her head and shoulders; and crying with pain she sank before him. He seized her arm and began to drag her after him. He did not realize he had dropped his stick, and he did not remember it. A weapon was still an alien thing that was no part of him. It was hardly more than an unpredictable notion that flashed into his mind and moved him in an urge to kill, or that suddenly vanished from his mind, leaving in him only a bewildering memory.

After eating, Wuh wanted to continue his flight. He went off a little way in the bloom and looked back at Murah, and when she didn't follow, he beckoned to her and made movements with his feet to suggest walking. He scolded her in the wordless language he used. When he came over and seized her arm, intending to drag her after him, Murah shook his clutch

by Vardis Fisher

off and made it plain that she wished to fashion a bed and sleep. She began to make a bed in a bamboo thicket. Wuh looked apprehensively into the gloom around him and listened. He remembered next that Murah was his mate and was alone with him, but his erotic hunger was inhibited by fear. In his mind was a restraining picture of Ho-wha, coming across the earth, bloody and roaring, to recover her.

Wuh failed to understand much more than that. He did not know that he had chosen by far the most intelligent female in Ho-wha's group—and if he had known he could hardly have cared. He did not know that Murah felt secure with him because he had killed a man, and had threshed trees and her and everything in his path. She had a dim and happy notion that she, and her children when they came, would be safe with him; and though she felt no love, she did look upon him with an emotion akin to respect and pride. She would make a bed and sleep; and if an enemy came, Wuh would kill him or drive him off.

Wuh went over and sat by Murah and looked at her. Over the side of her exposed to the weather, hair glistened with the jewels of rain, and moisture was a dim light on her cheek. Her eyelids were closed and wet. Wuh felt so chilled and dejected that he looked around him for a shelter and seeing none he went to a large hagenia tree and stood under its wide branches. Looking above him, he saw that two branches formed a downsweeping

canopy; and at a little distance away he saw a plant with broad leaves that looked like shadows in the dark. He went over and stripped an armful and laid them upon the two branches. Then he sat under them, feeling that he had done well, but soon the water, gathering on the leaves above, overflowed their basins and poured down upon him. Like a lazy fellow who added to his workmanship only if he had to, Wuh fetched another armful of leaves and spread them above him and sat again. He was experimenting but he did not think of his labor as an experiment. Again and again he gathered leaves and laid them above him across the two limbs. After a while he had a roof that did not leak and he was deeply pleased with himself. Then he remembered Murah, lying on a bed out in the storm. He did not care how soaked and distressed she might be. But because he was so proud of himself and wanted her to see what he had done, he crawled forth and went over to her. He seized an arm and dragged her out of sleep to her feet. She protested and slapped at him; but Wuh was determined to show her how wonderful he was and he took her with him to the roof he had made. He drew her under it with him and without waiting for her to see for herself, he began to talk to her, trying to make her understand he had built this shelter against water and wind.

FOR DAYS AND WEEKS Wuh and his mate wandered through a vast jungle, going without sense of direction or purpose and behaving as if enemies

were on their track. The great forest in which they were vagrants was soaked by rains. Murah was resolved to leave the wet gloomy lowland and seek higher earth, but Wuh was reluctant to leave the jungle where he felt safe. When he protested or fell behind, Murah chided him or took his arm to urge him forward, or she talked to him, using one-syllable words which for her expressed warnings or entreaties or commands. One of them meant *Come!* and another meant *Look!* and a third meant *Listen!* They were quick and exclamatory. Other people talked in a way. They scolded or fretted or cried with joy, verbalizing their emotions and thoughts as well as they could. Murah had gone a step beyond all that. In talking to him day after day, a few sounds were isolated and remembered; and when, for instance, she asked him to listen, she always used the word "Hooo!" This sound had come to mean for her the act of listening, and only that. So it was too, with a few other words which she used.

After several days Wuh understood what the words meant. He often repeated them after her as if to memorize them—but it was not that. He was delighted with the words because they had come to be so full of meaning for him. He thought about them with vague but persistent wonder.

And so, during their weeks of wandering, they learned to share a few simple words that were more explicit than any they had used before. More than anything else since arms had ceased to be legs and hands had

Darkness and the Deep

ceased to be feet, this discovery of language, of a more communicable bond between emotions and minds, was to be of immeasurable worth in human progress. In Wuh it was like a stimulant that invigorated and sharpened all his senses.

MURAH WAS PREGNANT NOW and suffered his embrace unwillingly or not at all, and Wuh's mind in consequence was turned to thoughts of other females. Neither he nor any other man of his time was promiscuous solely for the vain joy of possessing several women. But polygamy with them was a pragmatic thing. If Wuh's mate had been available to his desire as often as he wished, he would have been content, and there would have been in him no restless urge to invade other groups. Until Murah advanced far in pregnancy he had been satisfied.

Now he was an unhappy man with a roving eye. As they emerged from lowland jungle and moved across the domains of nomadic groups, he knew, even though he rarely saw one, that many females were in the area; and in him again was the old struggle between fear and lust. Because of this constant and tyrannical hunger in him, he was driven to the solitary perspective of the bachelor; and day by day his vagrant fancies became stronger. When signs told him that other people were near he cried out in delight and ran upon the scent, smelling it and making certain that

by Vardis Fisher

females had recently passed this way.

His behavior Murah calmly watched without understanding at all. If she formulated any notions of him, she probably thought he was a little daft and very silly. Her kingdom was one of children. And so, day after day, these two lived, a man and his mate, separated by the broad difference of biology, the one wishing to seize and impregnate, the other seeking a refuge where she could give birth to a child. Though mates they were strangers, and the only bond between them was an inexorable purpose which neither understood. Murah wanted peace because the laws of her body impelled her to peace. Wuh wanted to explore and fight and ravish because these were the laws of his being.

In their wandering they moved from lowland to a highland jungle—from a forest that sweated in gloom and decay to a forest that was a garden of sunlight and good things. It was a bamboo jungle, waist-deep with hemlock, dock, sorrel and blackberry. This was the kind of home Murah had been seeking; and as she gathered with both hands the good things and ate, she chattered animatedly at Wuh and told him to look at this granary of food and fragrance.

Wuh ate, too, but he was silent and fearful. He stuffed his mouth with juicy stalks and blackberries, and he intended, when his meal was done, to set an orchid on his shoulder and strut a little; but he knew that this domain belonged to another man. He

expected at any moment to see the enraged fellow dash out of the forest and attack. He fed, therefore, like the guilty poacher he was, his eyes alert and his legs ready for flight.

When he had eaten so much that his belly was bloated and taut, and he felt pain from the excess of his gluttony, he went to a drooping wall of orchids and set a lovely flower on his shoulder. Then he walked about, not to attract the attention of Murah, but only for the vain joy of admiring himself. The flower in a way was his badge of distinction. As he strutted, he turned his head in an effort to see the orchid or he gently touched it with a finger. After a while Wuh made a bed, and like his mate he ravaged one of the choicest gardens. Because his belly was full and it seemed to him he would never be hungry again, he plundered a bamboo thicket and celery patch; and then he stripped armfuls of blossoms and piled them on his bed. Then he lay down and sank into a mass of fragrant blooms.

At dawn Wuh awoke to a chorus of bird song, and without leaving his bed he reached around him for bamboo shoots and began to eat. After listening to the choirs and devouring a part of his bed, he felt thirsty, and set off to find a brook whose gurgling music flowed under the melody of birds. On its bank he sat, not to drink but to make his toilet—because in his personal habits he was unusually clean. With respect to his teeth he was most fastidious. Morsels of food lodged between them made him unhappy; and now, using a tough briar as a tooth-

pick, he drew his lips back and thrust it between his teeth to dislodge the blackberry seeds and shreds of bamboo. After this chore was done, he used the briar to remove dirt that was imbedded under his long nails. In this, and in all similar matters, he was urged not by a desire for cleanliness but for comfort. Then he proceeded to scratch his back. While engaged in sensuous gouging at his flesh he espied a large thornbush, and he went over and turned his backside to it and moved up and down against the thorns. This resourcefulness so pleased him that he decided to tear the bush up and take it over to his bed. But first he wrenched off the lower branches, shaping the bush until its trunk was stripped as clean as a club, topped by a thicket of thorns. Grasping the stalk then, he tore it from the earth and broke off the clinging roots and marched back.

When he saw Murah eating, he dropped his formidable club and looked around him for fruit. Above him were clusters of red berries beyond reach. For a few moments Wuh stood disconsolately under the berries, looking up at them or over at Murah and wondering what to do. He did not act at once. He looked up at the berries and then at his club, and during these moments the thought in his mind awoke with the clarity and force of something he had known before and forgotten. Then he hurled the club at the fruit and berries fell in a shower all around him. Instead of looking at them he ran in haste to seize the club and throw it again; and

Darkness and the Deep

he repeated this act until bright fruit covered the earth and the branches above him were bare. And still he repeatedly recovered his weapon and hurled it—for he was beside himself with exultant triumph and behaved like one who was determined to knock the forest down.

For Wuh, the club was the most priceless thing in the world, though its value was bewilderingly uncertain. He hurled it up again and again and he did not forget it. On the contrary, Wuh identified himself with the club; it was his property but also it was a part of his own meaning. In a way it was himself. When evening came and he prowled in search of food, he took the club with him. He kept it by him when he made his bed, and he laid it in his bed before he slept. When he awoke the next morning, the first thing that came to him was the memory of it. It had become an extension of his arms, his reach, his strength. It was to make of him the invincible lord of this part of the earth and the experience found there.

For several reasons Wuh and his mate remained in this spot. He was afraid to venture forth, and Murah wished to give birth to her child here because the food was abundant and the climate was refreshingly cool. But the biggest reason of all was the club.

Every day Wuh played with it or tried to put it to new uses. He did not regard it as a weapon or a toy, though obscurely it had for him the qualities of both. Above all, it was a

by Vardis Fisher

kind of symbol for his ego. It never occurred to him that if he marched away he could take it with him. Somehow it belonged to this spot where he had found it, and it was Wuh really who stayed with the club and not the club that stayed with him.

Murah, when she felt like it, imitated his antics and procured a cudgel of her own. It was not crowned with stiff spikes but it was a piece of stout thornbush, dead and dry and tough. Like Wuh, she kept it by her at all times, but she did not identify herself with it. It was not a part of herself. For her, indeed, it was a weapon and a tool. She gathered high fruit with it or pulled vines down for her bed; and if an enemy had appeared she might have used it to attack.

THEY HAD BEEN here a few weeks when without warning, and as softly as the coming dusk, the enemy did appear. He was lord of the group whose feeding grounds had been invaded. With him came his family, two women and a child.

For a long moment there was no sound. Wuh looked at the stranger and the man looked at him. He was a dull and ferocious giant like Ho-wha. He had bared his teeth in a snarl but he had not uttered a challenge.

Wuh was shaking with fear. Hair had risen on his back and scalp, his lips had drawn back, but he was too paralyzed to attack or flee. Both anger and fear were strong in him but they blocked one another and left him

helpless. His club he had forgotten.

Murah's behavior was the most remarkable of all. Unless their children were endangered, women never took parts in the fights between men or showed much interest in them; but now Murah was angry and she grasped her cudgel like one who intended to use it. She was not incensed in defense of her mate. She was not thinking of him. She was a pregnant woman who did not want to be disturbed and she was ready to fight.

So, too, was the big man. He saw here a man who had invaded his domain. He saw a female whom he wished to possess. When he fully sensed these two facts he exploded with rage and smote his breast. Then he made a savage rush forward, his voice roaring, his hands drumming a challenge.

Without realizing what he did, Wuh retreated, leaving his club where it lay. It was Murah who came forward to meet the challenge. Wuh looked at Murah when she dashed forward and his attention had been caught by the club which she brandished. He remembered his own club, and there came to him the notion that the stranger was here to seize it. The stranger had rushed toward it and was preparing to rush again; and without hesitating any longer Wuh dashed upon his club and seized it with both hands and whirled it about his head. He began to roar, answering challenge with challenge. Anger became stronger in him than fear.

It was Murah who struck first. When the big fellow halted and began to drum on his breast, she dashed

upon him at full speed and brought her cudgel down across his skull. Either astonishment or pain shut off his roaring voice as if a hand had been clapped to his mouth. The blow swung him half around and before he could move, Wuh leapt in and smote him in the face with the crown of thorns. Like steel teeth, they plowed furrows in his flesh and almost tore off a part of his broad flat nose. Blood spurted and the big fellow found his voice again. He gave a roar that was like the shock of thunder, but in the same instant Wuh laid his club across the man's head. It knocked him cold.

Wuh was now frenzied with a lust to destroy, to kill; and he struck again and again until his foe's skull was crushed and the juices of his small brain were mixed like mortar with pulp of flesh and bone. He had forgotten the women. He became aware of them when they advanced to stare at their fallen lord. Like Murah, who also watched, they looked with astonishment at the broken dead one. Exclaiming, they walked around him—for never before had they seen one man slay another so thoroughly.

The stench of the dead man drove Wuh and the women to a new spot. Wuh was glad to move. Now that he had a territory of his own, he wished to resume his nomadic habits; but after finding another sheltered place, close by water and abundant food, Murah made it plain that she was not going to follow him in the course of his daily wanderings.

Of Wuh's new mates, Loo, the younger one, was a pubescent girl who

Darkness and the Deep

was already pregnant when he seized and raped her after the fight. She was healthy, intelligent, and very imitative; and in comparison with most of the women of her time she was quite handsome. The dark brown hair on her forehead was short and of an unusually fine texture. There were no heavy drooping pouches under her eyes, and there was only a fine beard on her cheeks. Her eyes of deep lambent brown were uncommonly large and expressive, and reflected a friendly and inquiring mind.

From the beginning, Loo established a kind of friendship with Murah. Murah's use of a tool and her constant verbalizing captured Loo's interest and she was quick to copy her. She too, found a stick she could use, and she chattered responses and questions when Murah talked. She aped Murah's behavior so faithfully that for many days she did only what Murah did.

With greater care than any woman before her had ever taken, Murah prepared a place for the birth of her child. Though there had been no rain since she had come to this highland jungle, she expected rain and daily she searched the skies for its coming. To prepare a nest was instinctive with her, but instinct was now guided by memory of the shelters which she and Wuh had built.

She chose a large evergreen tree whose lower branches spread far out and drooped; and using the limbs as rafters she hung her materials upon

by Vardis Fisher

them. Murah's resourcefulness delighted Loo and she strove to assist. She went abroad and gathered all sorts of materials and carried or dragged them to the tree; but most of them were useless and Murah scolded her and threw them away. When Loo was thus rebuked, she redoubled her efforts to please and to be of help. She would hurry away to see what else she could find. Now and then she would come with an armful of flowers, and these Murah would take from her and scatter over the floor. At first it had been for Loo a strange, a mysterious, and a very delightful thing. After a while it came to be a wonder that she herself had built. She became arrogantly bossy and scolded Murah and wanted to rearrange the ceiling or the floor. Her vain and assertive soul wished to believe that the shelter had been her idea, that she had shaped it, and that it belonged to her.

WUH WAS very curious about Murah's house. He often approached to look at it and to express his pleasure. But when he ventured to enter the shelter or to make changes in its drooping walls or soft floor, Murah slapped him and drove him off. If he resisted, Loo joined in the attack and the two women stung him like hornets.

After two weeks had passed, the three of them were so set on matching talents and competing with one another that a feud developed. Wuh withdrew and resolved to build a

house of his own. He had no use for one but nevertheless, his masculine vanity had been outraged and he was going to have one. He chose a tree and built a shelter much like Murah's. It was a poor copy of hers but he thought it was better and tried to fetch Murah or Loo over to envy his workmanship, but they paid no attention to him. Because the house failed to make the others envious, he soon forgot it.

The discovery and use of a club had been for both him and Murah a powerful stimulus. He always took it with him on his exploratory wanderings. One day he almost stepped on an enormous python before he saw it. He leapt back with a howl of fear. The hair down his spine stood straight up.

The python had captured a small deer. It was lying uncoiled to the full length of it, and in its mouth, impaled on fangs, was a part of the beast's head. The deer was still alive, its whole body pulsing as if with intense pain. Its slender muzzle up to the eyes was in the python's mouth.

The serpent saw Wuh but did not stir. Fascinated, chilled by horror, Wuh stared at the spectacle. The deer was still writhing, but after a few moments its legs gave way and it sank, shuddering to the earth. Wuh had seen great snakes kill and swallow their prey and he knew what would happen. He knew the monster would lie there with buried fangs until the deer was paralyzed or would coil its body around the deer to crush it, and then slowly its throat would distend and it would draw the beast into itself.

For several moments Wuh stared:

in his hands was his club. Obscurely, almost frantically, he had been thinking of this long gleaming destroyer and wondering if he dared attack it. With the club in his grasp, he approached within 10 feet of the creature and looked into the hypnotic eyes. He stooped and peered, curious to learn, if he could, how the deer's head was captured and held. Then he stared at the deer, from its body his gaze traveled to the hideous upper jaw of the serpent and its soft lip hiding the fangs, and from the jaw his eyes followed the 30 feet of gleaming body stretched out in the grass. There came to Wuh an idea. He ran over to attack the monster's tail.

He looked at it first to be sure it had no teeth or claws, then he smote it such a terrific blow that he almost severed a segment two feet long. The serpent stirred. The whole shining length of it began to writhe and draw up in convulsive coils. With the hair rising on his scalp, Wuh dashed pell-mell into a thicket and from his place of concealment, he looked out and observed that the jaws had not relaxed. If he had known that this was the first time a man had ever attacked such a monster he would have been overcome by vain joy. As it was, he felt exultant and determined and invincible. He was not done with this fight.

He hurled his club at the massed coils of the body, and when he realized, a moment later, that his weapon lay there on the shining folds, he became frenzied. He ran away, clutching his hair and screaming; but suddenly he stopped his wild outcry

Darkness and the Deep

and returned and looked at his club and barked at it. He was telling it to come to him. He wanted to dash out and grab it but he did not dare. Presently it fell out of sight among the coils and Wuh could not see it; and again he clutched his hair and howled with desperate grief.

His women came, led by Murah; and when they saw their mate engaged with one of their most deadly enemies their astonishment was boundless.

Finally Wuh, without any further hesitation, ran boldly upon the python's body to find his club. He leaped upon the coiled mass and reached down into it; he almost fell upon it and thrust one arm out of sight as if he were shoving it into the serpent; then he drew forth the club and brandished it.

Wuh's vanity, his delight in having the club again in his grasp and the presence of Murah and his women, all conspired to make him a reckless demon. He gashed the head of the python and with both hands he laid his thornbush across the monster's skull. Because the bone of the deer's head was inside the mouth and throat, the blow almost severed the upper jaw. It knocked one cold lidless eye completely out of its socket, and the next blow smashed the other eye. The great coiled body began to writhe and unfold and lash out like a gigantic whip. Wuh did not pause. He rained blow upon blow until he not only demolished the serpent's head but also crushed the skull of the deer. Murah

by Vardis Fisher

seized a stick and joined him and Loo followed her; and by the time they had finished, the monster's head was only a few ribbons of skin. The jaws, the skull and the meat of it, they pulverized and beat into the earth. Then they stepped back and watched the convulsive writhing body.

He smote the convulsive carcass until it was quiet and then led the way back to their beds. Growling menacingly, as became one of his might and valor, he broke succulent vegetables and ate. His club lay at his feet.

MURAH GAVE BIRTH to her son; and she and Loo devoted themselves to the child. Mothers regarded all children in a group as their own. At first, to be sure, Loo knew that this infant had not come from her own body, and for a few days she was able to understand that it belonged to Murah and she only gazed at it with a mother's tenderness or now and then gently touched it; but after a while she thought it was her child, or at least that the two of them shared it—as, indeed, they did. Murah was an uncommon woman; she trusted Loo and did not feel alarm when she saw the infant in her arms.

Nearly every time Wuh came over to look at the women he found them both staring at the child and talking to it. They were so delighted by the infant and so deeply stirred by the miracle of its presence that they engaged in a kind of rivalry in calling to one another's notice every trivial

detail of its anatomy and color.

Wuh's lust for a female led him at last across the boundary of his domain. He finally came to a swift mountain stream. He was afraid of water but today he ventured in to the depth of his knees and looked across the stream, thinking that he smelled the presence of females in the wilderness beyond. Wuh returned to the shore. Then he dipped his hands into the stream and liked the coolness on his flesh. He sat and thrust his tough calloused feet into the water and wiggled his toes. Gradually, little by little he moved forward until he sat in the water up to his waist. He began to play in it like a child, slapping it with flat palms and splashing it over him; and presently he felt itching in his immersed skin and dug at it and dislodged flakes of dirt and sweat. Almost at once he perceived that the parts of his body which he scratched clean were more sensitive to the coolness and had a paler color; and he learned too that after drawing a foot up and digging at it he could kick it back into the water and wash a part of the dirt off. Wuh, in fact, was discovering the joy of his first bath.

When he turned away from the stream he looked a little leprous. In contrast with the darker areas around them, the spots where he had removed the filth down to clean live skin were a light brown color and very sensitive to the air and sun. The borders of them itched painfully and Wuh was an unhappy man. He rejoined his women and they came over and touched with questioning fingers the strange pale spots. Murah thought he was diseased.

But they soon lost interest in him and went away.

Against disease, including hook-worm, tapeworm and other parasitic invasions, the people of this time were defenseless; but they were resourceful in the treatment of wounds. Wuh licked his knees and other sunburned parts, which he could reach, with his tongue. He sought plants and rubbed their juices on his sores and even used the juices of fruits as lotion. In this as in many other matters he experimented, hoping to find something that would be effective.

He had a little fever and felt very dejected and ill-treated. He wanted gentle hands on him and eyes that would look at him with grave concern until he was well again. A child was the heart of a woman's world, but the heart of a man's world was his self-love.

He barked at Murah and told her to come to him. He resented her gaiety and the fact that she had no motherly concern for him and did not obey his summons. He ranted and menaced her with his club.

In a few days both his self-pity and his sunburn were absorbed by time, and Wuh again went forth. Grasping his club, he set off into the jungle, going with no notion of what he intended to do. After he had threshed about him for a while, an army of leaf-cutting ants on the march caught his attention. Each of them carried a leaf several times his own weight, holding it between his mandibles and supporting it across his back. Wuh picked up one of the leaves and the ant clinging

Darkness and the Deep

to it and stared at the creature. He set it on a branch several feet above the earth, and without hesitation the ant, still bearing its burden, marched along the limb and down the trunk. He did not see a single ant drop its leaf, and he wondered if the leaf and the ant were not living parts of one another. As the columns of ants moved away again, he dimly formulated the idea that the leaf was for the ant what his club was for him.

Wuh was deeply excited. He felt that these creatures were moving upon an enemy and holding their clubs ready for attack. What he obscurely felt, but was unable to formulate in a thought, was this; he went forth alone to fight and possess, but these creatures stayed close together and went in a group. This lesson, one of the greatest that human beings were to learn, he could not grasp at this time.

The attack came as a complete surprise to him. The vanguard of the columns of ants rushed upon a nest of wasps and with strong mandibles began to tear the cover away. Out of the house to repel the invaders came the furious wasps.

Wuh was excited. And he bent closely, trying to see if they attacked with hands and feet, wondering which side would win. Up the trunk in four columns, each five or six abreast, moved the army of ants; and for every one stung a dozen more rushed to take its place. When a wasp was seized by a leg or wing, ants swarmed upon it and tore it limb from limb. Wuh

by Vardis Fisher

watched the ants fight until every wasp was slain. The lesson he learned from this dramatic battle was one that he was never to grasp because it was nothing that he could rationally think about. It was something that entered his emotions and fired his imagination and made him a bigger, more resourceful man; but he did not draw conclusions from it.

When he turned home he wanted to attack and destroy something, and he wanted his females to attack with him. He blustered and growled and roared a challenge, brandishing his club. He was so frightening that Murah and

Loo vanished into their house. The women wanted him to go away and mind his business. They fought not for the joy of it but only in defense of their children. They did not understand that a man's meaning and his way of life were in the fields of threat and danger, where he could slay and feel triumphant. They were born to peace, but a man was born to war. Murah did not understand her man, and Wuh did not understand his woman. While she was nursing an infant, he had watched an army of ants destroy an army of wasps. That was the difference between them, the difference between birth and murder, between peace and war.

A Note On the Paper Used In This Issue of Coronet

You will have noticed that with this issue Coronet now comes to you on an appreciably lighter weight of paper stock. The use of this light weight paper, which is in no respect inferior in printing quality to the paper formerly employed (and will even permit greater latitude for the use of illustrations than Coronet has previously enjoyed), was dictated indirectly by the tonnage-limitation restrictions of the WPB, but much more directly by the necessity of finding a means of meeting the enormously increased demand for Coronet over recent months from the members of the armed forces, both in camps in this country and overseas. We trust that the realization that the use of this paper enables Coronet to reach many readers who would otherwise be deprived of it will add to your own enjoyment of this and subsequent issues of the magazine.

—The Editors

March Round Table Roundup

"On our own heads
be it," was certainly
our motto for the
mad month of
March. We spent it digging our way
out of the tons of letters that came in
on the sixth Coronet Round Table.
Your response to our question "How
Should We Deal With Hitler?" at
least quintupled any previous count.

The majority opinion—almost 90
per cent—reacted emotionally and
personally to the problem. Hitler, you
said, should be exhibited in a cage the
world over. His punishment should be

to hear endlessly the jeers and mock-
ery of the peoples on whom he has
wreaked violence.

On the other hand, a consistent
minority believed that it is the German
people rather than Hitler himself who
will constitute our major post-war
problem, and that what happens to
him will be of little significance. Most
of these letters advocated trial before a
world court with death the penalty.

Only a very few of you agreed with
Mr. Seabrook that psychiatric study
of Hitler would have value. Whatever
the means, active punishment is due.

WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR MARCH

For the best letter on the question "How Should We Deal With Hitler?" first
prize of \$25 has been awarded to Corporal Richard P. Pasley, Fort Sill, Okla-
homa; second prize of \$15 to Lieutenant John W. Bennett, U. S. N. R., San
Francisco, California; third prize of \$5 to Morris Levin, Richmond, California.

Help Spread Victory Slogans

... by sealing your letters with Coronet Victory Seals

Use this coupon to get your copy of the 24 Victory Seals illustrated on the gate-
fold, page 29. A copy of this gatefold, reproduced in full color on gummed stock,
will be sent to you unfolded and with perforations between each seal to make it
easy to tear them apart.

Just fill in your name and address on this coupon, enclose 10c to cover mailing
costs, and send it in to Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan
Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT IN PENCIL)

Address.....

City..... State.....

SPECIAL QUANTITY PRICES

Business organizations wishing to use these Victory Seals on correspondence can ob-
tain them at special quantity rates. Write Coronet's reprint editor for information.

The Coronet Round Table

Should the Government Subsidize Our Colleges in Wartime?

*A personal opinion by Mortimer J. Adler,
author of How To Read a Book.*

MORE THAN a thousand private American colleges whose enrollments have been drastically cut by the draft today face bankruptcy. Should they be subsidized by the government so that liberal education may survive the war?



My answer is No. First, precisely because I want to see liberal education saved in this country. Saved, that is, from institutions that have forsaken it for vocational training and subordinated it to the circus of college life.

There is another good reason for not helping the colleges to survive *as they are*. The four-year college to my mind gives the B.A. degree four years

too late. Liberal education to be effective and available for every future citizen should be given between the ages of 15 and 18, after six years of elementary school and three years of high school.

The colleges of this country can save themselves by doing now as a matter of expediency

what they should have done before as principle. They can enroll boys at the age of 15 and give them a truly liberal education in the three years *before* the draft age is reached. In this way they will not only save themselves, but they do more than government subsidies could ever do to save liberal education from decay.

Do You Agree or Disagree? Prizes for Best Letters?

Faced with a shortage of both teachers and students, an estimated 1,000 private American colleges which are largely dependent on tuition fees for support, today face bankruptcy. The government has been able to use some 500 of the nation's 1,700 universities and colleges as training centers for the armed services or for scientific research purposes. But not all colleges can be so adapted to the war effort. Should the government by subsidy then attempt to save our liberal education system from bankruptcy? Mortimer J. Adler has here given his personal opinion. But what do you think? For the best letter on this question we will pay \$25. For the second best, \$15. Third best, \$5. Letters must not exceed 200 words. June 25th is your deadline. Mail entries to Coronet Round Table, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



